Desistance

Peter Sotos

Kind. Antoine kindly gave me permission to reprint his photos in this. There have been recent publications under his name that contain extensive photo collections along with English text and essays, plus preferred author citations and quotes, that Antoine has either allowed or chosen. Particularly recommended are *Antibodies* (Prestel Publishing, NY, translated from the 2013 Le Bal edition in 2014), *Pariaso* (Andre Frere Editions, 2013), *Position(s)* (edited by Giuliana Prucca, Avaire Artbooks, 2012, UK) and the DVD release of *The Cambodian Room: Situations With Antoine D'Agata* (directed by Tommaso de Sarmineto and Giuseppe Schillaci, Contrasto, 2013, with English subtitles and accompanying text).

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Peter Sotos
June, 2014

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NINE-BANDED BOOKS

Desistance
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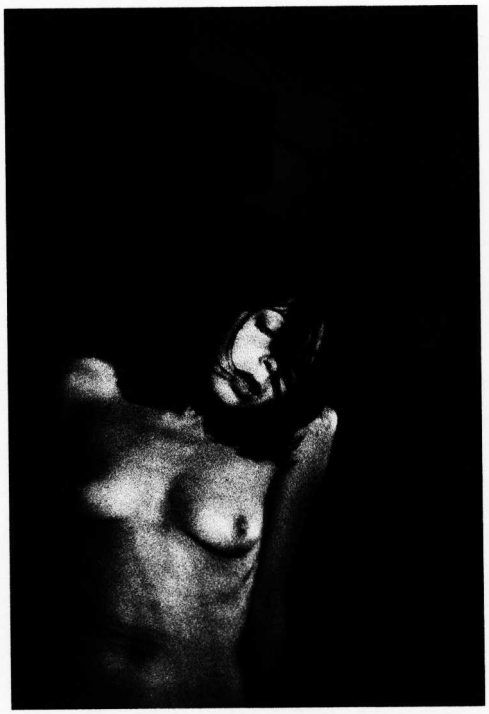
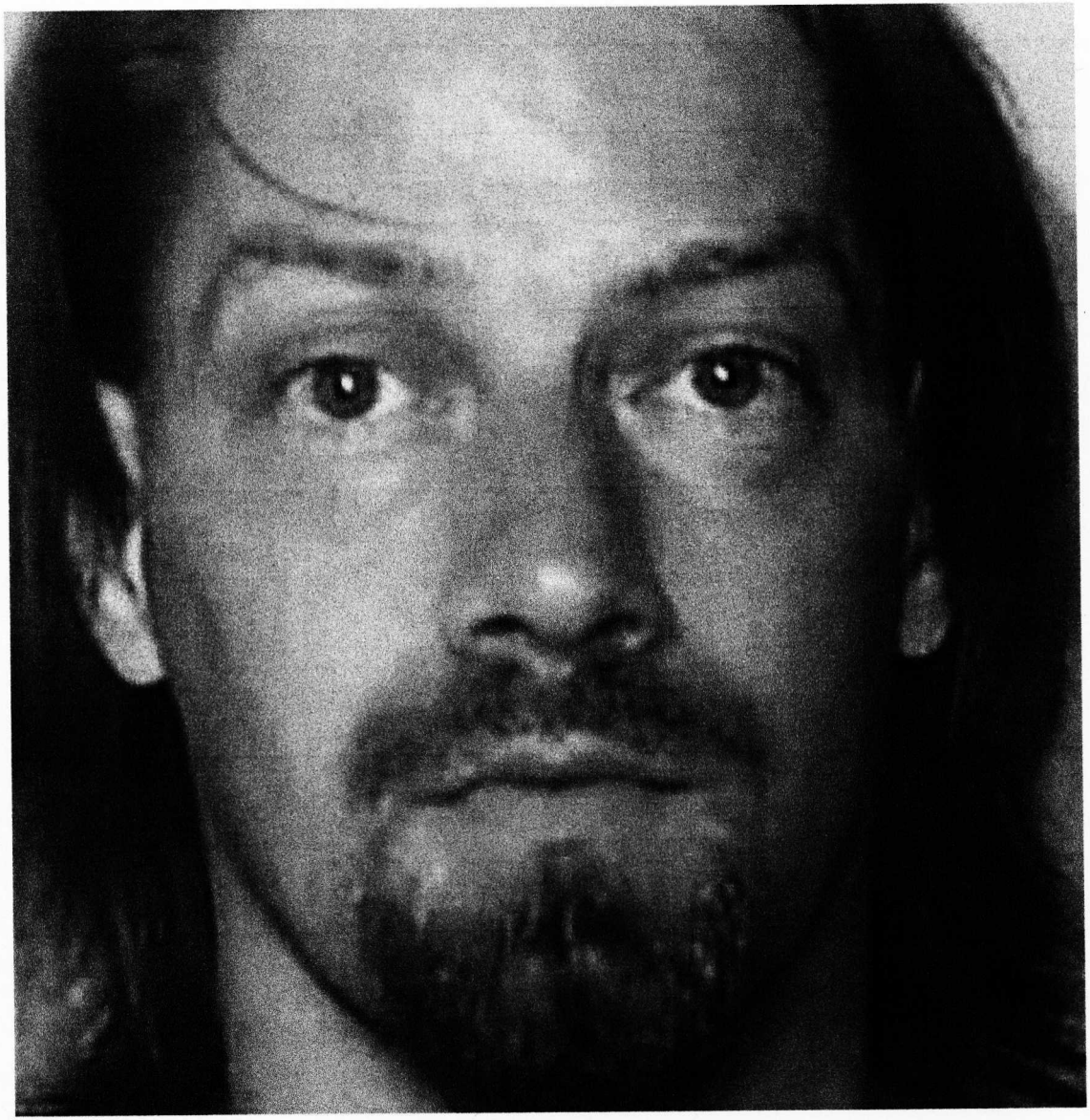
ISBN-10 0989697274
ISBN-13 978-0-989697279

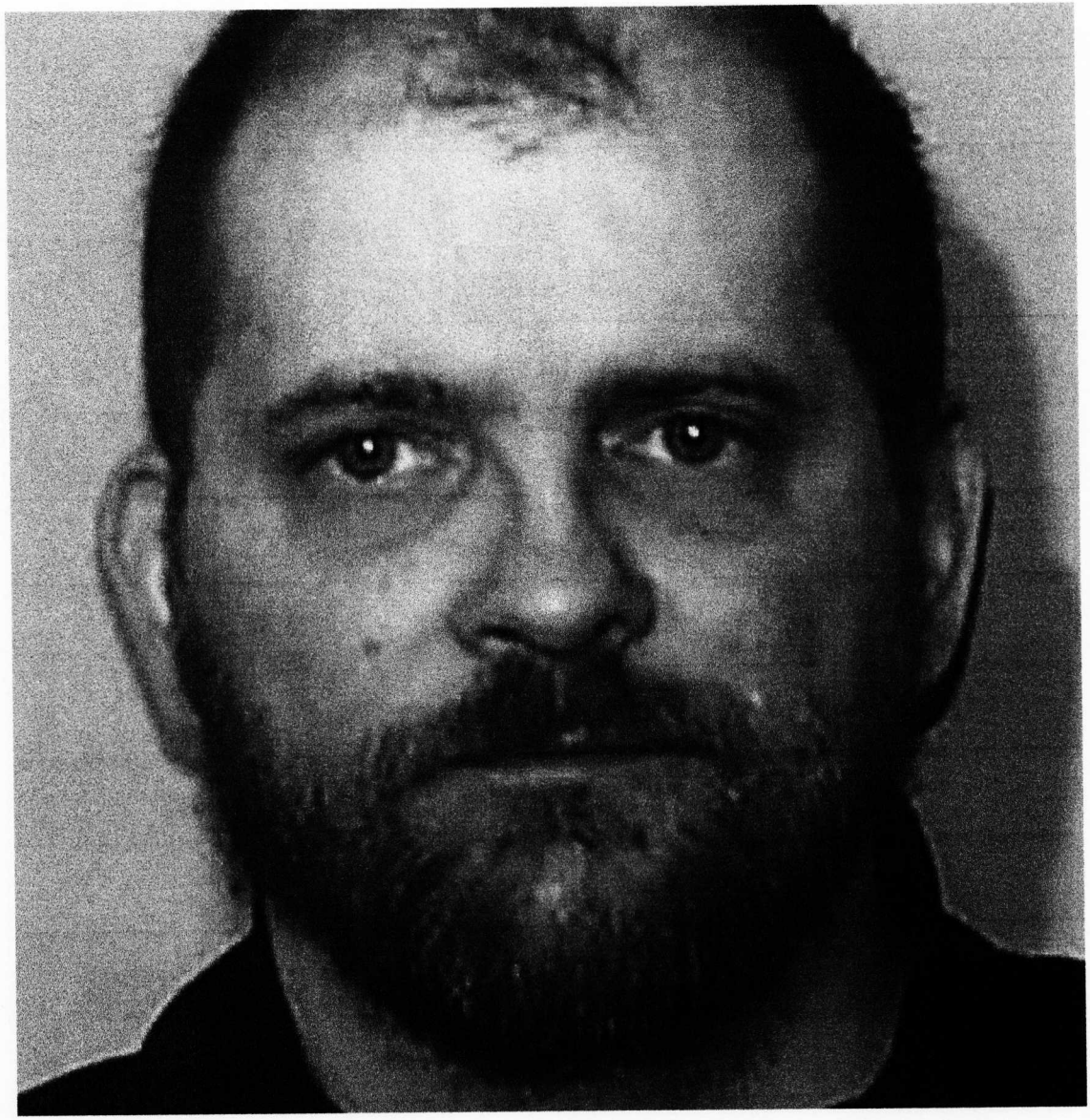
Nine-Banded Books
PO Box 1862
Charleston, WV 25327
NineBandedBooks.com

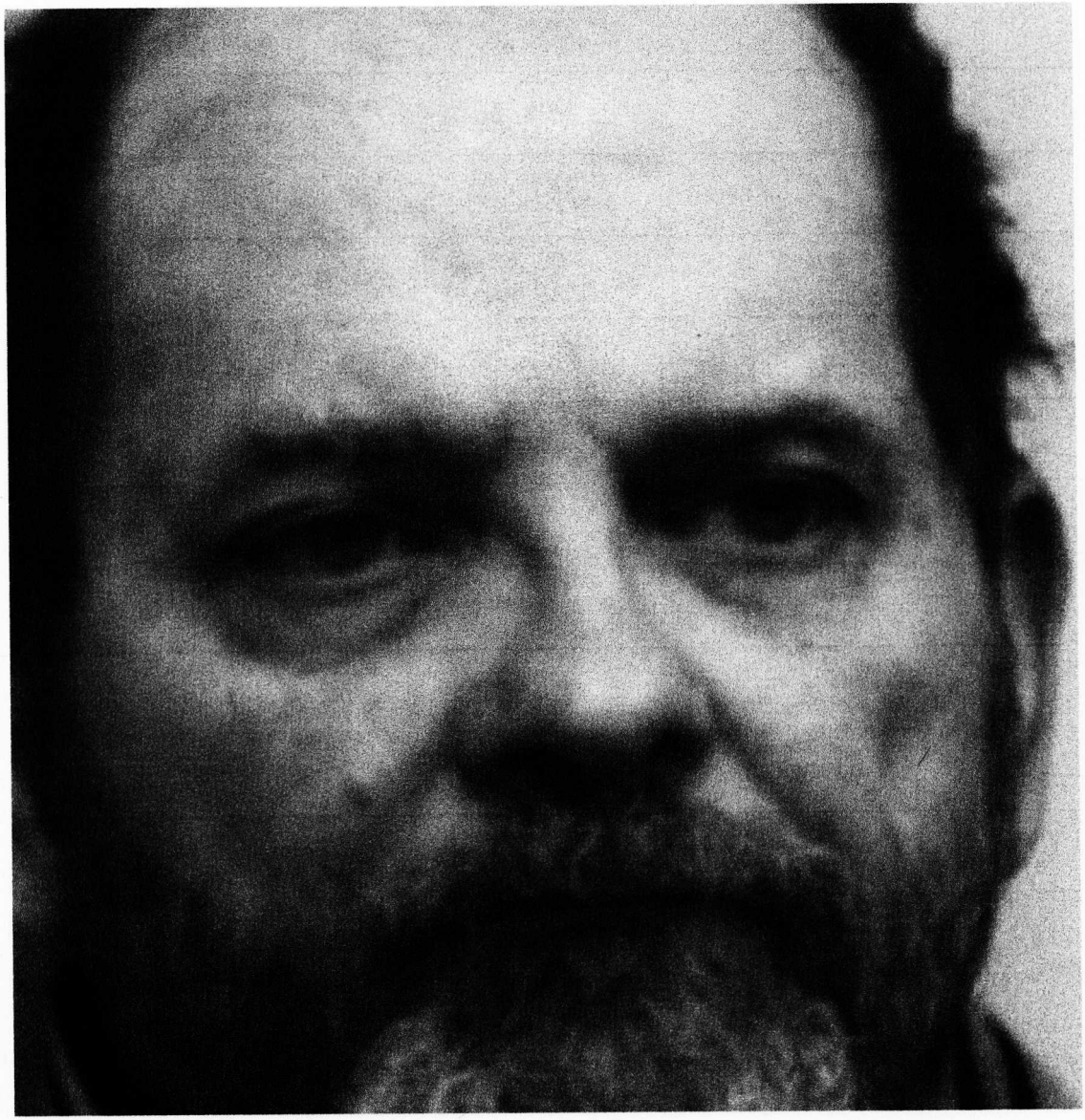
Editorial Assistance
Anita Dalton

Cover design by Kevin I. Slaughter









Desistance

Le Belle Hortense.
31 rue Vieille du Temple
75004 Paris

Andrea Dworkin, interviewed by Cindy Jenefsky from 1989:

> You're supposed to say: "Now there's that, now there's that, there's that, there's that, there's that, there's that, and there's that, and this one's wrong, this one's wrong, this one's wrong, this one's wrong, this one's really stupid and dedadedada, and I hate oppression, I hate racism, I hate classism, and I hate this," and then you come to your conclusion. And what you've demonstrated is that, yes, you know how to dance. I mean, that's it: that's all you've done.

Lou Reed, A Wild Being From Birth, 2003:

> We are consumed with eagerness to commence work. Yet a shadow flits across the brain. The impulse increases to a wish, the wish to a desire, the desire to uncontrollable longing, and the longing in defiance of all consequences is indulged. We put off all until tomorrow.

Jean Genet in a letter to Roger Blin, 1966:

> In another letter, which you have probably lost, I told you that my books, like my plays, were written against myself. You know what I mean. Among other things, this: the soldier scenes are meant to exalt – and I mean exalt – the army's prime, its chief, virtue: stupidity. Real paratroopers have given me a hard-on; I've never had an erection over stage paratroopers. And if I do not succeed through the text itself to expose myself, then you have to help me. Against myself, against ourselves, whenever these performances put us on god knows what decent side into which poetry fails to penetrate.

Anticorps.
January 24 to April 14, 2013
Le Bal
6 Impasse de la Defense
75018 Paris

Shasta's voice was recorded in a police car. The cop who talked to her, captured her answers and his questions by turning his dashboard camera on and pointing it away from her sitting next to him. All you hear is a disembodied voice while you look out from almost where she was sitting, imagining her wrapped and everywhere she talks about being and being with. She starts to cry when she answers the cop's question about the mythical reason Duncan let her go. She starts to cry when she says he told her that she taught him to love. This is seen as sickness. Duncan's. And Shasta has reached exhaustion. At her tiny age. By then, by the time her voice cracked, Shasta had already finished telling the cop that she had seen Duncan kill her brother and that she and Dylan had been raped. She started to cry when she talked about love, when she said the word and when she hit Jet's name. She doesn't know. She'll believe what you tell her. Especially when it's about love. About responsibility. They'll pound it out of her. She ended up sleeping on a couch while her father struggled to find finances workable after the ordeal. People were trying to help her. You have a responsibility to us, to make yourself be happy, to let us take care of you when others failed or couldn't or didn't think they'd be caught. You tell the sleeping dear, you whisper in his underwear clad ear and pull the covers down so you could see how small he was and how much he needs you and how you would never do anything but cuddle the vulnerable and make grand gestures and worry that it could get fucked-up somehow away from all your plans. And my baby didn't know until you told her. Didn't know what it looks like. How it hurts. Being in love makes it okay, sad-sack. You go ahead, tell me what you want me to do for you. Tell all of us the plans you have for everybody.

Duncan was already telling the boy that he was dead. Before he killed him. Later, he talked about

Shasta, when officially questioned over why he confessed more to her, eight, than he perhaps should have. Duncan replied that he knew he was talking to a dead person. He wanted to talk. Just talk. The way you do, perhaps, when you want to hear the words. And in front of children who exist approximately. But then she mattered. Inabstractly. He told officiants as if he was teaching them. What it was like. Before that. I see it in the photographs. She's that beautiful. He would, I'd guess. I'd make that happen. Here only. The photographs of these boys sleeping. Are just as much Mr. Duncan as a youth, sleeping away from his family. Which isn't cheap. His family, especially his sister, are more cops, country animals, with different excuses for mulling. His sister made him cry in court. You cry when you imagine chances not when you recall pasts. Unless you do it for suckers. Duncan as a young sleeping boy told one of his court appointed health monitors that he already molested children by the time he was incarcerated at fifteen. At twenty he already killed two girls that in photos are posing like gang members, eleven and nine. Little sisters, Sammiejoe and Carmen. And Shasta told her police crew, in her little voice, that Duncan killed alot of children that they didn't even know about. Duncan is in his End Of Sentence Review stating that he wasn't homosexual and that he was embarrassed to be seen that way. He was a transvestite later and saw himself as a girl having sex with men and boys and, trust me, that's not ever very clear. Like masturbating, your focus drips from preference and never where you thought you'd like it to or where you thought you were progressing intentionally. Like fucking thinking not like talking. Guessed wrong. There's no heaven, no blues worth returning to, there's characters and you get used to anything that happens around your body as a distinct lack of bother. If it sounds like I'm talking about myself, Dad, I'm talking just as much about you and how little you care to look at it succinctly. You, like these others with loud mouths and better photos, don't know how much this means to you to want to get over it as much as you're used to saying that you do. You get used to believing yourself and the stupid shit that presses out of your mouth. You convince yourself because they're only easy to say. Just laziest to watch come straight out of your mouth. And it's repulsive. Duncan would apparently go on and on to whoever he could, including anonymous web viewers, about how unfair sex registration laws were. He was sick of empty answers with concrete results. You, finally, have to be better than that. Stop asking me to act the same, at least.

Did you think your mom, your mother was going to come get you?

She did visit me a couple times and said that she would come get me. But I waited and she never came. So eventually I just gave up hope that she would come and get me.

When did you find out you had a family coming to get you?

I was listening to the older people talking and they were saying names of children that were going to be adopted or that were going to leave, and they said my name. And I was excited. And I didn't really know what to think because I was confused. So I went and told all my friends there, told everybody there.

You went and told your friends what?

That I was going to leave.

Were you happy?

Yes, I was.

What did you think it was going to be like?

Everybody there said it was going to be a great place, that I would get my own room and I'd get a mother and a father and a family and they would be all nice and happy.

Materials
What made collecting problematic for you?

I had a terrible day. I'd been looking at this photograph of a little girl whose father had beaten her during a drop in sanity. But this one was caucasian. And I was surprised that I would think I could jerkoff. Surprised because I don't usually find that sort of image, that kind of garbage, exciting. I guess I move in, that's true. The chances increase and I should admit that I'm mulling from one disappointing image to a pivot perfect image so the process, that sick retarded depth to anything else, is constantly there. Aggravating in a small sense. Constant but reliable, any image of a child would suggest the act. Fact is, this time, I think I was imagining something else had happened to her. Something unlike the common nigger tales it clearly drew as inspiration and dismissive recall. More like sex, I was forcing. It makes some sense that I understood what her daily life was like. The father in the background. It wasn't social. Sociologists ruin documentary. Artists who repeat what idiocy they've read, vigilantes who can't keep a distance between themselves and the other sad ghettotees lining up in ridiculous numbers. You imagine races of thugs and sorry and bores. You're bored. Numbers are numbers,

neither encouragement or factually significant. I saw what she was dealing with, no rape, just the hatred and fear and offensive survival rote circling her little missing brain. Wish her growing up. All the blood on her face and across her lips and inside out her nose. Split open cheeks and her eyes pulsed shut like boils. The blood in her hair, matted, you didn't even have to see it. The way you don't see it. You knew it was hard and tangled and smelled like bad meat under her shrieking and bawling and eventually passing out from the screaming rather than the blunt force and twisting of her little skinny white limbs. I didn't see any of this, when I looked, I knew it. Peach. And collecting is what made this correct. I was in a huge room where every reference was this. Literally in that room. Not a surreal drift or a dream. The next step is I knew where to go. Which is a store. To buy more and be surrounded by this filth, exactly like this. You're always in that room, listening to the noise and distortion and it's more perfect than not having the information always before you. Excuse me, behind you. You need to have had a life that didn't let the subject go, dragged it into the dirt but didn't ruin it, quite the opposite. It's the second decision actually. Thinking it's an impulse, a wrong move, even a decision to begin with, what happens, that's the problem with your question. The second decision, the one where you listen to some tit ask you is that all there is, and you know, it's all too much to have any other way. So the decision that comes next, to keep pushing your foot down over that little blonde child's head so that it keeps eating mud and yanking her smaller naked ass up towards the ceiling, for anyone else all the time, anyone, just keep flattening all that information into old smiles and mud and pounding it back down and up again, that's not the second decision to anyone who's made it, really. They've just pushed away the stupid first question. But that's the important part. Important isn't a part and it's not magic or confusing or inarticulate. It's not sex. The derision you have for something as nigger rich as just cumming and all the work and psychosis that pastes up the back of those perpetually wishful and perfectly approachable minutes, is absolute. But not because it's alone and physical and animal. But because it's there all the time, not swirling, not swimming, detailed and vivid and there not being enough details means collecting more and more is the hole that divests you of that quicker than any outside shrug is going to embarrass you into. It isn't an answer for you, exactly. No spirit, no soul, no connection like some scarf clutching faggot walking in his head around a beach looking for some flea rentboy. No prizes that you wouldn't ignore. Unless you were truly as disgusting, as low, as stupid and secondbest as the one who concocted the idea of a prize and then offered it to you. Pigs, cartoons, the ones who talk about rehab as if you need to consider their decisions being better than yours. Slips and stutters, beggars. You got the first part, where I said it had been a terrible day, right? That's for you. Monkey. I left that behind and you're there, still, looking up at someone who isn't me and my little collection, and you're doing great, absent all of this. It's mistaken as submissive since dominant doesn't

work either. It's as much feedback as I can find, frankly. Squall. Serious. Highly discernible. You don't place your hands over your ears like an asshole with a notepad that he forgot to bring. That he'll return home to, to complain. It's itemized. And, when everything is found and collected without me being in the room anymore. And it all gets placed in a box for any reason that might be officially identified, onto a little sticker with a black marker and an underline. The thing it really is will be missed by morons like you. It should say The Complete Shasta Groene. And not have my name anywhere on it. I'm not around anyway, you know? I don't care. Not at all. No more seconds even, not of that. It's not being alive, it's not rest. Her name. She'll be so fucking stupid by the time she gets any better offer again.

You don't know, do you.

I didn't decide. There was no myself to do it for soon enough. I wasn't too comfortable or comfortable enough. Wasn't properly lost. Every time I let the suggestions that this might be dangerous to my unprotected reality have too much sway, I could more easily discount the supposed fears as just silly. Also didn't feel entitled enough, I suppose. I'll make a decision eventually. And not rethink it towards not thinking it harder. Certainly. Because I knew most of the mental imagery I had to rework wasn't working the way I was expected to be reading it. That is. That these women weren't designed to be here, didn't want this. And those who said that it was no big deal, that it was part of the sensually expansive adventure, and the men who barely paid them, gave them drugs their parents wouldn't have but, with genes clearly like that, more likely have, were lying. Better: were wrong. It wasn't men who paid them. Maybe. What's not a problem, sis, is she used her own money to buy what she wanted and when it needed more, of anything she ever wanted, this wasn't the only way to do it. The best way, possibly, not even just the quickest or lowest or laziest. I can't say with the same dedication that others howl that it should be as ugly as I suspect started far back further than when she made some quantifiably bad adult decision to do just fucking this because she finally fucking had to. I really don't care. But I'm trying to guess.

I know this. That I can't fucking talk hindu or whatever the fuck it is these subhuman money grabbers speak to each other over my low life head. One at the counter and his younger brother sat on a ladder across from him, watching customers. Extra family in the back either running off discs and printing cover copies or, more likely, keeping vague accounts of what provider brings in more minutes of what sells better and more often than the usual shit that doesn't. The films of niggers dancing, there must be a fairly busier market for blubber and adipose width. But, in every shop I went to in Times Square, still, tourist, just last week. And I went to the five or so I remember for more than thirty years now. The employers have changed. The white roomers completely gone. And the films of animals

pulled and placed by naked mouthing up women have multiplied in number and display where, it doesn't add up incorrectly, they could well have disappeared to the backs and friendly favor requests. I'm fairly confident that the lovely men who buy these, exactly like myself, would prefer buying the discs from those whose paycheck it is to find them and reproduce it for men who don't want to do the work or create the home scrounging trails.

The faggots at the back. In the few booths left. Anything, fucker, I don't care if you like women sucking on horses or wildly prefer when the doggie mounts her on all fours. From face up. Just let me do this.

So it wasn't necessarily problematic. Not necessarily a collection. It would be okay if, first, yes, I knew where to go and, second, looked for what was put out for someone like that. I realize that there are others who mine my tastes for me. The part of the question that instills I've been exploited is where, actually, I feel less conflicted. If they're doing it for money, then there's just a part of the excuse and it works pretty well at blocking out the rest of the only public noise. Works fine in a group not hidden well enough when it breaks down but pretty good before that. When that part was more personal. Those above me steal from me, and it's best for them to flatten me out to those below me, who steal even more. This being important to me, alone, doesn't sound correct. The collection I get behind me only sounds like a mistake to barely working idolators, looking for things and making sad little mistakes. Telling me mine. Fucked up worse, I tend to agree. Because there's very little savings when compared to the obvious comfort that seems more furious. I like what you did for cash. I like that it's important. You need some, this is more than less worry all the time. Beautiful. She's become old. Her tattoos mark her in a certain time, certain meaning proud, and the lack of such current promise, past success, even thoughtless hope, is unmistakably loudest. Two, more, important factors that can only be diluted at once just this way. What finishes the constant thought to stop was, is then, only practical.

End with her making her very own john to dogsucker decisions. Not a decision at all, was it, cow. And tell cow, first off and fucking finally, oddly enough, what makes her even easier to depict in talk, rather than in reality, of course, as truly worthless. The kind of thing that would be most likely to be called worthless. Is. That others would understand poor dad, more ugly, cow as worthless when they didn't know all the angles of her. Those perhaps luckiest. Those definitely various. Like the simple untouched, unlived, discursive thoughts she recognizes and dismisses of her rich hideous self is only what I can display of her far easier than another with a bit more questions to take away from the same old truth, then, cunt. I have to explain this. You tell her. Because otherwise, she doesn't get to hear it. It was, what you did, practical. Now define pride you snidely offer. It doesn't exist, I buy. So I get this:

The DVDRs were around fifteen dollars each. Less if you bought more than two, depending

where you chose to muslim. The horses are best. Because there's more difficulty and management. What's changed is the techniques, absolutely, the girls' faded and blued bodies wrinkled in bad parlor inscriptions. Their races. As if it shouldn't matter anymore to anything but the old ones holding hard to confederacy. You decrease your chances, grampa. Inessentially, it's really not the same anymore. Include nostalgia, favorite moments and desperate clings. All the shit I learned when I used to look at what something else used to do.

Describe any problems which resulted from collecting the child abuse images.

I'm not entirely sure what a child is or how I'm supposed to stop finding them. Ask the pornographer when he started. Different answer than the form you get asking the same question to the one he pointed his camera at. Why do you suck horses? What part of you forgot you couldn't make it through the interview portion of your biography. You sat in a room all day smoking heroin and renting over one man to the next to one at a time to good morning, darling, do you want something to eat. I don't save them. I'm not asked to anymore. Kids walk into cigarettes now. So mommy stops smoking. And I keep looking for the snapshots that were purposively done rather than accidentally breezed. Difficult to demarcate. Through. Once more, I could pretend once more is better. I know what I see, what I think fucks that up. It becomes thought. Then back to explaining it away as mere seconds and flashes.

Father: You want to see what I did?
Customer: Yes. Absolutely. Everything. Where did it start?
Father: I started liking how it looked on her skin.
Customer: Why did you have her?
Father: I don't know.
Customer: It wasn't a mistake?
Father: Certainly not, not at first.

A Chandler business owner already accused of drugging a woman and branding her genitals has been arrested on suspicion of bestiality. Christopher Lynn Jackson, 49, was arrested on suspicion of bestiality Monday after detectives with the Maricopa County Sheriff's Office served a search warrant at his Chandler home in connection with the branding case. Deputies found videos depicting acts of bestiality involving Jackson and two women, according to a press release issued by Sheriff Joe Arpaio's office. The

acts were committed with Jackson's dog, the press release said. "If you saw the video, you'd be pretty sick," Arpaio said. "We weren't expecting this."

Father: The dog was around the house.
Customer: Same way as the child.
Father: That's the only answer there really is. That's the only fact that stays firm. No matter what else is said to me. We needed money. I was taking care of a family.
Customer: Where'd you buy the meth?
Father: She's aged so incredibly. She'd become so deeply hideous. You couldn't see it happening. That sort of thing doesn't stop. The wear catches up only when you see it in a mug shot. Others tell you. You don't see it, it was happening to me too. My obligations were just a bit more demanding.

Detectives also arrested and accused Josephine Erikson, 61, of bestiality after matching her to one of the videos, the press release said. Deputies are searching for the second woman seen in the videos. Jackson was identified as the owner of a landscaping company and a ballroom dancing studio. Detectives also removed the dog from Jackson's home and are caring for it at the First Avenue Jail.

In the initial case, Jackson was arrested on Sept. 3 on suspicion of aggravated assault after a former girlfriend reported to authorities that he had drugged her after they attended a baseball game and then branded his initials on her genitals, according to a court document. In the document, Jackson was accused of branding his initials onto the woman's body to signify that he "owned" her.

The victim told deputies she passed out after taking three pills supplied by Jackson, woke up in Jackson's bed in pain, and saw him holding a branding tool and butane torch. She told detectives that Jackson handed her the pills to "energize" her, after she told him she was too tired to go dancing after the ballgame.

The woman was so fearful of Jackson that she did not report the crime, which occurred on May 15, until three months later, the court document said.

What changes, if any, did it make to your usual lifestyle at that time?

It works as reverse. I'm being asked to mark where I stopped learning. Where I've stopped learning, somewhere reliant on keeping quiet more firmly than I should have wanted to. The points where I've stayed consistently stuck in some sort of dumbfounded silent pain that sounds like denial and resented social failure to everyone but myself. And everything I do, even at this age, is what I can yet go back to to find the real person I would have been, had I not stopped where I shouldn't have stopped completely

beside myself. Anything I'm allowed to say is an excuse. I've long been aware that the materials I seek out are lessened by the answers of the artists. The producers. The box shutters and bag tapers. If anything, I've tried to eliminate those privately. Meaning, it's what I did. The answers for the work nearly always fit into a graph that I ignore, more exhausted than instinctual. I've stopped looking for honesty as a key to work. Not, I hope, because I'm consistently disappointed that the artist whose work I love, too much perhaps, doesn't sound exactly like I do. Or that there's a business to be run. A market to apologize within, for. But because I don't know how I sound to people who don't sell what I want.

I can't point to the images as having calibrated progressive changes. The idea that everything should be better because I learned something, anything, or worse because I didn't, sat fat in indulgence and stupefaction, is going to detract from, obviously, what little I want. I've been trying to argue for the strength of certain photographs while ignoring, not necessarily rudely, what the vanishing snapper and the rest of the voyeurs say about it. I've done the same thing my entire life, I suppose. And then it comes off wrong. I can stop worrying about how it comes off. Can't do that, either. I wanted to do this work as a book that would look at photos of adults. I've brought with me an intense predisposition to children. And I'll be fucked if I can separate the two hideous interlocutory sides of lawful guides and helpful suggestions. Every tug towards finding your learning bends sound suspiciously like me choosing familiar children again and again and again. Here's just one more prejudiced problem of mine. My interest in photographs of these adults, taken by this man, has more to do with children than I care to be brought back talking to every fucking time. The binge tunnel vision that I'll suffer from, however, seems more likely to come from what is said by him and others in his defense than what I would prefer to even fucking bother away with. Say. I'd like to stop. Thinking about looking at child pornography. But. I can't because every half sentence you utter is an apology that I'm not needing or asking for. I'd rather see adults. I'd rather you not skimp on the suffering to make yourself sound answerable. I'd be just as happy seeing the clown conflicts, the alterity, the confessions and lifelong one second freezes juxtaposed to guilt and sympathy and more forward than backward anxiety. And you don't have to convince me. You don't have to lessen it either though, you know.

I'll settle here. First. I wanted to make sure I was looking at an engagement with adults. That I was seeing the offers as they were tabled, correctly, rather than in a state of now genetic ignorance with a fantastical future not ungainly grasped as a second within hours. I, as part of that, second drift, now understand that I can no longer go to the places that, honestly, surrounded me when I was younger. Those places that were built and stood as barns where adults had sex like pigs rather than humans. Bad choice. And I can't go there not because I don't want to. Or because I've thought better than that. But because those places don't exist anymore. And the new replacement lifestyles have genuinely

proved that there was no need for people like me or places for people like me. I have to see myself as part of a group that took the marketers up on their offer. And as I've aged, realized that I have fewer opportunities and that those opportunities were going to have formed me. I'd like desistance to suggest a more capable override than seems possible right now.

How important was your collection to you?

The collection doesn't exist. The way photographs of happy-then marriages do. More that than the way pictures of children snapped smirking end up in true crime books and missing posters do. They're bad moments. Not mine. So I have to define bad. Then essential. Then pronounce that I'm only seeing a fake moment just as much as a truly honest one. I'll fuck it up. You take it with you. I used to carry selections around with me, like some retard. The dedication wasn't correct, was it? One mistake after another and as intense a decision to hide it as rid myself of it never quite got as overpowering as disease, middle ground lust or twelve-step entertainment. Drawing a line between viewing and action seems like a mistake until you learn that you absolutely can live like exactly that. But another mistake would be inside seeing that as a lesson of worth. As if discernment, discussion was representation. And as if stopping was better for you.

I haven't picked photographs of women with cancer. With diagnoses of clear debilitation and quantifiable pain and clearly sexualized sicknesses. I've chosen as many mistakes that can happen within the photos and sifted the ones forward that can't be apologized for by using that same pain et pity language. I told the fat fuck to lean back and I'll lick his saggy balls while he jerks off in my face. Told him just to do what he wanted. I wish I had a camera. You'd see how you sound. Disgusts me when I think of it to tell you and make it sound less conclusive. He didn't know that I had my first round of chemotherapy the day before and I was sick as I hated more in body than mind. Pathetically, I argue, I can make my mind just as sick and commit to what I'd not care about anymore. Let the past catch up and find the equilibrium silently. He was sicker than me on top of it. Ignorant, literally. And then slobs will walk away saying it was something more, you enjoyed giving yourself up, at least you had that. And he cummed. Consensually. The next guy started to masturbate while he watched and had, I knew it, to reach down and start petting. Groping then. Until he wasn't going to be able to pet anymore. Let me finish here, will you, old man. Sick pig. I'm not going to cum, I'll have something for you. Spit what I have in my mouth into yours or what I haven't yanked out into your greasy blotched old man ass.

He said he could give me all of that, but it'd come with a price. He wanted to fuck me on his desk. Grossly. In the ass. And when I agreed to it, he did everything he could to degrade me as much as possible: spitting on me, calling me a whore, doing everything he could to make me feel like a piece of shit.

What other activities did it replace?

Loneliness, boredom. Everything less important, nothing better. The young boys in the film downstairs. The few of them standing around waiting upstairs. Aged, not yet.

I'm sorry. I wouldn't have selected these questions if I didn't think there was a good reason to hear what more there is to be said about this subject, all the time. It should be boring by now. It should be where you can't stand to hear the same things from the same people that don't think they're the same as every one on the checklist that you can't help antagonizing and being depleted by. I understand. What do you enjoy specifically in these pictures? I'm not ever thinking you do. I don't hope you do. I wouldn't want you to look at me and find some sympathy, first, in just a confusion closely similar to yours. Don't take pleasure in being unique or thought of as anything in particular when I'm not in fucking front of cunt. Some place where the two of us could light less lonely for once and I'll thank you for believing me when heading off. I like to think that the work I've done has forced me to look forward as an old dying man from the very first time I saw it. From when I was younger, not that I would have wanted to stay there. Drippy nostalgia, grief, that I have. But the questions, for example, that Antoine D'Agata bats off, come from him first. He convinces them before they open their selling robot french mouths. Might think they're asking questions they've thought up. And you start talking about progress. The lack of it. The medication to escape. The desire to have desires that don't lose yourself in desire. That's for him. I don't think the art stands up to the complimentary mock attacks but you don't turn around and say that you just want to be happy. Or even learn to enjoy the pain. There's very little lifestyle, there's very little quantifiable change unless it's violently brought. We're not talking about surprises, are we? We're not even talking about entertainment. We need to. Not forget that. Unless forgetting it is the offer and the cancel and the wish. Doubles back as soon as it comes forward.

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Galerie Les Filles Du Calvaire
17 rue des Filles-du-Cavaire
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Antoine D'Agata, in 2007, asked by Jacob Aue Sobol, for why and when he started photographing:

I grew up in a climate of taboo, which paved the way for transgression. My desire for the world derived from a fascination for sin. I started taking photographs in 1991, at the age of 30, after 12 years of silent wandering, of rejecting a world whose sole principle is work and which anesthetizes minds to optimize profitability. What I foresaw as a degradation turned out to be liberating. But over time, the accumulation of narcotic experiments gave way to disillusionment, to slow and reasoned self-destruction. The origin of this process of maturation was desire; the only possible outcome, awareness. A friend whose days were numbered introduced me to photography on his last journey. I perceived the camera as a final tool to become aware of myself and the world. Photographic effort is born of the instinct for survival. It was the only alternative to the dementia foreshadowed by the emotional and social autism that protected me from my own fears.

And why he photographed himself:

Little by little, without narcissism or self-centeredness, I have become my own character. Being in the frame was a relevant way to indicate my precise role in a specific situation. Showing in detail my relationship with a prostitute affirms that the existence of the relationship is worth more than the objective, sociological or poetic interpretation I can make of it. Photographers see an individual as a symbol, a model, a subject, a social entity. Introducing myself into my images negates this system of representation, creating a short-circuit in the surveillance-as-spectacle system. Photography, buried in a mass of images conceived as a means of social control, is at death's door, faced with the powerless voyeurism of the spectator, who, conditioned to consume emptiness, only lazily appeals to his critical judgment. The flood of pictures is slowly dissolving reality. The world is becoming a phantasmagorical space devoid of depth or substance. In this concentrational context, any image is propaganda serving the obscene transparency of an ultra-communicational world. By gatecrashing the image, I detox myself of the insidious ideology of entertainment. I take my place in the world, reinvent its usage, free myself from a logic geared to replacing

desire with fear. Like an actor in my own script, I face up in the flesh to the disorder of the world, to its violence and indignity. It is not a question of opening my eyes to this world's excesses, but of measuring myself against the truths concealed in its depths, of melting into it, letting it contaminate me, for better and for worse.

Sobul told him that he felt drawn to his work by a mixture of fear and desire. A couple questions later, he asked him how much of the photographer is included in the photos and what was his relationship to the people or world he photographed.

I show my life that I share with those able to evade the social order, to dissolve into the nothingness of their ephemeral survival. They offer themselves to my eye, my heart, my body. I conceive of photography as offering oneself to reality, a salutary inter-contamination between an individual who is the master of his acts and the world around him. But today it is saturated in good conscience, in right-thinking condescension, in indecent sentimentality, in cheap sociology. It misleads us about its power to reveal, think, decipher and analyze. The solidarity it displays is sordid and hypocritical. Its intelligence is mean, narrow. Under the cover of objectivity and materiality, it claims to be the bald truth but shows a rigid state of things, a partial and cynical vision controlled by the economic interests of its clients, commissioning parties, sponsors and dealers. I dive into the mirror the world projects, I exacerbate my desire, I adjust the distance separating me from others, I no longer bother about reducing the world to an intelligible and representable surface. The vice is tightening. The multiplication of iconographic networks is reducing flesh to its flimsiest expression, but I am participating in its final contortions.

He sent me this, in two rough drafts or translations, I suspect, and it may be unfair to include them here. It was a personal mistake to take the sentences that contained the word desire out of context, the limited context I still have. The first version of this started with a quote from DeBord, the second follows. All of this material was what he chose to send me, quite possibly because it was all he had in English.

SITUATIONS

What we see is not made up of what we see, but of what we are.
Fernando Pessoa

I photograph to face the world, engaging the same inexhaustible protocol, traversing and being traversed

by experiences whose common denominator is excess. Confronting the inherent contradictions to the use of documentary photography, I document what I live and live the situations I document; on a path overshadowed by risk, hazard, desire and unconsciousness, in a frantic search for the feeling of being alive, of being part of life.

To give a transcription of my position in the social and physical order, to escape organic and political passivity, I invent a scenario that I condemn myself to live out, to the letter and in the flesh. In this fragile attempt, the image is defined both through and within the act that engenders it. It's not my insight into the world that matters but my most intimate rapport with that world.

Through the degeneration and the paroxysm of the flesh, I try to reveal fragments of society that escape from customary analysis and visualization of the social body, but nonetheless, are its primary elements. I expose myself, sharpen my consciousness of a world that I absorb and feed on, without the slightest precaution or judgement. The inventory of reality is a mechanism that excludes morality.

As actor in my own right of a premeditated journal, I finally assert the necessary inter-contamination between photographers and the world around them. Under the cover of objectivity, contemporary photography, – saturated with self-righteous sociology – shows cynical visions controlled by its own economic interests. The concern it displays is mean and narrow. The visible loses its materiality and slowly dissolves in a flood of images; in a phantasmagorical space devoid of depth or substance.

Amid that degradation of reality, an endless accumulation of empty gazes perpetuate the stunned deprivation and satisfied powerlessness of men defeated by history. As the language of instinct and the flesh, as a barrier against puritanical and economical order, art is condemned to be subversive, asocial, atheistic, erotic and immoral. It has no choice but to rely on action, accept new aims and methods, and free itself from a global and insidious ideology geared to replacing desire with fear.

In a context where all images turn into propaganda for the obscene transparency of an ultra-communicational world, social emancipation can only be driven by individual acts. The multiplication of iconographic networks, conceived as a means of social control, reduces flesh to its flimsiest expression. I no longer bother about reducing the world to an intelligible surface.

I photograph the fragile shadows that cut free of social control by regaining control over their bodies. They emancipate from physical deprivation, evade the moral order, access the last magic rites of instinct. In this latent war, the underclass fertilizes the social matrix through its brutality. The night is antithetical to order. It is a remedy to political and religious viciousness. The suffering it fosters carves out barbarous communities that go in for ideological blasphemy while appeasing animal urges.

Bestiality is the ultimate rampart against the anesthesia of senses and the mindset of a society that defines objects and people as consumables. As long as the economy imposes the gaze as an exclusive

tool for consuming the world, consciousness is condemned to immorality and photographing involves sacrificing reason to experience. What concerns me is what escapes me, not what surrounds me. I yield to instinct, to urgency of existence. I make use of the world to my own ends, as part of this fierce and endless struggle between the forces of abstraction and the mechanics of the flesh. Among distraught bodies wrestling and consoling each other in primitive copulation, I swallow the flesh and the bodily fluids, as an antidote to the dark silence that weighs on minds dehumanized by global economy.

Ecstasy is the ultimate territory of social resistance to the merchandise dream. The production of obscene images might be, paradoxically, the only true engaged posture, an alternative to the violence of social stability based on the frustration of unfulfilled lust. Only the mingling of bodies remains beyond the reach of history, in a slow agony, under the seal of consciousness and irony, warding off death and living up to a pornographic and amorous view of the world.

Susan Connie Marsh asked him for his definition of madness in 2011:

All attitude that deviates from the social norm is suspected, in the eyes of the law and of medicine, to be the symptom of mental pathology. Art, love, madness, social rage, resistant to the will of self-control that drag us from ecstasy right down into the abyss, are all privileged vectors of deviance. But today, the most insidious and banal form of alienation constitutes the norm. In my view, madness defines all behavior considered 'normal', the formatted functioning of those who, defeated by the imperatives of production, have renounced to breaking the vicious circle of contemplation and who struggle in a permanent state of exacerbated lack. The strength of our contemporary economic system lies in the subtle but ferocious alienation that it imposes on people caught up in the initiative for the generalized mythification of pleasure, which is glorified to the point where it becomes inaccessible. Through sophisticated methods of social and mental control, entertainment, propaganda, brainwashing and brute force, dominated minds give in to the most abject forms of abstraction, from religion to consumption. The power of the "spectacle" as described by Debord, distilled and recycled until it reaches the eyes of the consumer, is inversely proportional to the survival instinct that gradually becomes depleted as alienation intensifies. It's this banal process that I strive to put an end to through both my art and my actions: to shatter this state of a chronic lack in order to regenerate desire, to relearn the autonomous gestures of pleasure, to re-appropriate my own body to myself, to forge my own destiny, to redefine my own identity, outside of my mere capacity to contribute towards production and consumption.

She asked if he had ever been consumed by madness, if he could describe it for her. Further, she asked if his work had damaged him. Then asked if his work had been damaging to his soul, as if such a thing existed:

The consumption of methamphetamines leads to a cruelly intimate, daily knowledge of madness. The consequence of 'ice' addiction on the body and the mind are terrible but the experience is a precious one. Everything begins with the confusion of your gestures, a force that paralyses the limbs, an inertia that sucks you into the chaos of exacerbated sensations, the constantly failed attempts to latch back onto life, through the body of another. But 'ice' acts as a remedy for vertigo, a fear of the void. Thoughts, until then orphaned by the rupture with the physical body, renew their ties with the sensation of existing. Heat spreads through the neck, the jaw stiffens, the senses suffocate anxiety, desire overwhelms the mind, the genitals become engorged and life overthrows reason. A sudden rush of vital force is sucked up into the muscles, the bones and the nerves are on edge, blasts of pure energy are continuously pumped into the organs and the turgid limbs immunize against the idea of death. The lukewarm breath of 'ice' asphyxiates the mind, fear is undone and the cry takes form. 'Ice' takes a hold of my gut and solitude slides over me. At that moment I belong to the world that opens itself up to my sensations. The veil covering it is lifted. Thirsty for toxic substances, all I want is to worm my way into the perfumed or fetid flesh offered up to my avidity, in a completely detached manner. Never is madness as lucid, as precise as it is under the influence of 'ice'. In these transitory and altered states, of exaltation and of pure dementia, I see an antidote to social alienation.

Around the centrifugal force of 'spectacle', fear connects separated individuals, fragmented peoples, in relationships that are exclusively false. Once this trance-like fascination is shattered by drugs, it becomes easy to relearn basic relations, to reinvent solidarity, to act on the existence of others. Desire is the fundamental tool in this process of emancipation. To unlearn the arbitrary visions imposed on us and accept the world in its imperfection. To no longer analyze or interpret the world but to integrate it. The subtle smoke of 4-methylaminorex shuts me into my addiction in the company of those girls with bodies as smooth as raw meat, that revel in their perfection as naturally as they breathe and are made inhuman, invincible thanks to a magical force ejaculated at point blank range at any form of morality. Proud of the implacable machines that their bodies have become, they invoke murder and passion in order to accomplish the only valid utopia, situationist dream erected to the rank of pure irony: between the end of a civilization and the debacle of origins, to consent to the act of forgetting and to climax into the void.

Like Sobul. Was his work more about him or his subjects:

I'm not speaking of myself but of a world that isn't diluted by its representation. The totalitarian ideology of profitability drains the course of the fragmented existences that slip on the smooth and hermetic surface of the world, and reproduces its own empty reflection ad infinitum. Meaning is eradicated. Mankind, hypnotized by the inexorable flow of the shams that it produces, loses itself in a venomous and fatal contemplation. Images are born but images. Through the communication and the violence of symbols, they bear the condition of the dissolution of beings. Horror is born from monstrous social rapports that form at the heart of an economy, itself the seed of death. But in affected territories, orgy supplants the 'spectacle', at the cost of the tears, the sperm and the sweat of those who are excluded from the riches of the world. Pain anesthetizes pain within the nauseating secret of human misery. Social order and cultural propaganda strengthen their refusal to give in to the mirage of moral integration. In the dark hours of the night are created fragile intimacies and solidarities, excesses of flesh and of rage, extreme exchanges that are made with urgency and violence and that breathe life into the cold brutality of the world. I cannot attempt to penetrate this intensity without letting myself be contaminated, without involving myself beyond words. The enduring pathway between the world of fear and that of desire is an act of love, without reasoning and against reasoning. Rhetoric, aesthetic debate and objective neutrality are all lies. Only art that is effectively involved in a detrimental practice is valid. There is no longer any space for intelligence. Exploitation relies on the hold that economy maintains on individuals. Any word, any image that comes forth and contributes to 'spectacular' accumulation without engaging the flesh and bones of its author thus becomes an accomplice. Life is the only valid domain. For me it isn't a question of theorizing resistance, but of giving myself the means to partake in my practice of immorality.

Further, was he aware of any major differences between the work and himself. Had he "embodied" his art or was there a separation of sorts:

My photography goes against that which has preceded it and that has commentated the social, political or moral conditions of human organization in either a journalistic, aesthetic or conceptual mode. Beyond analysis, critique or documentation, I attempt to provoke an inter-contamination between language and the situations that generate it, to obtain an art that is no longer a parasite of reality but the fruit of urgency, of recklessness or of inconsistency. My progression is made with the certitude that alienation and violence generate conscience and dignity. To penetrate the world wholeheartedly, to live its excess and its conflicts, demands a devastating level of involvement. I strive to turn the bestial violence that I have long

inflicted upon myself and those who approached me, into a strength. I live in the grip of passion, of the flesh, of risk, of violence, of pain, of pleasure, of despair and of absurdity because they make the feeling of existing more perceptible. Poison has become an antidote. Disgust worms its way into me when I get the feeling of not living on a level with my fears. Being, loving, thinking and suffering are no longer enough. Excess is the minimal foundation of all decent social behavior and the smallest common denominator of a humanity that needs to be reconstructed. Free from the dictatorship of appearances, the comfort of amorphous servility, the passivity of being a servitor to productivity, I search for the traces of an authentic life. I explore the forgotten territories of a castrating economy: Phnom Penh, Kinshasa, Havana, Salvador. These forlorn spaces silence the individual. More than a specific social class, this logic serves the abject principal of the submission of the other. I attempt to give a coherent shape to this disordered experience of the world. Through a desire for humanity, through rage, with only the will to undermine the foundations of moral order and invent a mad utopia of all that is harmful.

Back to her point, did he think he was mad. Did he think he was judged by society due to the choices he made?

Artists always collaborate with the system and, at the price of their own surrender, share the crumbs relegated by corruption. Because my raw material is the flesh, condemned to stay buried under the surface of 'spectacular' illusions, my work seems unacceptable. In the midst of the art elite, the body has a solely eroticized or politicized value, intangible in its abstraction and its inaccessibility. But it is there, within sight, within reach. It resists all attempts to disinfect it. It is there and it stinks, oozing with sticky, nauseating juices that awaken a brutal survival instinct, an animal desire. It offers itself up in all its angles, thighs parted, nerves on edge, glands and organs bulging with the aberration of the senses. It's the promiscuity of this mass of feeble, disgusting meat that bothers people. It is the intensity, the obsessivity and the immortality of my actions that are put forward, be they right or wrong. Away from all constraints, moral or social, I melt away into the orgy. But within the dreary and rigid context of the norm that gnaws at the spirit, within the minimal and petty comfort of the climatized cells of democratic dictatorship, within the sinister and vulgar celebration of the merchandise that rewards those souls subjected to the incredibly comfortable autistic and automated spaces where survival is ensured in exchange for the renunciation of bestiality, expenditure doesn't have its place. Mercantile abundance carries, in the form of a germination, its freedom slaying ideology. Under the misleading appearance of liberal and pacifist rules, it transmits all the violence of an informed, thrifty and reasonable abstinence. The implicit condition for comfort is cowardice.

In an undated interview about his then latest book Stigma, by or from Grèce. He was asked about an analogy he had made. About a specific club that closed for a few hours, suggesting he would then have to go "*back to the other side of the world.*" The interviewer wondered if photography filled much the same purpose for him. Specifically; Is it a "*bridge*" to the other side, to "*real*" life?

The kind of place you mention is out of reach, usually, to most people with a decent way of life. But to me, this is where real life takes place. I still consider my work to be documentary and this is what I am trying to document. But the only strategy I can come up with is to follow these people all the way in their excessive way of life. I still don't know where I am headed to but to use photography the way I use it allows me to escape from the lethargic world that surrounds us. I don't know what real life is but I can't stand feeling anesthetized any more. I try everyday in my life to go back to the raw forces of instinct. In modern society, everything is done to eradicate every trace of desire, rage, violence, pain, fear or animal pleasure. I try to reach back to these essential levels of uncontrolled emotion.

Any personal rules? The interviewer called his situations "*extreme*" and wanted to know if he drew a line:

I have my own limits that are due to my own social and cultural background or history. Not that many limits but they are inflexible. I don't make a moral issue out of it. It's just a matter of desire and integrity. To be on the side of the victim and innocent is what always was at the heart of my way to approach the world. I stick to this position. But it is not an ideology. It's a very intimate philosophy, born out of the experience and the pain. I have been accused by some anonymous voices on Internet to be a pedophile. I see these attacks as cowardly and insidious stupidity. I know where I stand and don't feel I have to justify or defend myself. As far as what others do with their lives, I don't judge but react to what I see and feel with my eyes, my heart and my brain. But I do tend to give a chance to immorality, the way it's been traditionally defined.

Is he ever afraid:

I do everything I can to make sure I keep being afraid. I do everything I can to make sure fear never overcomes desire, and desire never overcomes compassion.

And the final question was "*How did you get caught up in drugs and how (have) you managed to move on?*":

Desire.

What I find as his own repetition may come from interviewers asking the same questions over and over again and him just responding to each individual as another personal performance. I repeat myself constantly. This is something I look for rather than avoid, it looking like a cheap point now. Next questions come from a mock sensationalist magazine and drew heavily on Nan Goldin:

The few photographers who, like Nan Goldin, have influenced me, as I was trying to get accustomed to the history of the medium, have struggled to throw back some of the rawness of the world into photography. This language is often reduced to its capacity to be somehow neutral. What Nan Goldin has taught me is to stand up, against all odds, in a political and existential struggle for survival. I don't feel close to her because of some similar experience of marginal communities, or some alleged obsession with sex and drugs, but because she never gave up. She never hesitated to compromise her health or sanity for the sake of her work and I am just grateful to her for her courage and stubbornness, for staying faithful to her own pain, fear and desire.

Another about choosing color over black and white:

I was just trying to get closer to the complexity and subtlety of the appearance the world can take on. And I've always tried to break free from any esthetical or technical comfort I could be tempted to indulge myself into. Today, I keep struggling to invent new ways and formal strategies, to explore new textures and surfaces as a way to be able to focus on the essential: the authenticity and the intensity of my desire, of my commitment.

Goldin again. This time if his work was similar because she said she saw – and photographed – "*the world*" differently when she was "*really high*":

Again, the only thing that matters is what you make out of your existence. Nan made the best out of hers. Like her, I do what I can to create my own route. Like her, I don't like the idea of looking at the world and I speak about my experiences. It is occasionally acceptable to be a viewer, a spectator but I use

drugs because they make me act and react differently. Drugs can't be reduced to some mystical way to open a perception of reality. I value the hardest and most physical drugs, which alter and intensify the confrontation to reality. Not the ones which allow you to escape to some fuzzy, comfortable or exotic state of mind. It all comes down to not being a consumer but to take the risk of your own destiny. To consume drugs the way you would consume a TV reality show wouldn't help. Drugs help me to feel, with my nerves and my stomach, where real life takes place. I don't know what real life is but I can't bear feeling anesthetized any more. I try everyday to dig out the raw forces of instinct. In modern society, pleasure is the only norm. Everything is done to eradicate all traces of desire, rage, violence, pain, fear, and all types of animal drive. Through drugs, through excess, I try to fall back to these essential levels of uncontrolled emotion.

Did his relationships reflect the photographs he took:

The well-being can't expect to deny half the humanity any kind of respect and see them react in a civilized way. The violence of the communities I submerge myself into is proportional and adapted to the violence of the economical and political elite. Any weapon will do. I see sex, drugs and criminality as perfectly legitimate ways to stay alive when you are treated as a non-accountable entity. To share time with my characters in the most authentic way, I need to go beyond sympathy, or empathy. I don't want to understand the people I photograph. I want to be with them, but inside them. I don't want to look at the pain but feel the pain. Solidarity has to go through the flesh. Words and thoughts are not worth much. They just help to identify the nature of the gap between the other and myself. The common experience of sex and drugs help me to fill the gap. Prostitutes and drug addicts resist to economical oppression and social alienation with their own body and destiny. Violence is part of that process; it's part of that world. Most people I meet in the margins of the cities had no choice and adapt to the conditions of life imposed on them. As far as I am concerned it's been a more conscious process in my case, but in the end, we share the same position in the world. I learned to accept better the legitimate and scandalous nature of ecstasy or violence. I learned to endure the pain: physically, nervously, and emotionally. I do everything I can to make sure I keep being vulnerable. I do everything I can to make sure fear never overcomes desire, and desire never overcomes compassion.

His artist's statement for the Photographer's Gallery/Deutsch Böse Photography Prize 2011, for his show Agonie:

Of the fifty-nine self-portraits that compose Agonie, most are in fact shot by other people. I slowly abandoned the position behind the camera to integrate myself in the images, as a mere character of the situations I depict. The process is brutal. I never photograph if I'm not a full participant in the situation I am interfering in or provoking. Distancing myself from straightforward documentary photography, I document what I live and I live the situations I document. By transgressing the border that separates the photographer from the photographed, I become the object of my photography, a forced actor of my own premeditated scenario. The craving and the pain, through the sexual act, takes me back to my own body. I face up, in my flesh, to the disorder of the world, to its violence and indignity. It is not a question of opening my eyes to this excess and horror, but letting it contaminate me, for better or worse.

According to George Bataille, "you have to suffer to become the mirror of reality." *The only freedom, for those who have nothing, lies in self-destruction. Refusing to reduce themselves to servitude, they find an outlet in sex, drugs and violence. In the same way, depravity has always been, for me, a step towards emancipation. Years of slow and reasoned self-destruction, of narcotic experimentation, of urban survival and liaisons with prostitutes, have provoked in me a slow process of maturation on these questions. I cannot risk, on purpose, my destiny without getting too close, that is removing the physical distance from the photographed body, coming materially into contact, seeing beyond and smelling odors, totally immersing myself through the senses and the nerves and eliciting physical reactions also in the self and the other. I photograph carnal relationships, scenes of ecstasies: I look at shattered bodies that struggle and console the other in primitive copulations. I have sex with prostitutes and I lick flesh and bodily fluids as an antidote to the profound silence that weighs on minds dehumanized by global economy and religion. My photography is developing immunity to stereotypical morals. It is condemned to be subversive, asocial, atheistic, erotic and immoral.*

A flood of pictures is slowly dissolving reality, a phantasmagorical space devoid of depth or substance. In the obscene transparency of an ultra-communicational world, photographers delude themselves about their ability to report reality. They claim to produce documents but, in spite of themselves, relate intimate experiences soiled by prejudice. A photograph is as authentic as a photographer's physical position and the responsibility arising from it. Life overcomes art, and art perverts life. What we see is not made up of what we see, but of what we do. Intelligence doesn't redeem passivity. Instead of reducing photography to the sole capacity of recording reality, I take responsibility for the position I assume. Rejecting voyeuristic or sociological standpoints, the images ensure art and action are inseparable in the frantic search for the

feeling of being alive, of being part of life. In this fragile attempt, the image is defined both through and within the act that engenders it. It's not my insight into the world that matters but my most intimate rapport with that world. I structure a physical and psychic path overshadowed by deformity, rejection, dependence, pain, numbness, estrangement, risk, hazard, desire or unconsciousness.

Adrenaline and pheromones are remedies to social lies in the void left behind by the standardization of consciousness. This process requires a lot of sacrifices. I had to abandon all kind of social or family life; I left my home, stopped publishing books and getting involved in exhibition projects; I refused all assignments, and pushed my experimenting with drugs to the absolute limit; I damage my health in this process but put the energy I have left in going through the violence of the world. Through the degeneration and the paroxysm of the flesh, I try to reveal fragments of society that escape from customary analysis and visualization of the social body, but nonetheless, are its primary elements. I expose myself, sharpen my consciousness of a world that I absorb and feed on, without the slightest precaution or judgement. I confront it in its hopelessness and brutality, fierce misery and abjection.

As the language of instinct and the flesh, as a barrier against puritanical and economical order, art must free itself from a global and insidious ideology geared to replacing desire with fear. An endless accumulation of empty gazes perpetuates the stunned deprivation of men defeated by history. Everything is done to eradicate all traces of desire, rage, violence, pain, fear or animal pleasure. I try to reach back to these essential levels of uncontrolled emotion by photographing the fragile shadows that cut free of social control by regaining control over their bodies. Appeasing animal urges, they evade the moral order, emancipate from physical deprivation, and access the last magic rites of instinct. In this latent war, the underclass fertilizes the social matrix through its brutality. I am not interested in any kind of specific practices or spectacular perversions but in the promiscuity with those who are victims of global social violence and have to invent, in their despair, new ways to survive. Poverty is antithetical to order. Bestiality is the ultimate rampart against the anesthesia of senses and the mindset of a society that defines objects and people as commodity. And the production of pornographic images may paradoxically be the only true committed position, an alternative to the violence of a social stability based on the frustration of unfulfilled lust. Only the mingling of bodies lies beyond the reach of history, in a slow agony, under the seal of consciousness and irony, warding off death and living up to an amorous view of the world.

In 2010, Matthew Bedard, from Flaunt, asked him what composed "*the ideal photographic subject*":

One cannot apprehend reality without being involved physically, without inhaling entirely, or nourishing the liberty to act, to unveil desire or lack thereof, to envision violence.

The art accomplice impoverishes reality: if the photographer condemns himself to passivity, is satisfied to observe, to analyze, to denounce, to sublimate, to comment, the resulting photo practices a guilty contemplation.

I cross my own limits and the ones of reality, and find a vague space between where the bodies burst, flow, crash, penetrate themselves, and invade themselves in the tentacular mass of flesh.

And. *How has your photographic immersion to varying kinds of underworlds affected your interpretation of cultural norms? How about in relation to contemporary photography?*

After twelve years of broken wandering, the photographic effort was born, inspired by the marginalized persons that reinforced me in the time of many years solitude. The photograph was the only alternative to the emotional and social autism I took refuge in.

I photograph and I live with individuals that do not have a similar power of choice. In turn my art has the social characteristics of pathology regulated by a severe ethics: direction. My relations with the prostitutes of Cambodia are based on a common addiction to methamphetamine. These women are the prototype of the new proletariat in a world where frantic sexual consumerism has replaced desire and memory. Their body is the strategic receptacle of the capitalist who desires the fleeting passion of the flesh.

Paradoxically, the prostitutes' compulsive pleasure, their narcotic lucidity, creates survival in a parallel economy, new zones of shadow, which undermines the foundations of the system – they prefer vice to poverty. My action is restricted, coherent, fitting, mike a virus that insidiously introduces itself to a foreign body. I advance the obscurity. I risk destruction because my life only feels validated by the interpretations that I provoke. Still, an artistic practice cannot be justified in terms of its results.

Then. If he had a thought about the next fifty years, or rather, what was "*going to happen to the human race*" then:

The concentration of wealth will increase and become unbearable. Bankruptcies, poverty, exclusion, and unemployment will progress inevitably. The dominating possessors of strength – the actors, the

heads of businesses and states, will do what they can do to rediscover a balance.

But the immediate future belongs to those at the loose ends, the infamous communities. This new class will live in the lucid expectation of death, of erotic intensity.

This desire will generate an energy that does not exclude a kind of violence. A time of conscience comes after one of outburst.

Downstairs first. The open floor is to the left when you enter, reenter. Here you can stand and spin to surround yourself with asian whores in beautiful color being grabbed and bridled and responding in pain or self-discovery. Neither effect as violent as revelation, most as violent as the problems in reading the differences only in deceptive, ironic unfair seal. To the right of the door, presumably situated to be the area you would watch just before you leave or be the cap to your visit of everything else on the walls, are large mug shots of women who've let meth destroy their faces if not their promise. Could be your choices are more than I can collect. While I try not to work out what's there as symbol. Metaphor. Dissuade myself from my own history of ratting out men in sex offender mug shots taken from the same sick judicious source and fearful mindset. One. I'm not here to enjoy these creatures and think worse. These poor wretched stumblers who would be corpses to fuck and pay with drugs and nowhere but breathing to keep her breathing. The pain, such a waste, inhuman looking for kindly human, is as common and extreme as wanting to hurt it just by fucking it. Not sensing it. Feeling it. And fucking just as well, the sheriffs that want to see the pictures they took and the audience of homewishers and providers who find them familiar and exciting.

I've got some family I've neglected. I'm trying to make my daughter's life better. I don't know how. I'd like her to be different than what she's likely to become. I haven't worried enough for her. I'm trying to see her as unavailable most of the time. Not infect the ones that ask me to recognize what it is that I've done. I actually have no family at all.

Known as the premier "casting couch" agent in the business, Regan Senter, owner of Beautiful Models International talent agency, has a strict rule of having the models that he reps perform with him in so-called compliance videos (unpaid "tryout / publicity" tapes) as a means of showing off their skills and willingness to perform. Even though he is far from the only one sleeping with his models, his insistence of shooting these compliance tapes has, nonetheless, garnered him a negative reputation in the adult industry. The major gripe held by most, including the late porn historian Peter Van Aarle, is that Regan is knowingly taking advantage of these young girls by obligating them to perform sex with him for no pay and then selling this footage for his own financial gain. "I do not abuse the fact that talent come to

me to request work performing sex and limit the demo tape to maybe less than 3 minutes. I have been in the business since 1992 and I have found very few girls who have griped about the demo after they have done it. Any issues that I have had with talent stem from other people not them," Regan told a porn journalist.

The analogy breaks apart. Sloppy. And a start. Makes it cheap. Doesn't circle, makes a slight connection on disposability. Doesn't extend, swell. Arc consistent. It's what a halfwit curator would tell a barnyard of prospects: It should look cheap. It is cheap. I've kept the admission price low for even just this access because I wanted it to be available, inexpensive, open, instead of, you know, exploitive. Shrugs and says he doesn't know if the crowd, not larger than hoped for, will add up to anything greater, financially or intellectually. But he, personal integrity, moi assui, doesn't want the plebs to pay much. These aren't the kinds of creeps that have much money. And they're not especially the sort of students I'd like to have visit my ideas. Larger thoughts awkwardly involve a cruelty. But it is the crowd who are looking for this kind of shit, generally, that don't know it yet. I like the idea that an appeal could expand. I have a plan. Not a process, especially. Those thoughtful people will be drawn in by the language of the very cheap head price though, yeah? They're the ones that'll understand the brittle reasoning behind the price. The all-others, they'll appreciate it too. The raincoat brigade, the sandwich market, appease the peering industry so that more can look in and away at the same time. None of these people are guilty. They get all sides of the lucky pictures. Men masturbating, counting change, rejected and emotionally, biologically, seriously intellectually stunted. They're there for you to watch. For you to waterboy. They're there and they don't care quite as much as you do. Doesn't make them right, quite the opposite. Two different genders, start there, of cocksuckers. Then move down generations until you hit psychology. You'll lift it back up to price and spent eventually.

The cheaper it was to produce, the harder it was to distribute. The audience that were lifting up the right rocks eventually actually understood that they'd have to pay more. In time certainly but also cash. The price for the cheapest videos with the worst sort of procurer and dubber was much higher than standard fare. This pasted extra confidence when you added up the cost of what little came before, the mountain that built you lower and deeper to this. The rarefied weren't looking for unusual; they were fairly focused on what they wanted to see. Took some work and the price became ridiculous to talk about. If you're looking for a corollary, I'm always happy to remind myself of the time I sat in court and had to keep hearing strangers work out exactly what it was that I was masturbating at. As if looking at a picture at a precise time solidified an argument with a final point, a fix in damage. Both prosecution and defense utterly wrong and me inarticulate.

Rented a landlord's room and pasted as many photos on the walls as I could choose from the archives he kept. Some cunts want to know more about the women in the pictures. They're ants, I tell the customers. You don't pick one ant out from another. You sound like you don't know what it is you're on about. What you're asking. Happens. Next. They're looking at what got fucked, all by one photographer, and the impression of the space reduces them to themselves to what they'd like to have within the phenomenally unrecordable, unaccountable, numbers. Like a special appeal of, I don't fucking know, their sister or something like their first sitcom wiggle or highschool awareness training and negligent readjusting. The bloodied ones that have a draw. The ones with scars or separations stemming from initial pasts as rotten as what the others might not divulge or even be bothered by enough to sell. It's not their names over the door as you enter. It's not clear why they're here until you remember the name on the ticket and then you know why simple girls are not clear. In life as well as advertising.

In 2005, Regan began releasing his nearly twenty years worth of compliance videos as part of his self-distributed "Reganomics" series of videos (there are currently 51 volumes – usually consisting of between 2 and 7 girls per volume). In 2011, Regan, still going strong, began compiling scenes for inclusion in his newly created "Day I Became A Whore" line of videos, to be distributed by White Ghetto Films. I grabbed up volume 3 recently based on the fact that it touted Vantasia on the cover. Sadly, neither she nor Zoe Belmont, both promoted on the box and credited in the film, never appear. Dammit! That's one huge strike against the film already. The other: Regan Senter. Yikes! About as unappealing a physical specimen one is likely to find appearing in porn, Senter, a short, heavy-set bloke (he weighs easily 300 pounds) with greasy, messy hair, is the living embodiment of sleazy porn agent. As a masturbatory aid, these compliance videos have zero appeal, except maybe to Regan himself. Any erotic potential (Hayley Rivers' scene, for example) that can be gleamed from his 3 minute rutfests are usually stifled by the cold, mechanical, camera-on-a-tripod nature of the encounters. The lizard-like Senter seems almost indifferent as he instructs the girls where to sit and/or how to lay as they charge through the allotted four (or less) positions, and be done with it. In a few instances, Senter is unable to gain an erection and opts for simulation instead. As well, he never orgasms. If he's enjoying any of it, it's hard to tell.

Entering the first room of Antoine D'Agata's exhibition at Le Bal in Paris, is already an unusual experience. The room is empty: there are no pictures on the walls. Just female voices speaking in foreign languages. Chinese, or Thai, maybe. These are the monologues of about twenty prostitutes D'Agata met during his travels. Subtitles are screened, without pictures (because looking at them is not as powerful as listening to them, explains the artist). A long, desperate, painful poem is declaimed. On the floor, visitors

can choose between many different posters, given for free, showing some of D'Agata's pictures on the front, and the photographer's quotes on the back.

The room you could pick after the worn stories is going to be another drop of things he fucked and paid. If her voice is talking about herself, before you follow what's on sale, an affordably small price to where you leave made as explicit as the second hole to be opened, she's just lying. In a language you don't understand, can't reply properly. You know this now. If she confesses, shares private, it's salesmanship she's twisting out. Sizing up what you might want, no different from what she knows, has, unless you'll be stupid enough to mistake an answer for a confession. Your choice isn't to see more. Of her. Parts. Her extra. More noise. Insert ape, bore, wanter. Tell me about yourself, even, changes depending on what side of the sale you're at. Fake your past, the dad suggests when it sounds like I don't care what you say, even if it's cliche, just wherever you want to go. As long as it's real. Whatever is easiest will be the foreign drone for the next first lines. Till it stops. Louder is dad never saying anything but what this sounds like: Let me tell you why I'm here. Let me tell you what I'm like. What I think is more than you'll know you're selling. Let me. Let me tell you about myself. I'm another customer making what I want into a lousy question tilt. What do you want? From me? I have this. I can tell you about what I've really seen so far.

It must be the reason the faceless voices are from many. Certainly. Its self-awareness is on the selling dumb but telling extreme end of experience. She is a they. Listen to how many of them say the same things every time the questions get burned off. Every chance, there's no chance, they either sound the same because they are. Or they know all jobs by the point you and they agreed on. In the back there. Same as next time.

And after the room downstairs has been perused and enjoyed, with the truth graphics felt and penetrated and paid proof on all walls around you, you come back to the voices room with the now, fuck, disembodied real fuck stories. Take their ware away and revisit sense. Compunction, wherewithal. The customer who gets to stay a little longer, days sharing, her first, nods and waste and withering urgency, and learns more about the kind who spreads and fakes and seething acts kind or curt like what just happened. A more human redress. Deeper insight. Coming forward redundant barker. Sucker. Or available, real as imperfect and desperate for reality as pastiche. Manipulative, failing, typical fucking sucker.

Next choice is the exit. Brief, cartoon. Your schedule in Paris. You weren't all that much of a customer. You were buying a customer's list of questions, his pictures of halved support and doggerel divestments. In a past, recently, my age, I've masturbated three times while writing one page. I didn't stop. Then say:

It didn't stop. The choices between floors, the guides and instructions, aren't offers that don't contain decisions. The space between choice is the reflective gap that obliterates desire into desistance. C'mon, dad, don't you want to fall back in love, all these dreams are common, primal, shared.

Various walls, floor to ceiling, of the pictures Regan Senter took of the girls while and before he fucked them so that they could think he was going to get them work. Wouldn't receive funding. Wouldn't be the same. Various looking to start quick loan squeals in porn films. Large counts of prostitute brown pre and post sweat cunts, fucked or not, slapped or licked and paid by one man. I give a fuck about chinese workers and immigrant loss. He did this part for free. Training or compliance or start-up fees. Fucking filling in employment forms along with your tax information and social security numbers. The ones that don't have records attached to their photos. Not the meth addicts. Are even lower strata, even worse forms of, fuck, I wish they weren't all, females. And they're hurt above all. Somehow. Scornfully politicized. The daytime focus pushes the very few opportunities poor fucks have to become customers and the fully appropriate desire to actualize another self-satisfying hope to stuff and slip and harm. Eventually, you'll see it as harmful. To yourself. And there's a larger cunt, like your boss or money siphoning mother behind you taking pictures of you as you look in your bathroom mirror before you take your wednesday shower. Stop finding guilt in sympathy if you can. Pick a bar. Le Depot. You deserve to walk away. Photos of lovely women who've been aged by their school studied jobs as mexican hospital receptionists. Women who still haven't paid off their school loans, who've netted families and work for ten dollars an hour for years and tolls. Women on the day they've been told they've been fired. After she's been convinced, without future paper security relief, to stop crying and complaining and worrying. It'll be ok. It is.

You're going to take the camera and point down at yourself. You're going to hold the camera out away from your face and keep your arm stretched and steady. Then you'll give me the camera. Whatever is in the camera, whether or not you were even smart enough to take the picture, press record, or not, just goes back to me. And that was your chance. The idea being you had awhile to talk about yourself. To not talk about every other woman in your position. And that it took me, a sleazy worthless ugly customer, say vulture or kind hearted teacher instead of your dad, to give you the camera and then, better, get it back. It's all about the waste, read; time. The photo isn't you. Here's the next jump. Everyone that hands you money, gives you drugs, takes minutes away from you that would be less exciting than this anyway, gets sat in the chair that you made sure was in the room next to the smelling bed and gets their photo taken. Of course, wives and daughters and bosses and buddies are involved. So don't snap their faces. Their stupid looks and stares and blank understanding. Listen, sister, you can sell them too. I, say this, told them I wasn't going to take their faces, just their bodies. Every fucking fat animal

dropped his dirty pants or folded his lonely hands as if waiting for me to better their fucking daily. Understood that they could do this for me like they were selling up some guilt or doing me a favor that said they recognized that I was somehow smarter than what they came for. Fucking what they left with. So they sat there and the conversation from the women and faggots and law abiding helpers and UN creeps re-start the conversation at aesthetics, appeal. These men have little campaign dicks. These men are embarrassed and, actually, quite nice. They didn't mind that the focus was on their cocks and they look like nice men when they keep their pants on, vulnerable and pathetic when they don't. I made more money this way. Sometimes I was too fucked up to focus. The drugs don't help as much as make me feel good while I simply do the bed. You forget the floor. Here's me forgetting the job.

There's not enough women's voices. Real women's voices that cut through the mind loosening redundancy of every other documentary you've ever seen and heard where they all say the exact same thing about contempt and brutish disregard. They don't even know what they could have, all they want is hole, tight, not especially warm and welcoming. So I decided to take photos of every single buyer that came in here to show you, for once, not what I am but what they are. I, after all, am in line with the profession. With the rooms and buildings where men know where to go to find things like me. Only I'm not the same, now, am I? And they are.

And is there one that stood out?

Why the fuck should I seem so streamed with the same thing over and over again that I have to look for something else to document and trade the drudgery of them over me and them as hardly individual anyway. And then there's an audience that will explain to you. That those buildings. All those nudges from slow idea men. Ridiculous time servers and criminal plans and sex traffickers and bitter madams and playgroups for the children's away days; they're represented in the photos of men sat down in chairs with their pants on or off, their cocks hard or nonexistent, and the line of women becomes less and less available as the lines of men perversely grows because more and more learn where to go. It's not just this eventually. It certainly never becomes specific though. It's all this. And the peck is exciting rather than insulting.

Sit down. Would you mind? Would you like to see what your cock, your belly, hands, flabby thighs look like from my view.

How the fuck do I not give you your fucking dumbed slurred voice some special tone. How do I get you to understand something harmonic that you can take away from all of this. Pleasant dreams. Cash, first. All the excuses and lousy clumsy reasoning next. I have a history of looking at the men. And how do I call you something other than a lifeless example of the same old story. When I think it and want to see you hear it? How do you prove better than typical when, honestly, typical is what you

keep going back to. Your argument. This is what's really happening. And yet I thought I was saying, no, that's what's happening with those who haven't taken the next step. Progressed. Or argued and lobbied. Those others, you'll have to admit this, aren't as worthwhile as you. Stop acting as if you're connected, tangled. Get over your modesty which is galling primarily in that the unthinking lumps don't have your timorous voice even, your kindness, let's admit it, that I've still had to give you. So you can lie about that part. You can pretend that it was your idea. And that you're exposing a system. When we know: you just didn't want to be typical. You were looking for something not as easily momentary. There's something apparently wrong in being the same as every other thing not in the same position, same call, but same voice. Same language. Make something ineffable and stop there, sell the home you left way back when. An old strong wall is a prettier picture than you are naked. Still young. Still recent.

I've done this. Stored as many photos of men exposing themselves to what they hoped to be even younger women than they thought they faced. Children, I like to think. But probably teens growing and more easily manipulated to specific aphonic attention. Girls molting into adults with bare possession of attention over availability. Not admitting, not assuming that psychologically retarded, it was more obvious than they ignored. To men exhibiting themselves in chances that were still, intentions meaning absolutely wrong instead of nothing, to anything that would look at what they wanted you to see. This is how you masturbate. Just look. Like flashers slightly extended after the internet connection goes down. I like thinking about it afterward, why wouldn't they. Thoughts streamline into finite. Fucker. This, pig, is what I get. What I take with me. If you mattered. As if you were going to surprise me by saying stop, let me look at how good that is and not travel away to what you were thinking instead of seeing. Wanting. Fuck you. And I took as many of these separate shots and laid them out four to a page and created a book of them. That I kept.

The pornography stores with their quick sale front racks curated by would-be jews and hindi scum don't dilute garbage to one man's trawl to proffer. All the stories are mine. Ask if they have what you're looking for and they'll only point to where it might be if the answerable owner is actually in the store today. I'm looking for prostitute documentaries. Are there any performers who film the days they do that aren't employment explicitly for release. The generals where it's conceptually impossible to imagine them cashing a check? The ones that, at least, I guess, don't have bad script conceit? The dark sinned filth would, after he reworks paki to pidgin, merely wave his hand around his head and suggest anything in the store. I don't know what kind of cunt and cock you prefer, sir.

Film that takes almost an hour and a half to sit through. Sit there and stare at it while free time ticks by. Get to watch a woman sitting at a picnic table in a public park with her face blacked out for the entire

less than two hours. She's asked some questions, to get her started, to keep her going, but the entirety is distended by a single straight-on shot where no possible cunt gets to see her face or even what the old fat obvious thing is wearing. Prompts are heard off-camera, facing her. Everything, including the bulk the camera is pointed at, is simple and protected. Her bargain clothes, also chiefly blurred out, are conspicuous daylight. Midwestern if not slightly to the south non-style. Not her hair style but her drawl. Her wrinkles, if she doesn't actually have any, like her jowls, come from her sounding like any sow that would certainly have them by now. What she has to say, what you're told you have of her, isn't hard to picture exactly as type. Who wants to see something, you know, dear, without surprise? With all your age tumbling and drooping all over your head down. Doesn't have to be sad, I know. Inevitable. Just. Now. Who do you think would want to see you anyway? And. What kind of thing bought you? Back in the day, of course. Before you got as better as you are now.

You can watch the scenery if you want. To place her in home context. Like why she didn't insist on sitting in the film starter's living room or her state paid bungalow or nigger boyfriend's apartment. Counting their foodstamps in an off moment, maybe while the credits roll, would be nice; give the audience something to smirk in a bit harder than just the poor shit she says. She's not done anything good for herself, has she? Still trapped in assistance and, ungainly over unkindly, politely human worth in handout degrees. The time it takes for her audience to watch her film is the time she could eat. Listen, mom, sister, are you any safer now that you've talked about what separates you from these mindless inexperienced others back behind you in the park not knowing, not unfairly, judging if they could, cunts, what it is you represent as a waste of breathing and lying child cunt licking time? Safety didn't count as much when?

Lonely faggot talks to his tv. It really isn't anyone's fault. We're not looking for whose fault it is. Talk more about bringing in boredom, about what happened then. You remember more of it, don't you? How's that medication work exactly? That's an unanswerable ipso facto, fuck, isn't it?

Faggot snarls, perfectly correct, finally: It's not you selling. It doesn't add. Fucking say this: Just pay me. The men who buy. Try and focus for fuck's sake.

Talks about her brief wobble through her prostitution memorials. Life as special anew due to the eighteen years she spent in jail as demanded of her not all quite on account of her prostitution and drug sink colors. But, instead, because she fucked her younger sister on the days she wasn't out hooking, nodding, cooking for her boyfriend, pimp, dealer. He. It says. Started fondling the child after he had already convinced the elder portrait to sell child to someone who buys that sort-of thing, white lucky, so they could all get more drugs for themselves in romantic tandem. Progressed, dripped, excused down. To where he'd like to watch the sisters fuck. And he'd eventually like to fuck them both. Every

week or day or so. He fucked the blurred thing talking, the block remembering, while she licked her baby sister's vagina, her word, and she also wants to explain that her sister must've been afraid as much as she would have been. The first time especially. When her naked care saw her boyfriend's cock hard. My choice. The unique appeal for those looking for unique in her female abuse of another. It was her young sister and not the usual drug addled forgiveness and butch regret of half-read lesbian clings. There's too many of them. Like. Too many shots from above the cubicles in Mumbai that the whores sleep and greet men in. Too many stories that sound the same in lumps when, fair enough, the lumps are what you were looking to buy. What's it like to live there? I mean, hourly, you know? It's what you were born into, I know. Family. An ugly incest twist, darling.

Don't explain drugs either.

I mean, just please.

The movie wasn't bought from an adult movie store. If you want to see heroin addicts fuck, do things that seem catholically less or transgressively brave, then there are still some racks in the very few places that stock physical releases for you to find such. Heroin wouldn't make them interesting even then, though. Not like the differences in race and plead. Heroin addicts of the sort your type is looking for, skank, are the ones fucking animals not camera holders. You want to fuck something. Something is available. You want to see something fucked. Not as easy but as available. Might as well be in mud and hay and flat waste drawn stench and fumbling tight and brutish with any slowed expiring horse or common mutt, farmer.

This is the idea. And this is what I've seen. And, yet more, this is what I've done for you, explained it, fucked it up, reworked it to make myself feel briefer about it. Clever. The photograph that exists because someone other than myself took it. Is just many men sat staring at a camera while they masturbate. This time, for a camera, as if there wasn't the dumber asshole behind it standing in for me and what I would have done rather than what he fucked up by reduction and insistent language stops. This time, after I put it down somewhere else, I include subtitles. They're all pedophiles, convicted with records, proof of their isolation and dedication. And the artist who gave them to me knew that but left it secondary. My mistake will be making it primary. Reducing it further, oddly enough, than his thin attempts at inexplicable. And they're called pedophiles by me, second after culture, as if I'm mirroring the cruel unthinking public that smeared the stupid helpless into only that. Problems include me not becoming a faggot cocksucker with a last leg list of anecdotes to go past photographs and films. The smarmy resold back stories. Gets faggy, typical, expected. That faggot was so horny and so hung and so quick and I couldn't keep my mouth off his balls and he wanted to suck me when I showed him I was hard watching him and there's photographs of that too that I hope don't get out before I die. And

girls. I don't know why. I can barely stand any of them.

Were they jerking off to anything in particular?

They must have had help, right?

No, I thought it was part of the lasting worth of the piece, if not the experience, to have them only look ahead. Forget me and the camera as if a fantasy could block out everything directly in front of them.

Make them look lonely.

Present them as lonely as they are. Get to that lonely phantasy definition.

At least, all alone.

Pretend they didn't want to be there. When, in fact, obviously, frankly, they couldn't wait for the chance to talk to absolutely anyone that would treat them as if they weren't alone or, more, more special than those who don't do exactly this. They fucking figured it out.

You have to keep this forefront. They weren't alone.

There was a check casher, sure.

If it weren't for the requirement that the audience consider the relationship to the photographer, conveniently reconfigured in writing about an event that happens in writing rather than real time, inconveniently captured in memory so a photograph will be better. And the newspaper ad they luckily saw. The drink you bought them when you speared a fellow well before you sat down and asked him and manipulated him. The scrawl poster you placed in an adult bookstore. Looking for pedophiles. Looking for worse than you are. This time. Here's your chance. I'll block out your eyes. Consider that it might be closer to find them in bars. Talking drunk or following the sick old men as they don't know how repulsive and obvious they look as they spy and sneer and crouch around the backs of the younger looking faggots. They're all but back broken. So you offer this: What difference does it make.

It's just fat old men masturbating. Could be anyone.

That's the point, isn't it?

It's just younger men proving hatred as aesthetics. They're far more interesting. Actually, legitimate. Those blocked up. Blocked backwards. One told me: I like that I don't know. I was thinking if my mother and father saw these pictures, they'd be devastated. And they should be. I just don't want to deal with what happens from that. Still, they should know. It'd be my way of saying, hopefully after I'm gone, this is what your son really is and shame on you for not understanding that. You were lying. I don't know what a bad or a good parent is or is supposed to be. But you didn't really know what I was. You were that stupid. I was more than what you thought. And that more isn't a mistake. It was the best part of my life. Wrong answer, that is what you put me here for.

You can see how quick they are to sell themselves. Take anything at all.

Mother. This is the man that raped your daughter. Erin, this is what he does in jail. Punkin', it's no different than anyone else. Still, you should see this. I like it, I think you should also consider the market, not the profit, but the sex that happens as irrevocable. Now. Done. You don't film them as sex. Would be understood. This is only a document, filed incorrectly. Think background evidence not forward guess.

I'm thinking this. Sat at a reflex bar, by myself, looking for men like me. Anyone who's ever taken the time to write down what they hope they're thinking knows it's refraction. And I'm coming up with different ways to comfort myself. Because this isn't even as ugly or difficult as they'll make it sound, the way in I'm supposed to manipulate in response. So, finally, these picture series of men sitting alone at diners, not even bars, frightened of either going home or getting more bored on the painful comedies that would toil through the rest of the options. You just want to wife, to talk, is that right?

To think that photographers are more experienced is a sickness. I don't want to see you jerk off, sweetheart. I don't care where you cum, slug.

Its context follows.

In this case, desire was suggested by me to be the plausible excuse that some queen might find worthwhile when explaining such a small section of her long past. She could follow an idea greater than herself to better the brief countable film footage of her sucking on the dick of a dog, squatting on all fours and trying to let the dog fuck her like another dog, another fat old hen that would let a dog fuck her. As if she was being asked for an explanation. As if I was telling her she could use it for others. Make it sound doomed, as always, not as vague as spiritual then, just as necessary as cohesion. And you, you couldn't be safer there. I wasn't talking to everything exactly as disgusting as her, every one of them in the tally so far. They'll recognize you, protect you, know that they're doing kind of the same. And, fuck it, you needed some money. And there were thoughts that might have been gapped and, no matter, it's not what you would do now. And, further, if you think about it, if they know, they're the worse kind of filth that comes to it while you've been trying to get out of it. Their cruelty in searching. In needling. Far more degenerative, pigfucking, muddier and sicker than anything you did that got stuck with a timecode that moves faster than any daily pour and all the work they did to even fucking find you. You walked in, held up your resume and your head shot. Asked what could you provide within what you knew you were best at. Working on the great black sad mysteries, not cunt counts, of emotional want and rejection.

After finishing a short book I wrote for Antoine D'Agata and no one else, and between walking away from a porn store in Times Square and back into another a week later in Chicago, the Bijou yet again,

I looked for what I had written about a particular porn actress that I remembered had fucked dogs in what I decided firmly was only her past. Before. Antoine had asked me to reconsider the original context of his words. After. I bought a few cheaply sold and cheaper DVD pressings of older women sucking on horses from the shop I went to, as usual, when I was up earlier than my friends in NY. Different than Chicago. Still, these NY shops, a few that survive in spite of the casual arguments and tawdry complaints that they're more gone than ever present, sell knock-offs of bestiality videos. Most downloaded from pay websites and sold as tolerated to customers that are not tourists. The spines that run the shops are full families of low caste rationalizers where before, hopefully, they were alternating big city bragging economic skits. Who I buy this garbage from. It is literally garbage. I can find it in the air just as easily these days. Is important, apparently, to me. As is the fact that I now skip the glory holes and hungry male gropes and mouth comparisons in the peep show cabins. Hungover, alone, and sick of all the thinking just as much as the sucking and fucking, I would think, also matters just as much as what slimy waste race sells down to its jealousies. When I turn this simpleton noise into something prettier than catch or research or silent, read unreliable but nonetheless extant, memory. I could say what I wanted. Turn what I didn't want mock significant. Make choices or follow chances, stumble along like I either wanted to be there or couldn't help myself, or had nowhere else better to go. It's not cruel. Not sadistic. It's merely what I haven't done. A slight of hand that says there's excitement found in other's pain while looking more desperately away from that fearsome excitement. This isn't me performing these acts on others. It is me pretending to. And by locating the acts where such excitement is only registered, luckily denied by those others not looking quite as desperately, I've made the appearance of cruelty into a personality that is defined by sympathy more than its opposite. I've done my best to insist. That sex is cruelty. Age is obvious. And denial is impossible. Truth is conveniently unavailable. I sit there pretty uncomfortably as it turns out. Having said this before, re-explaining it as deliberate, I must be only ever transparent finally.

It isn't sensual, stayed there. There's nothing to collect. The idea that a charge or a reprise runs from personal design through confessional detail, as if I have to put up with listening like a smiling clown with a hard-on, registers the same easy walk down another aisle rather than the few men, not even old enough, standing outside their rent areas.

What kind of dick problem do you have, soldier?

Stick your tongue out and let me see what sort of cow I'm fucking first.

I only bought loops of women fucking horses. Judged from the cover stills.

Worked my way around finding them uglier. To the point where I've had to create the thoughts into experience. Like this. Nonetheless. This pigshit runs so deep that I can force a dangerous permanence

from an excuse. Pedophilia, the thought process from which I choose to suffer, roots in a more sedimentary refusal to leave myself merely being caught up in the language. You have little clue as to how much I love discovering that. Sitting in that. Instead of mining it; pleading, spinning. All I have to do is tell you it's not enough of a struggle. Plus. That I can't take care of everyone. Still. Seeing everyone in just the one that I picked. Didn't pick me, moron. Didn't force me to reconsider, overwhelm, call me to cheap expansive revelations on how best to take care of all the others from what I learnt. Remotely like the only doll I couldn't help but needed to. Has made me look slightly guilty. And conflicted. Diaphanous as solid. I know that I love slouching here, often enough. Look forward to it, move there greasy, oily. Inexorably to comfort, one supposes, makes sense.

I've paid for her to find people like that. Directly. Those who will convince her to fuck animals. Filmed. I take full surreal responsibility. I'm the one with the problems, unrecognized by fright, hating all women. Not just you. Thank you. I got to treat you with respect. I'm learning. Rocking backward and forward for better ways to get taught how to stay in love with you.

So. Mom. I quit that. This is problematic. I've stayed stopped. The photos, the records of events, the collections, don't have memories that contain a fucking thing that remains inexplicable. I've gotten over it. Fucking gotten used to it. I'm simply not done with it. And the work I do now is as removed from wanting to do it as it is critiquing it for someone else not talking directly back, across the table at Manhandlers. None of it would have happened otherwise. The best thing that could have happened now.

Caught older. As it would. It's telling others that this is what happened again. Or instead, now. The chances are better that she knows she doesn't believe it. Acts it well enough to be silent. As it also would. Convinced that you're still so absent to just ignore it. So she tells you this same old shit and understands immediately that you're simple enough to look for the parts where you're both only lying. Where that might matter to someone dumber than her. Someone as obvious as that, looking for this. I'm guessing she tells someone else that. You understand, right? You know what it means to us, right? That I do this for both of us. And you let it happen. I'm sick, blame me.

This gets finished. Everything changes from bad to not ever bad enough. It was rotten. Now it's gotten better. It's seen better with age. It was silly to ever think that way, want to stay like that, not move up. Or stay there, fine.

It's hardly even bad. You learn.

What do you do for a living, cunt?

How do you find ways to pay for this, then, asshole?

You should take care of me.

Me, first.

I could just as well have a long history of photographs like that. I could tell you how I decided to get rid of them. And act as if I've forgotten everything about how it is to look at them again without some tacky reformation of sympathy and misery. How difficult it was. Back then. But I'd prefer the point where these words have some currency to spend, to trade, contemporaneously. I'd like the thoughts to carry consequence. Immediately. I'd like to let you know that I don't over-think it while I lost myself in a history above a thrall. I understand, honey. I'll tell you the differences.

Your apartment, for example, doesn't smell as bad as that other taker's did. His reeked sick. I'd clean it up for her. I could tell, always, that he was sicker than I could ever help clean up. You're not like that. The medication he took was more severe. That's, frankly, why I don't like coming over to your place. Being your dog. Unprofessional, untrained, unpaid rutter. Watching you pet it and show me what it can do besides beg and sleep. It reminds me of what could happen. What you need. You let yourself go, there you go, right there. Get even more sick. Those thoughts aren't going to leave me so I try to leave them. Honestly. I end up just not being able to sit on anycunt's couch. I don't want to be around filth that lives alone so badly. I worry that way and I need to get you out more. Go where I go.

Her husband was worse than her dog. Clearly. I'd rather have her fuck her dog in front of me. Put a bottle in her clean cunt and broke the neck off and slashed the jagged end together. Told her to fuck dog instead. I'd have to tell her. Do what you're told. Sweetie. I don't care about what I spent getting her to do that or how much she took for it. I listen to her complaints about what she wants, what happened on the way, what she gets from her grocery delivery he breathes as, the rent showing up paid somehow and the only bald angry when especially tired and fed up when absolutely drunk finally. He fucks her when there's no one else to fuck that's better. No one else with a dick. And because he gets her to fuck. And she doesn't want it anyway, who fucking would. She'll fuck like that. She fucks like a dog lets you not fuck it. Same thing, same moves, opposite direction. Doesn't know it's getting pissed on because its too animal to know what it means aside from getting wet.

This is what you look like now. Not what you've always looked like. What has happened, as bad as it was, can be forgotten. Kind of. I don't know exactly what the permanent options are. Hum. You should tell someone. Don't listen to yourself barking. Don't ask, no begging. Talk to a camera. Watch that. With someone but return again alone, don't give up. You'll see, maybe that'll help define the time back then, at least.

This time, read it like this: I agree with her. Your decisions, or your past, were smarter than others would understand. You're a smart woman. I think. I wouldn't dare tell you that you finally have to hear that. I'm not here, or so full of myself, to offer you support or encouragement. I don't pretend that

you're singular or not. I like listening to you because I learn from what you've decided not to even pay attention to. You're worth more than everything to me.

Thank you.

I went through a phase. I'm not that way any longer.

How did you forget it?

I try not to think about it wrong. I try not to excuse it for others. I try to remember the work that was tiresome and enervating. I often premium the difference between me and Matthew Mancuso and work hardest at imagining how stupid I'd absolutely sound if I compared my situation with his. I've accomplished far less, I've created nothing from what he knows, what he realized, I've come along later and any transference, more longing, extra fear and denial and wishful fantasizing, would be as unlived as his finest private moments. Honestly, as dumb and silly as they are. She, I'm telling you, superstar, deserved better. Not essential but inescapable. She's as ugly as fuck as well, uglier than myself, I see that in the records when there's little happening in the way that I want it to appear.

I know what I'm thinking about what I see. Suspect where I'll end up. And I can admit that it stops. That this doesn't quite add up correctly. Whatever correct is. Because it twists, that sort of confession. Not to where that is immediately identifiable as properly contrite or learned. But what stops is frank. It does stop. And it's sick on both ends. The fact is that what I like to think about stopping is hardly slowed at all. Unless you consider the person on the wrong end of the closet quotient a proper person. In my case, in this case, that person is unformed. But safe. Able to continue on in whatever lessened capacity that others have told her is cleaner than letting me hulk myself into her pet intelligence, into her keen way of seeing things. I can't do a fucking thing for her. And the ones that've stopped her. Treated her as filthier than I fucking would've. Should be ashamed. Should be, when I get to add it up, their definition. Cowards and liars and sloths. Inverts. Child-size. No more fat old men. What I stopped. He said proudly. And sick to fucking death of it, I tell you. Is that all I didn't do is find more and more pictures of little hers in bathing suits to pretend that it, at the same exact time, cunt, is and isn't her. Just kids in swimsuits. Not one more search. Not one more perfect moment when I'm pulling off on my own. It works, doesn't it?

Fucking pride hands me his arguments and tells me I'm wrong. And the pull to understand pig becomes my argument, his book, as much as I'd prefer to just show him stupid and only worthwhile because of his clear as constantly recorded stupidity. Here's where your mistakes were. Here's where you fuck up, pretending to remember correctly. Here's where you can't do anything else. I like looking at men who're dumber than their dumbed subjects, you understand? Here's where I start to sound like you. Where I stop believing there's nothing worse than you admitting it's cunt and me admitting it's

pig. I don't pretend, even dumber, right? I'm stuck at you lying and me validating the cheapest form of babyface I've got, even after all these years of finding more and more of exactly where you end up instead of looking away from.

My lies, my fantasies of hopeless rather than healthful, suggested a ruse to only get more. And I asked pig for less, though he wouldn't give in, further suggesting he knew more than me about what little I was talking about in the first place. Pig said I should stop thinking it was my arrogance that could win something, anything. Pig waves his hoof around the room and says they're not nobodies anymore. Not to you, anyway.

I disagree.

But I'm also done.

This isn't how you talk with an artist. Of course not. This is why pigs grunt. The ones in the photos. The ones that become ones. The nobody but pigs class. The ones that get numbers after their class. The ones that don't sound quite so special unless the artist tells you more about the photos you have as exponential record of roads and torturous desire. This one, right here, you want to know what she said? Made me suddenly think I was doing the wrong fucking thing.

Presses record finally.

You'll have to be more direct.

I'm interested, stuck, wanting all buyables. Not to sell. Gave up pinning startled hypocrisy. Gave up thinking in anti and pro and got used to taking what was given me. If I'm expecting more, I assure you, I don't believe in what more means.

A documentary titled Prostitution: Behind The Veil. Hookers in Iran dealing with muslim locks who won't admit westernized blessings of wanting to fuck more than what is allowed by law or male. And the couple women that the female documentarian, fled to Sweden after the revolution, how'd that work out for you, darling, followed around fucking forgot to film the women naked underneath less naked grizzled iranian humping filth. But. I see both female angles smoking heroin. Talking about women like themselves. Negotiating cash. Transcribing transparent men. And, one especially, hauling her little toddler out into the street with her while she looks and finds johns in cars.

Listen. You with soul. Let me film you fucking her. Let me get you looking like a blind charity before you apologize.

You. Read. Get the shot where I look up from the body below me and look across at the side camera you're pointing towards realization and wherewithal and say to the prick behind the documentary generis: See, I told you.

Fucking point down again.

Pig with lipstick. No soul without lipstick.
Pig looking straight at the cock she's been yanking to get you to cum.
You like looking at me?
Yes.
You can't say anything else?
Not right now.
You want something to say?
Yes.
What do you see when you look at me?
You calling me a pig.
You are, say no.
You ready to cum?
Say stop.
What's a pig?
Something that would watch you. Wait for something to change.
Let me see you, drop your eyes, just look at dick. Hard dick. Withered, staring, childish, animal.
Come on, you cum now. Beat yourself up. This way: I can't take it anymore.

There's very few of you left. I think this is important. At this level, at this age, at this point. I'm pretty sure there are more documentaries of the lives of prostitutes addicted to heroin and meth and, not as selfish, painkillers. There's more drowsy backstory that includes your fathers and busier families and backwater bad luck and far more film of your type injecting and nodding and buying and waiting than there is of you performing pornography of the kind that I would buy in adult stores off of nearly any street I'd find worthwhile all those years ago. There's no reason to want to know more. I didn't work the right way the first time in. Domestic paralipsis opens its mouth and shuts it down. Less than a given second. I know, sweetheart. It's all very difficult to deal with with. Wanting to feel newer than relief. Just feel good. Not nice. That extension your body takes in and returns gratefully, consumes. I don't mind, I don't care, I don't think I'm as dumb as those faggots walking along, believing old soul songs, some connection above hurtful yearning language. With some cheaper than western rentboy. I'm not looking for the one that might prove me wrong. About all of what it is to learn how mama beat you. I know these places aren't collecting money anymore. It isn't available. Not to me. And I have the photos still, to prove that I wish they were still there. Buildings, idiot, not people. The jobbers that take you seriously when someone else is watching and telling them what you are because they're too sad to understand it too. The ones who repeat what I've told them as if it's their own, the de beauvoirs,

the uglied doggies looking for sad puppies, I'm not seeing the same thing, doll, you're lucky. Because, as an old man, you do know this. And a professional would tell you. But all this crying. And all your whining. That, honestly, I need to stop just as soon as it starts. Is what I'm really only ever been here for. You get to see that as an old poorer than most. That all the misfits I've been listening to. And helping. They've told me. Is all because I smelled what I could see on them, always went to the same places. And I'm not wrong about that, not as sovereign. If you think I'm apologizing or wish that I hadn't wasted my time, you're hearing it like an asshole that would sound out the very same problems that I'm talking at. I was always getting to this point. Just watching you get to your point. And the best part is always in the future. I think there is a place where you won't be like this. But it won't look as good on you. I'm not going to be here then.

No shame to worry about. Certainly no cowardice. This is not constructed so you have a place to go. This isn't for either of us, I guess. Works though. That joint just isn't on the street where you don't have to take a bus to it anymore. It hasn't moved, it's fucking closed.

I wasn't ever looking for someone to deserve what happened. I was looking too hard for the opposite. Eventually, countered, I have to see it as no fault of my own. Don't necessarily want to help. Stop fucking looking, suet. I'm not particularly sorry you don't understand. It'd be nicer if you weren't here. It'll be good when you're gone.

And Shasta, poor dear, didn't deserve what happened. Didn't blame her parents. Gave interviews as she grew older than her image that are more united than vulgar. Very little reason to pretend to be adolescently obsessed with her over a brand. Preciously detailed as that could be. By blaming her parents, acting simp. When Shasta's dad first talked before the cameras, later to become rote, just after his ex-wife and her boyfriend and his own son were murdered and the search for his two youngest children had started in unknown stranger earnest, he admitted a past heavily involved with drugs. He suspected the reason for his two youngest children's kidnapping, plus his thirteen-year-old's murder, was drug related. The police told him the smallest children might have run away when they saw the other family members being tied up or finally being bludgeoned to death. The thinking at the time of search was late country. Meth everywhere.

Father Steve, at once begging, his failure as an image of note not indulgence, then pronouncing guilt equal to pain, he hadn't been trying until now, told the unbelievable truth when he cried: *They had nothing to do with any of this.* Between the last I have of him and that, he talked about Shasta's mental and physical health. Years later, his extreme education in sex offenders and the man who told his daughter about previous murders, rapes, after he raped and prolonged her and her brother, murdered little boy in front of her, Dad talked about reward, her possible future:

Obviously she took it to heart when Duncan told her about murdering other kids, and she did her best to remember every detail about everything he told her, and I think for that she needs to be rewarded.

Directly, I was hoping my tawdry subjective analogies would collapse. Approach what I inconsiderately smelled as lies cautiously by letting the information tear itself apart and reform with reading it back. Like a room surrounded by pictures, as if music, or racks of pornography possibilities, would eventually tell me that what I came in with was wrong. Let this lying cunt contradict me and convince me since I just did as much work as he obviously did. I was just wrong, now, because I suspected he hadn't done quite the same amount of work as I knew I had or for as little pay. I don't care what kind of woman becomes, or is, stays, an old fashioned whore. I don't care what gets sold. I don't care at all about cunts and mouths and ownership and hard free cock. I, instead, care very deeply over what is bought. I buy. So much more pathetic. It could be. Used.

I had been to the exhibition under Antoine's name at Le Bal during a week I was in Paris just before I saw him again at some bar. He had read bits of this manuscript and asked me to explain more of what the Bijou had to do with his work. And what relationship did Shasta Groene have to his pictures of adults. Interstice'd I made the right disordered squirm. Had picked a place where I spend alot of my time. Choosing, if I chose, between the two floors of the Bijou; pornography for sale on the first, sex for unrecorded experience on the second. Le Bal also had two floors; the entry level, after the cash box, Antoine suggested his blank film of subtitles in French so that you could follow a more important soundtrack of women talking about sex and prostitution and their johns and hearts and drug problems. Probably their kids or, at least, their parents. And downstairs any trusting patron was offered a casting but comprehensive collection of Antoine's work as history, cram-displayed floor to ceiling, corner to corner. White museum space obliterated under prints and photographs pasted to the walls as if fly-posted but with clean concern for order. An editorial narrative that overlapped some but little, so that individual stops were seen full, while within the sheerer crush of images either overwhelmed or insisted on obsession and psychological coherence. As if all was a violent, sexual, constant. Enough photos of war zones and its functionaries to wash violence into sexualized delirium; appease the leftist primacy of now non-freudian power desperation. Identify misogyny, rework lust and its rudely necessary stupidity. State weakness, declare abuse. Keep the skinheads and dumpers well the fuck out and share oblique concerns in the sad common. Violence was theme, workers were suffering, sex was imperative, cruelty was my fault.

Most were photographs of hookers, female. All were photographs taken by Antoine. Unless he was

in the picture, then it was his pick. Enlarged, the collection was pathological, hectoring, desperate after assaulting. Bijou, Le Bal and yet another two floors at a gallery near the Marais showing fewer photographs; Les Filles. And in that carefully spaced gallery setting, Antoine's beautiful efforts are more aggressive. Individual frames inviting scrutiny, demanding pace, cuts the frenzy of numbers and the lucky need of search into the violence experienced but articulated directly rather than haphazardly political. Admixture of dope and dig and want, precision is repeatedly perfectly framed. Inaccurately harmed, accurately conflicted, then always aimed at, rather than within, sex. None of it is indiscriminate. I love men who hate this.

Wasn't just the two floors of all three joints that made my grubbed connection comfortable. For exactly these sorts of things. Sorts being only ever one thing. I made the lazy decision, I told Antoine, because I went to all of them. His exhibition and the Bijou. You know when you enter the lobby? You know, after you browse the books on the tables and the shelves and get the offer to commit. Obviously, the cash register. And, I'll point, it's not about money. Or power. Silly. Rights and access and what happens within sales and protracted relations and exchanges and eventually, interior ownerships to patronage. Cost was a factor, what I could afford to do or want was literal not obscure or romantic or tragically hinged. It allowed me to pay if I could and go where I wanted to be for a little while. The choice wasn't sold or demanded or cheap or exploitive. It was open just past the students counting back my change.

Almost a year before, again in Paris, again at some cunt museum, I shouldn't have been talking to an audience about what I collected for the contextualized years of my life. The tendency to talk about the search or trawl, even when done as performance to the subjects and their individualized worth, is the mistake made by preferring people over place, empathy over ruse.

A finer definition of pornography is an act, an applicable idea, that exists between identification and indulgence. As a conversation, it's an apology. More literally, it's a building. Men alone in appealing groups don't make themselves less lonely. Midlevel desperation doesn't last long enough. Like aesthetics and the news, pornography requires smaller personal definitions. It's too serious, too perpetual to be reduced to relief, joy, torment, nature. Divestiture merely slows the quick subjective monologue working hardest to destroy objective worry. According to Genet, and Sartre on Genet, and Sartre on Genet via Laing, there's two fantasies at work while one masturbates. The jagoff becomes the viewer and the subject all at once. All at one time. Hope that uncontrollable thoughts can crash and attack. And the choral reality that as many names as I can burn into a single focus, chosen beforehand, can be imprecise'd again. Conceptually, empathy is located to be exploded personally. Respect and compromise skinned forward a

priori. Decisions are cheap, tolerance is sexually dismissed or sexually stupidly snide. As such, I wouldn't think that the slides I'm showing at this size and speed are secondary to my rambling. And I realize my questionably private tautology belies any explanation as transparent judicious fumble. The employable definition of dignity as allowed by internecine autonomies never extends quite past defensive ploy. Stalled consistently all over only ever cute vulnerables. I do this as still more important than anything else far less personally contentious or edifying. It'd only be rehab to say that the subject chose me. My interest in these newspaper clippings and media reports inspired less and less interest in journalistic detail research and more and more repulsive fascination with reductive imagery and cruder imaginary specifics. Which is how intensely necessary it was to the men like me that crowded over the floors of adult bookstores. I do want to extend it, fully understand and enjoy the hardly blank stare one pretends or hopes to have. This is proof on one side, evidence on the other. Over worried on each. Move an interest to a taste to a history. You don't lose yourself in fantasy, you don't lose yourself at all. Your baby isn't here anymore, you should talk about it, poor dear. I tell myself, telling you.

I had stressed to a translator that worked on bits of what I wrote that I wasn't using the word building as a metaphor. I hoped to insist that it was a brick and wood house that I entered into. Pornography was more the hard room and less the experience. Or the mouth emotions were housed and kept and cleaned and dilapidated and created for less than experience. I could buy that, everything was for sale, money only mattered conceptually when you thought forward to what you had to spend, then, wallet poor or vacation careful, and what you wouldn't be able to fit in later if something expensive intruded. I care very little about what anyone else does with their credit. My intentions are largely added up with time. I can pay for this. I'll work to afford it. This is a good thing to do with my tick. And money, of course, evaporates. No matter what. Shitholes were constructed for this but ruined to level. Like all johns, I despise talking about prices and recklessness. You know what a pig john is? You know that some men want to be seen as mated with these animals and procurers and the lessened ineffectual. Dreamily, evasively, projected backwards as if ever forward. Honestly, you have to be an idiot. You have to be a mark.

Mob, herd, drove, I had a place to go. Not relieved. Wasn't ever thinking it would be better my way, either. Knew where to go everyday of my reversing adult life until lately.

I guess at my responsibilities. There's other cunts asking me for things. Or favors, I don't know right now, frankly. I can try, I suppose. You won't know. Had a good time the last few times, I hope to go again, I have again since. I hope I can afford to go again soon. I like the people I've been spending more and more days and nights with these last chances very much. Thank you.

I'd rather you not pretend to be a pimp. Another customer, just, in line with a worse set of lies. Every quote about desire makes everything past a mistake. I understand that, I'm sorry. You existing as a fool until you discovered what you wanted. Every new question shouldn't suggest that you get to drop regret, earn responsibility. I don't expect you to be settled, happy, or credibly suffering. Just to sell. Same line doesn't cut it. There's some fucking low level waste there who didn't take the same photographs as you. It didn't stop there, lies or not. You can talk if you want to. Advertise if you have to. Search pet. Yearn diplomatically. I've been just as polite in the same queues. Wanted something different, you can tell. What have you got, keep, that says this is all about these other johns and pimps and spread slobs just as much as it's all about you.

Ignore them. Mensonges.

Define what I have. What I bought. Maybe I came to see you. See how conventional you'll see it all. Against some evidence to the contrary.

A small room off the spacious second floor of Galerie Les Filles du Calvaire hung pictures of corpulent strippers dancing for drunk screws and their bosses, sleepy locals. Placed into a step down to isolate this series closer to choice or simply take advantage of an architectural bonus. Away from the context that the gallery dared, this tiny closet cramped in art shoppers to think; places like this, claustrophobia like this, uglier fatter women like this. You had to step down, in. And nothing but blurred, like fucked, naked fat lonelies undulating for exactly the sames. These photos were the only ones that I saw that night that were journalism. Less about Antoine, his eyes, and more about what you could watch. The only collection, series, that, great, permanent, as they are, didn't separate D'Agata from his choice. What he did within simple alcohol and placard bait. The room was kept specific. I can miss them too. Last time first.

In duller intern painted white, tagged, were dumps. I'm happy Antoine goes there. More probable than possible. Strippers, prostitutes currently working, the jump up reflecting the effort list. The slight extra you don't have to worry about. Tips getting handed directly after the provisional exposed exactly what you'll take. The floor they walk on is remembered dramatically by the sops who can't help but look down. Collect focus so they can glare up again. Stop when they start imagining roaches and cum stains and twist what's fine and expected and cheaper than sickness into the filth they want back in their head and down their warm palmed pants and just enough tension to relieve more violence than appreciation. Whatevers are there whenever.

Inexactly like the photos that advertise capture instead of technique. Unnecessary outside of the brain that saw exactly this. Remembers it blurry, needed to convey that back to himself first, he says, so that he recalls the tragedy, or the waste of time, more than the camera in his hand to his gimlet eye. This

is not aesthetically devastating. The pinpoint cues could have been. I don't care what you remember, I remember you much more clearly shaking the roaches off. Not enough of a gender for vignettes, rather like the decor. Not a single landlord or building director, architect, wetback floor mopper. There's little more than an idea, a warm socket or clinical recast of context and campaign. There's some aggressive silent stupid wish that the day will stop passing so quickly, some immediate grasping regret that you'll look forward to not getting the days over with, fuck. For awhile maybe. I've forgotten what my body looks like to her, how repulsive it will be to remember that. She'll hopefully count and not bother with comparing for herself. Who fucking cares, they're not all the same until they are bosses, hagglers all expecting the same rights and structure. You fucking give what. The sweat wipes off, the stains are patting my pocket to see if my wallet is still there, my keys are at some apartment being watched over and waited in since I'm away from home right now. There's a set price for this. There's your hope. This hog sat in the first row starting at the back of the Apex theater in Baltimore. I couldn't see much. My eyes have deteriorated and the necessary darkness of places like this now insist that I stumble around like a drunk for nearly a half-hour before any dick can come into view. I leaned against the entrance to the screening room so that my sight would adjust and paid some attention, the light from the film one way, the light from the lobby another, to the hog inbetween shaking his hand at me. As if he was grabbing rather than waving or calling. Old men, who I used to wish would shut the fuck up, have become my age and conversation is now understood as contact rather than ploy. A man holding a can of beer asked me if I had been at the CD store this morning since I, embarrassingly in a place like this, was holding a small bag that suggested I was as much a tourist as a dork. Turns out he was younger than me, of course, but just by a couple of years. We talked about the music he liked more than what I had purchased but we knew all the same stuff and, charmingly, he kept up with how these old bands still make a living. He'd just been to see someone's solo band and was still happy that before that, saw another version of the original do a show in a small venue where the remaining rejobbing members took questions from the small audience about how great it was back in the day. He asked me if I saw the band at a huge outdoor stadium in Chicago, when they travelled with an expensive orchestra, and I told him yes. I had. Apparently in Baltimore, to him, this show meant something important for right now. I excused myself eventually to see what was happening in the restroom and when I came back out, my pal was yelling at the long sat hog from the very first row. What you're doing is disgusting, irritating, you should be ashamed of yourself. Stop it.

It's no longer a cheap point. About silly old memories.

It being just last week. And what he was there for, specifically, is a question that I don't have an answer for. Because I didn't ask him. Just so that I could leave and fucking tell you. I know he was drunk or

intentioned that way at noon in a theater completely extant for sex. I know why I went there. After waiting for the CD shop to open at ten and then following the directions to a place like that in a town that I didn't know, given to me by someone who knew the place and thought I'd be interested since I was there for a couple of days. I can actually tell you why he went there. Precisely how someone like that didn't matter until I told you only exactly why I went there. This sounds wrong but it is perfectly, as in finally, absolutely, true. He wasn't enough to matter. It's not sentimental. I haven't created him so that he could go through this, silently, inelegantly. Sick. I haven't said that he was following under-realized, over-expressed desire and won't think he was just bored, visibly lonely and perfectly definably worthless. Disagreeably just. Dangerous to himself, sadly, only. Intimately separating sides while masturbating offers more centrality than schizophrenia. Perhaps, desperately, in revision as much as elation. What happens afterward is more likely to have been that all those cliched voices split apart again just as immediately. And they never came together in the first place. The point of access didn't spread open and let you squeeze inside. Push. Where, lucky, you feel most comfortable sitting and waiting. It isn't a warm or freezing martyr's bath and you shouldn't make it sound out either way. All the complaints would have went in first and then blocked anything else you could get to. Told you. You didn't want to come forward. More than how brave you could fucking look pushing your idiotic way inside. Forwards or backwards. But back. To your, literally, fucking, pulling, head rearing horse teeth'd, self. You should have known that. How nice that you did not.

You have product.

Some will misunderstand it as pornography, yes? Reduce your introspection to their dogging level. The forum is sick, the conversation corrupted by the audience, the need for contextual references, the historical over the esthetic, diminished by lifeless answer rather than stiff ignorance. This, sucker, is where you become as lousy, easy, as the pornographers you seek to sound less like. Your tolerance, coming before your sale, is defensive. Your bravery given to you inconveniently by those who call you a coward. A rule of thumb, easily employed, only ever silently, my darling, is to substitute the word "adult" over every catcall of "coward." "Thought" over every "need." Repulsively, "product" over "art." And it'll help you to insist on "desistance" over "desire."

This self obsession gets worse, I'm sorry.

I tend to hallucinate when I'm drunk because, I think, I don't get enough sleep and there's a cumulative effect. It's gotten worse lately. At Le Bal, after you pay the fee, the money boys and girls hand you a sheet of paper that the curator of Antoine's product wrote and thought strongly enough to make sure you saw, at least. At the Bijou, while you wait for the boy behind the cage to make change, stamp your membership card and give you a ticket for the turnstile, you're asked or obligated

or impatient enough to read the rules posted above your faggot gaze. The rules for Le Bal contained the following:

Antoine D'Agata feels one with the population of these disinherited zones, where prostitutes rub shoulders with pimps, drug dealers, delinquents and the disowned. There is no condescendence in his images, no compassion either. He feels kinship with the same filthy breed (to borrow Michel Foucault's phrase) as the partners he photographs. The so-called dangerous classes – the collateral damage of spectacular, global, contemporary capitalism – carry in them the seeds of revolt against all types of established order: economic, racial and sexual.

The women he meets and photographs belong to the same world, beyond their respective countries. A world on the fringes of so-called civilized society where a form of humanity, paradoxically preserved, still reigns. No indulgence, no idealizing, just the recording of raw, full-frontal facts. Antoine D'Agata is never the voyeur any more than the women he photographs stumble into exhibitionism. The artist's involvement with these women is of a different kind. It defies the clichés of eroticism and porn.

You should know how to behave in here. You should understand that you may get it wrong, child. First few times. You could pretend that there's something still left of the outside. That you are going to learn and enjoy lessons. Eye up that fucking coffee recall making you a better fucking adjustment, radical version, to those who prefer that in you. There's a better definition of the program that open door boiler doesn't have to explain. Those you were correct about before he tried to sell you something else, before you took up his offer at full staring stop. I know a picture of a hooker when I see it. A hooker who looks like that. You don't point to a drug loss low and say she's not an exhibitionist. Same way you can't point to a subject and say she's not a photographer. You brought your own guilt in here, fat ass, don't mouth over responsibilities like you're better for uttering them. I'm fine with guilt, think it makes sense; being less than a voyeur because you have a job doesn't assuage the impulse enough, does it, stud? Make everything a fuckable priced-in hooker. Your vanity, embarrassment, regret – thank fuck, cunt drawing slowed – does fucking belong here. There's two things at work while one masturbates. Or doesn't, faggot. There's the john's shy polite insistence and there's the hooker's blunt office shifting offer. That tacky natural dumber cuntlapping part about the women. Antoine's choice, not fucking mine. Fuck me, I can barely find a white woman in here. Race, like price, is a clear change counting problem. Can't be just bad luck. A yet finer definition of pornography is:

Pornography is some creature called female, used.

It is scissors poised at the vagina and objects stuck in it, a smile on the woman's face, her tongue hanging out.

It is a woman being fucked by dogs, horses, snakes.

It is every torture in every prison cell in the world, done to women and sold as sexual entertainment.

It is rape and gang rape and anal rape and throat rape: and it is the women raped asking for more.

It is the women in the picture to whom it is really happening and the women against whom the picture is used, to make them do what the woman in the picture is doing.

Close your eyes, sweetheart. I'll kiss your neck while you stand over the toilet and try to think about what you saw, what you remember now, while you masturbated into her mouth. Tried to cum inside her mouth. Now you could shoot your cum directly into the toilet. Pretty child, soft skin, nice to see you enjoy yourself. Do this for me. Recognize a favor. And comfort yourself for a few calm, half-safe, selfless minutes. Cum into the toilet. It's not the same. That's not her mouth. It isn't a urinal. It's not me, uglier, licking and holding any extra hug or grope. It isn't the same as me telling you at the last minute, to turn around so you could have a mouth instead of a wank. Someone to cum into rather than on. Saying outloud that you use me as a toilet instead. For more than your cum or that's all that I want to be for you. Or this was all I wanted, more than you, jagoff. It's not the same, no memorizing, no worries, that's all. You're beautiful, that's all.

Keep your sensations, the petty location of aesthetic awe, to yourself. The shorter rules for the Bijou include a history of pornography – obscenity, exhibitionism, tax – arrests. Crowd and critics and cops hold sway. Stupefied, the Bijou lawyers devised a defense against obscenity that describes you better than you might have known if I didn't bring it to your competitive attention.

When did you seroconvert?

What?

I'm not interested, alright. When did you seroconvert?

I don't know.

You don't care?

I don't know what you're asking.

You don't know what it means?

Is it AIDS?

You'd know then.

I don't know. I didn't go to any doctors.

You don't know?

I don't care, is it important? Is it what you're asking?

Honey, I'm telling you to leave me alone. Really.

You shouldn't worry so much.

I'm not. I'm asking you to leave. I couldn't be more frank or polite.

You could be more polite.

It's about all I can deal with right now.

You really probably shouldn't worry all that much.

I'm not all that worried, you'd be surprised.

You're ok?

Thanks, I'm fine.

I think someone else would tell me that what I'm doing is trying to save someone else. It doesn't make any sense and I do things that I know put a shit stamp on anything else that happens. Or has happened. I just don't want to hear all the details. Because I don't think it's as simple as what they'd say. It feels like a trap. I immediately resent anything they say to me.

It wouldn't help anyways. There's too much going on.

All these things connect somehow, I just don't see it as coming together. It's not nice.

They don't connect.

And they haven't been through it all. There's always too much. Even now. It's impossible to splice together. No matter what you say, no matter how wrong you are and don't know it. The ones who you pay to listen bring their own filth to their listening. You can almost see them glaze over. No matter how you say you're even doing all of this for someone else, they can't bring themselves to trust you. Unless they want something immediate from you. They'll think you're in love with someone no matter how much you say you hate them, for example.

They're repulsive.

They wouldn't know the parts they need to see over and over again is what I always figure. A doctor asked me when I knew I was gay and I told him I don't even know now. Which was true. The things that I was telling him made me sound gay. I had a cop tell me the exact same thing. He knew I was gay and when I said I wasn't, he thought I was too embarrassed to admit it.

People think like that. They don't know what happens in life, they've read books but never experienced anything.

You must be doing the same thing.

I assure you both the cop and the doctor have experienced more than I ever will. I'm jealous. I think

they've read the wrong kinds of books, they don't look for the same things. I'm picking more carefully, I like to think. But that's probably wrong too. When did you first think you were gay?

My dad used to drive a truck home from work and I found a magazine in his glovebox. It was a weird magazine and all I remember of it were the close-up shots of hard dicks. I think it was a gay magazine when I think of it now. But maybe the naked women didn't register. I remember it as full pages of fat hard cocks in black and white. Full page photos of dicks. I don't remember hands or mouths or anything else.

You liked them?

No, I asked my dad what it was. And he tore it up and said the truck was driven by other men during the day and that he'd find out who had the truck before him. I was worried, I would imagine, that I got someone else in trouble. But also that my dad was right, you know. That the guy was sick and fucked up and my dad was involved with sick fucked up people.

You were worried about him too? Two sets of worry at the same time.

When I got older, I remembered it. It didn't seem to bug me at all. I don't even know what I remember correctly or if it happened at all. I started thinking about it awhile ago but decades after it happened. It didn't make much of an impression. If I'm looking at these dicks now, I think I think about it though. So I wonder if that's what started me.

Got you here.

I'm always looking for that magazine now too. I like magazines better than movies. I don't like porn DVDs, especially here, I hate that they play them. Even if it's just supposed to set a mood.

You'll wring yourself of the mood they want. There's idiots talking to idiots in the business office next door. Working on what mood really is in here. I've seen so many guys jerking off watching the monitors. I'm glad they play them.

Why jerk off when there's so many men around.

I like watching guys jerk off. I like guys who choose not to have sex. Why aren't you interested more in that, actually? If your dad's magazine was only guys jerking off. It was your dad's magazine, wasn't it? He was a faggot like you. Then to now.

I don't think so. I don't know. I don't think of it that way.

I always buy magazines. I buy movies too. But I like the magazines in front of the bookstores that have glory holes in the back. I take the magazines off the rack and figure out which ones are good to keep. I'm going to look for one that only has pictures of hard cocks now.

Do you go to the booths?

Do you go to the booths here?

I buy a magazine when I leave. After I've done whatever there is to do in that place. Whatever's available, whatever has been made for me.

You could understand what your dad was living with. You can see what he put up with.

It'd get me excited?

I'll tell you who I was thinking about.

I'll tell you that, see if you believe me, alright?

I'll let you know that I'm left with pretending to do someone else a favor but that it's my hope, properly expressed, that what I want is my own work with photos running next to it that give more time than sex and take more violence than sex. So I'll push all the cruelty, fuck self-disgust, finally, into my definition of sex. Present pornography being the depiction of an unseemly violence that you didn't want to be there. I insisted so desperately. That it is there. It doesn't hurt, you know. It really doesn't.

These are the sentences I isolated from Antoine's interviews only because he included one single repeated word. I'm sick of this shit seeming natural, therefore proper and just misunderstood over reliant. Weak though admitted, therefore possessed of bravery. Skewed, tragic enlightenment, waving his little fist at the mainstream that will eventually admit him to their groups. I don't look for the sickness in suffering intimates, those ordering chaos, locating binary reason beside themselves. I don't find the sickness agreeable or excusable, don't find it attractive when strengthened. I'm fucked pretending I'm not apologizing for what is healthier than lapse, seeing less than pity. There's no one to argue against, he says, spotting the worth in absolutely everyone. I don't think I'm sick. I want to see something get hurt much further than I ever could be. It being hereditary is fine with me, looks back at the girl's father. No idea what mine would have said. Don't have to, do I? It being an it. Hardly is, you know, cunt? Said again to the faggot I'm talking to in the back of the Bijou, instead of sucking and fingering. I do not mind. That these sentences are stripped of their questions and contextualized without proof or flip sympathy.

I don't know what kind of woman you could put there. You see the same men there all the time. Or you would, I don't see them anymore. If the place hadn't been destroyed, as it was while it was open, they'd still be there. Same ones and then the only few surprises. I became a regular but I don't know if I watched others turn into regulars. I doubt that I'd have been the last one to keep crawling there after all the old ones got used to me. I could guess who would be there but never attached them to schedules. I've never gone looking for certain men and never had a favorite. Once and that was it, generally. Some I'd avoid, they'd take anything. If they knew you were easy, they'd make you wait. There's a contradiction there. The men did become as bovine as any neuter argument to the opposite. There was a nice time at our twilight where younger men started coming in and would wait along the wall by the door as if

they've been told to. Not by a pimp but by some other boy who had sucked some dumb queer rights history and wanted to talk about where they could go if he needed this one off his stall or figured he was living with enough AIDS and zen to talk like he had something to give up by way of parentage before he was gone. No one liked to pay, different breed of queer. I'm not that much of a cocksucker, I'd explain to myself when he asked for a handout when I'd stand around or, more likely, sit in one of the few peep booths that had a bench. I'd close my door to be left alone but it was expected if you didn't lock it, that they'd just open in on you. If you didn't slide your foot towards the door, he'd walk in and start feeling his crotch to get his cock hard before he took it out of his zipper. Since I was sitting, clothed, I either leaned back, not often, and undid my pants to effectively only yank my cock while he stuck his cock in my mouth. Younger southern illinois detritus wanted money so I'd prefer him to suck on me. I'm ugly and I'd rather have my cock sucked on than suck cock. All these other guys, what do they ask you to do? What other guys? The history I review is a jumble of picks, me picking it apart again and again, hoping I'm not getting too significant a truth to stop. A court released document of the camera footage presented in a rape case has a scene in it that I suggested a friend might like. She's naked, burled, paid too much for her looks and weathered cellulite thighs and drooping belly, saggy white tits and ugly, possibly as irish as the naked chubby frat boy struggling with her. Trying to keep him from sticking his erection into her and losing momentarily, drunken, she asks the college aged sporthead if it makes him feel like a man. No, this does. Slaps her slurring flabby face.

Not hard enough. Not as hard as he could. Not as hard as it would have taken to get the job done, if the job was what he wanted, if the drugs and drink were working better than weigh. Not hard enough to stop the release of the footage to the public and the artful questions that make up the third wave fronted film and Bijou stare of hard college boys getting straight cunt no matter what it looked like. There weren't alot of mysteries going on there. Must've felt better than it looked like it felt. Felt important then. She was no match for him. Whatever degree you'd prefer to apply, whatever side of the screen you're peering at hardest for glimpses and stilled stopped shakes. There's more arguments to enjoy than the split between voyeur and subject, better places to squeeze in, more jumbles in history than confusion.

Do you think he's done this before?

No. That's obvious, isn't it?

Has he done it since?

They turn in on themselves, aren't smart enough to turn away.

I ruined it. Not one that I can ever remember said they were there because they wanted to feel good. No one not on their first time.

You want more. Buy drugs for it. Get it to a level off of sex and then learn how to make love when it gets to see you waiting for something that's more illegal and suspicious than being another granddad with his cock out in the kitchen waiting for his kids to go to sleep so he could teach you how nice bodies feel when he runs his old warm dry hands over your ass like he would do, you're told, when he was just another family member that had to bathe you and clean up your youth. Did you ever fuck your mother? You know why I ask. Because I'd rather imagine you with women. You weren't always a faggot, were you? What did your mother look like. You don't meet many queers who won't tell you how pretty their mother was. Your electra sister, what did she look like. Don't tell me a thing about school. When did you decide to do this for me. Are you lying?

Directly, you know why I'm saying this is a gallery space. Painted white again and obliterated with the voices of women talking about men in blurred indolent numbers and then held in hand when reviewed. This is every cock I sucked here and every place like this other than my home since someone put cameras in mobile phones. My travel snaps, better than the atmosphere that is readable from the quick scrolls of mounting differences in cock sizes and response. This gallery contains almost every woman I fucked since I remembered to take my camera. When I wasn't too fucked-up to forget the fog of the places I had to go to. Every picture is another thing I laid, that fucked me, these brave women who create the pictures by living with men who don't recognize their worth by anyone but me. Right now. So you have to encourage them to talk about their hardships and their lives as they try to forget their plans, as they have, sadly, and all the filth that these inconsequential men add up in depressing, real, consequence. The runs of the women collected are a neglected corollary of the men they've, single stories, also had to suffer through. There's the women on this wall, and then more, and you have to know that they've been paid and the similarity is the pornography and, more this time, one cock after another, my good searching self. How could I resent them. How could they not resent me. Hopefully, they understand my better intentions in distribution and in listening, hopefully, they listened to the hope that was killing me for them. The adult store versions, racks and racks of heterosexual sludge worming into less operable fundamentals; the chief possibility, focus, is miles of naked women with your sex histories scrolled down. More jobs than the very few on the walls. Which is why these women, taken completely out of context not by the very first snap rather than the wall mounting, since this is the work these things do, stop to display, but by the words of those doing their sad best to make forgettables even less namable. A list tacked to the walls of every woman you proudly, regrettably, touched, slept-with is well-known in braggart circles. Lists of women come from bar bores. Made homosexual, turned preying lonely fetishist, possibly less boring only first. The hollywood trap that popularized sex trafficking was a necessary script arc, due to the fuck lists of people like you, with

proof and response, moving into the reports market before becoming bog standard when the lurid details winked to feminist and swashbuckling fantasies. Last chance left, photograph the poverty but leave the poverty out as the corporeal will surely take that on for any audience that must hear the decontextualized context. Every single time this one coughed, she'd spit up blood. First she started to wipe it away and swallow it back. I told her I knew what she was doing, my stomach would turn just a little as I came to recognize it, and I told her to spit the mouthfuls onto the floor so I could see just how much damage was there continuing. We should know if it's the lining in your lungs being perpetually stripped apart because of the violence of the coughs, the wear on the inside of your chest, or if the blood itself was coming from the acid produced elsewhere inside you and producing even more corrosion as it pealed out of your esophagus. Every time the blood splattered on the floor, I'd photograph it. And tried not to think of the conceptual brutality that created action painting references, aesthetic tests and rorschach struggles rather than simple documentations of her entire day by day downs. The job created the images, the pain was evidenced through nauseating but sexual.

Bijou.
1349 N. Wells St.
Chicago, 60610

We still have to address the sexuality... on the word "predominantly."

Whether or not you have it, that's the law.

Well, I understand. That may just be the way we have to go... predominantly violent.

Okay, but hear me out.

Predominantly violent, hear it a million times.

Predominance, predominance, predominance, and start with jury selection, and have a big chart in opening statement, "predominantly" in big, bold letters.

That's the way to win the case.

Oh yeah, suppose we, rather than, you know, in terms of putting some distance between the films and the jury deliberations, we need some witnesses. One thing we have done is we have made a videotape of the Bijou video sales building and business that shows all the normal people and the receptionist and all that sort of stuff. We could spend some time showing that to break the stereotype, because the jury is going to assume that any company that distributes this has sort of, you know, cum dripping down the walls... chains, so we can spend a little bit of time, and we can have a witness come in and testify about that. Have a witness come in and testify about the organization of the company and why they carry these kinds of films and the fact they are trying to serve, you know, show the catalogue, here's the catalogue, we're trying to appeal to a broad range, and there's Julia Child and there's Al Pacino and... We could have a cultural anthropologist or sociologist, I'm not sure of the distinction between the two, frankly, to come in, who has studied this group but who is not a member of the group, okay, to come in and say 'You need to understand... let me explain what this, what these people are all about. And what these people are all about is, you know, bonding and... '

Right... a cultural anthropologist who is not into this stuff. They say to him. 'Well is there a community that this stuff would appeal to?' he says, 'I don't have any idea. That's not... I'm just talking about, you know, the value of this material.'

Does this have a sexual appeal to some of these people? I don't know.

I don't know.

Predominantly, this is violence.

To.

I feel it can be potentially successful in Tennessee to say that if you convict in this case, saying this stuff is predominantly sexual when it is not, then you have not, as a jury, hit the root cause of the problem. If you acquit, and you say the reason I'm acquitting is because this material is predominantly violent and so it does not fit into the law, then what's going to happen is the government's going to change the law.

Right.

So this stuff does fit in (in the obscenity laws) and then we'll get the law changed and it will be against the law, and it will be off the streets and now we can address the root problem. But if you don't, then it still won't be against the law, and that's the kind of thing a Southerner can…

Essentially, that's what the West German government has done. The West German government focuses on violence, not on sexuality.

Which is what we need. That's the way to win this case.

A nation that recognizes the dangers of violence.

And recognizes the beauty and integrity of the law, and will fulfill the law in an effort to change and make something against the law that is not presently against the law, and not hide behind something and be afraid to…

Thank god these men made this film.

That's the way we want to come across.

I want to be able to say, 'You see this film, Faces Of Death that we showed to you. It is horrible. It is awful'.

Will you be able to show that?

We are going to try. We are going to argue it's comparable.

We can certainly mention The Texas Chainsaw Massacre and some R-rated films.

That's right, I think that The Texas Chainsaw, the Jason movies, coming in and chopping up people… I don't want my kids to see that. I think that's damaging to them.

My kids love it.

Alright, I understand. But we have to be careful because there may be some jurors that really like that kind of stuff, so I mean we are going to have to be very careful in how we phrase our argument.

We are going to find... I mean, we are reaching a decision. So do we want jurors who do like violence? Is it possible that we want jurors who don't like... who really won't like this stuff? We are taking a chance they will accept this argument we have. But to me it's going to take a radical approach to the defense of this case, and the radical approach is not what we have been talking about here. The radical approach of the sixties was to explain this type of behavior. The radical approach is that the behavior is terrible and intolerable, it's just that it's not against the law. And in striking out these films, and finding this man not guilty, then you are going to strike a blow against The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, against all these other things.

That's right.

And say, we need a law that specifically addresses violence, and turn it into a crusade, a positive thing. I still think the jury will have a damn hard time...

Well I think that's right and...

...appreciating, in the full sense of the word, what this behavior is.

You know, if we can sit there and look at these films and say, this stuff is terrible.

When you've got needles going through the head of some guy's penis, and trying to explain this as bonding... shit.

Say this stuff is just terrible. It's repulsive, and it ought to be against the law, and Leather Rick ought to go to prison.

That lets the jury like us.

That's the kind of thing that Southerners can be attracted to, because they are kind of open and forgiving, but underneath, kind of harsh. In other words, unlike New Yorkers, they just don't put their fist on the table and say bullshit. Bullshit! They thought they had the right venue when they took us into 67% born-

again Christian community to try heterosexual films and they were wrong, and they were wrong because they didn't understand Southerners, and we did. And they may be wrong again. But it is the way to go and I'm more convinced than ever, having spent time with Guy. I mean, I understand what he said to me, and intellectually I can accept it.

Will a jury in Nashville listen to that?

Will a jury anywhere? You have to be an awfully open-minded and receptive person to... particularly to sit and watch somebody shit in somebody else's mouth and they eat it.

I can't wait to watch that part of it.

You know, how many times have you said "Eat shit and die" in your life and I tell you what, I'll never say it again...god.

Do you have any other thoughts? I mean, where we're coming to terms of a consensus on this stuff is that the only expert evidence we would present would be filler type evidence designed to take up time and would not expose us. We would have to be very careful to not expose ourselves to other experts coming in, in rebuttal.

As I said very early, a couple hours ago, that any attempt on your part to convey this as anything but a "mental disorder" according to DSM-III-R, is going to be immediately repudiated by any expert.

And it's counter-intuitive to the jury.

Any witness, any psychiatrist off the streets, can come up and say "just read the DSM-III-R."

Here's the nice thing about the violence argument. We get up and even if we say in our opening statement that this is about violence, it's not about sexuality, and let's then assume she puts up a psychiatrist who says, 'No, no, no, you need to understand this is about sexuality'.

Sexual sadism.

That psychiatrist, I think Joe and I can make to look ridiculous in front of a jury. Even though he is absolutely right, it's counter-intuitive.

Bijou lawyers wanted to argue in court that the shit eating videos they were paid to defend were violent and should be banned within the same stream of protective thought that the prosecution were seeking to ban as sexual. The statutes, the defense contended, were simply applied incorrectly. Censorship of certain materials was acceptable to the public interest and their safety as long as it was clearly understood as a threat to the mass. The vaudeville of the Bijou, the curator of this threat, insisted now that the charges of obscenity, clearly prohibited by paper declaration beforehand, were ungainly rooted in what was ugly but vaguely imprecise. The confusion of documentary footage unclear by the priggish reading of those in charge of protecting the less sophisticated. The court had to be taught what they were looking at first. The assumptions of the prosecutors fearing prurience in sexual response rather than in the egalitarian abhorrence of mental sickness and sad violent expression. Responded correctly but rashly. There was an unnatural, clear, violence. Performed on selves and others. It just wasn't the opposite, sex, which must remain natural, yes varied, and protected as expressions of those rich and confusing variants.

I get more. I have the pictures. Now a collection. Been grazing over you not changing either. Instead, though, I'm grateful. You haven't changed enough. Not yet. I can say with a finality you miss wholesale; you haven't offered me anything else. I have your deficits. You could show ashamed. Isn't ugly enough to stop. You need to stop thinking it pretty. You don't have to get better, more conciliatory, ordinary. But you could stop talking that way. Prove what you wish you hadn't done. Or what you plan you could do again. Moan conflict. Then forget it. Fib. I'd rather something that plays a decision. Just, you know, my mood today. Health. Survival. Will. Continue. I'm looking for more of that too. Do this next.

Sounds unfair. Clipped of its inclusion stretching worth. Wait. And, at this age and at this point of limited future and seriously or comically brutal – just – awareness, doll; waiting is more central, more consequential, than desire. One happens, the other never does. Never. By definition. With proof.

Actually. I'm going to be very fair. As far as I can be, without showing off to be kind.

Generous. You first.

Sympathetic so that it'll hopefully come off as trust. Halve it, fuck. Me after. Since I've cut just the sentences from much longer answers where Antoine, in third person now, searched for truth. Luckily elusive. Kindness will seem like I'm talking about us. Excoriating and transferring. Which I've tried to do. Fair will be thinning. Mimic the sentences myopically to leave out larger edifying, qualifying grants that might make what he said about his photographs merely expansive. More than reductive

reasoning follows to vainly contain. There's more there. Always more than you or I can get. And Antoine can explain or dramatize or exist inside a confusion as ultimately humane and unavailable as the response should only ever contradict.

Not further. But. Merely. Not further but merely too.

They used to settle for one night. Now they're kept. I understand your question about collecting now. I got rid of almost everything you'd think was dragging me down. Keeping me back. But I don't have it to look at, that's all. The thoughts are what I operate against. All the new time that could be wasted staring. All the dreams and wishes and lies on hard fought pressed flat offer, I don't argue with anyone but myself at this point. It's become painful, I realize I'm frightened over what I think more than what I'll do. I worry it will be, as much as it was, explosive. After waiting and waiting. Too much of an irrational reaction to the fingers and holes forced down on me. Nothing is ever going to stop that, is it? Nothing not chemical. Adjusted, accepted. I understand the trouble I've caused, legally, by keeping this material to hand. Hiding it and keeping the private knowledge that it's always there for me when I finally fucking lose. In front of everyone else, like some scummy exhibitionist. So I don't have it anywhere anymore. And I don't like the person that would keep it, see that part of myself as very small, highly wanting and easy to control. I've made that person into the pest he is. The one you wouldn't want to be around. And that's not me. Because he kept her thin leg chained to the bed as much as he could've guessed. It's not something he should have even wanted to help save. Keep her alive, he'd have to feed it and get it breathing again when it got sick. I don't see that she's worth that. But you would want to keep going back. Just watching the decline, all the weight and color drops and innate washing and folding and getting her to get wet. Changing positions with your wife or finding others to fuck until you finally start fucking the wrong thing for what you see has been a long time suddenly. Like some moron. The same time it took to get my hands dirty in dirtier attempts. She's trapped to a bed by a lucky fat excited father who fucks her every single night that he can. Want to. Goes into her room and told her she has to. They're not like lessons, he tells her that he doesn't like fucking, actually. It took over a hundred pages of finger fucking to get to the point where her brother finally unzipped his pants and grabbed his hard cock out of his pants for his sister to see. Just put your fist around it and either hurt me or get me to stop grabbing your tits and your ass and jabbing one finger into what I can get into your vagina. It wasn't wrong to want more from these photographs. More from Antoine and what he would tell you about him, not the photographs. These are not documents of the women he buys, as much as I know my own history of only looking for those irrelevant cum lies one on top of the other until I finally figure out that isn't even on offer anymore. I started there, sadly. And as an idiot adolescent thought I was the only twat smart enough to think that way. I opened my mouth

when my friends didn't. And I wanted to know essentially shit. What were they looking at, how low did I misunderstand what was actually going to happen. Antoine's photographs might be best termed as something other than pictures that he captured when things around his person and his stupid choices were going bad or perfect. As he wanted them to. Or didn't care enough to follow through via the drugs that would fuck up the lousy unschooled but not untouched articulation gazing if not the completion of any sensible reading, act, experience. I don't think there's a single emotion worth terming as such. Unless it is unthought. Out. Unconscious means you're sleeping not unaware. I hope. Classical motifs and etymologies are as worthless as any argument a prostitute stops at when she gets to congenital. If this is what you want, you should stop. If this is what you're feeling, what moved you, you should probably think better of that but, first, slob, think better of yourself. These photographs are far more fantasy forward than single button proofs and bataille scrawls for naked profundity. The future ends with sales. The miserable section in the middle is you pretending you can apologize for wanting something more than that. I don't believe that these pictures were taken to sell though. I also don't believe they're simple exploitations of archival memories and mistakes and wishes. I'm pretty reliant on the immediate concept that what was happening, inexorably if lazy, was as bad as it looks. You had to say stop already. You got rid of it.

Men would trace over other's drawings so they'd have their own home copy. It was important work. They'd scrutinize idealistic renderings of men in public urinals sucking cock and masturbating and then dream themselves watching the men doing these acts over and over again, I imagine, as much as I would. The pen moving over the paper, not the tracing just yet, was a charmingly childish act that forced the adult theories and memories or gossip into place, I'd like that man a little better if he wasn't as fat as the first utterance, the first direction on where to go didn't color enough. His cock was less hairy and more defined, harder, his balls fatter, his foreskin thicker and dryer and his pisshole salty like the few I preferred. I put a boy in there. With my father. With his father. I made the boy less fat, fatter cock and then I decided to draw it more like I was. Made it worse, couldn't let others trace it till I fell in love, let me show you what I used to do, what I want, how much I despise what I've done, what I do, what I can't get, what I'd like you to be. Be more like this photograph I saw. My neighbor, my teacher, my boyfriend, turn them all into bright pigs and get what I want or explain the loathing I imagine hardest comes from the act and the lessening of what they say when they talk like pigs instead of slaves. Not fantasy. Not when I draw them. I'm actually moving my fist around the paper, twisting the memory into something that will come off wrong and personally insulting when the proper amount of time and thought is yanked over it. There's a detectable hatred there. Right there. It's not me hating what little I know of myself and my slathering, it's clear in how completely false and

redundant these animals sound when they tell you they did the right thing. They're exploring their instinct. Their habitat selves, their rights as long as they don't step into yours. These lingerie clad, these naked brown skinned bruised junkies in stupor, mindful cops on top of children, all discerning what they wish was themselves and not uttering the worst sentences in waterlogged chapters in the tackiest self-help books in the front shelves of the brightest bookstores. The first time I saw it, fuck you. I don't see the names here. I don't see the excuse to learn more. Shackles. I see the littlest daughter being picked out from the older ones and taken away so that she could be better than the shit I've had to put up with from not fucking the older ones. I got sick of trying. And there's a shop without a storefront where even older versions of that reduction can be visited and sold to you for what promises, if you can think a bit more about what happened prior to it offering you cunt while something else gave it the idea and doled back out the drugs or reasoning, little flower, worthless addict, coming mother, rediscovered caregiver and daughter, what I bought as hardly a receptacle, you understand me, don't you want to. Virtually nothing right now.

Tell common hookers that their book is about her real life. She'd like to film her shooting up, changing the kid's diapers, eating dinner that her husband pimp prepared and then waiting on the corner. Documentarian is going to get closer than johns have been in their selfish to rush cruelty. Tells the hookers that the film her father is just starting will feature the sex acts uncensored, the ugliness of sucking cock in a car, not the ugliness of sucking cock which isn't ugly. Her fellow students decide that society should be titillated as well. Ugliness can't be helped, the wrong will forever misunderstand, need social assistance. Some pornographer in Florida will find the market for these documentaries discern a little more reality, brutish male bonding over the flaunted dregs naturally underneath, and set the extended scenes into a wider, decently run, distribution network. There's documentaries on the porn industry as well. And johns. That service had been missing from countless. Sell down. Drug addiction, underfunded help programs, suicidal incest and dimorphic outcasts. I grew up during the right time. Every street in the faggot ghetto had a young boy waiting on it, so many you didn't know who was a hustler and who might be a possibility. The businessmen going to lunch or returning home had done more research than was only lucky. The sleaze wasn't re-appreciated as dirt from desire, ignored like rats in bins. AIDS had already highpitched the differences between ignorance and camp and clean. Places that are gone now weren't even empty yet. Didn't ever attract the right custom. Even then, it would always be this: Artists petitioning for funding for AIDS when the crisis is over. Perpetually burnished. Fuck-ups, wastes, slime who let ancillary to scientific work riddle the embarrassing cultural want of recognition. Crawl back into the hole you were crawling into before you realized you were as right as mom expected you to be and dad was beat enough to hurt you baby

the same way. I don't see it that way. And, no matter what I say, no one will believe that it comes from watching the johns rather than the hustled plea. So I'm looking to be trusted as well. The blurred photos, in the beginning, were taken when he was drunk. The photographs found that way. Sober, he reviewed them. Obviously. Changed what he wanted to see. But not who. It is, not finally, rat, articulate.

I can read what I've written over something other – or more – than a book of Antoine's photographs. I could make a room of pictures of murdered children, as usual, as normative spectacle, but as I imagine all the time, and have done, in fact, I intone my complaints and mistakes and compulsions and excuses and therapeutical glee over these highly distinct pictures as if smiling children used to have promise and now just have exposure. Some grow up. Some complain differently than I'd prefer. Could do the same while I talked more about the men I've seen look for quicker sexual utility than any concept of respect, love or groping human interaction might apologize or need in. Want to place those messes over the 'nighttime" photographs that Antoine has identified and produced and, most of all, existed past more than worried about. First. And stuck with it. Say now: what else can you do? What else can you do with the photographs. The records, the documents, the fortuitous tumults that aren't as clear as pictures are promised to always fucking be before you start to get lost in language after the unexamined demands in concentration stop delivering same. Penetrate some thing. More unwilling than previously unveiled. Exactly like a tinpot rice or wheat fuck or an aging staring girlfriend or any man waiting while he tells you fucking exactly, you'd have to be a moron, what he wants.

The exhibition on view at Le BAL until April 14, 2013, has nothing in common with what we usually call an exhibition, a term that makes one think of walls, frames, lighting and buyers.

You might call it an installation, and this is one, but it's an installation's responsibility to define its form and meaning. I would say that it is above all an immense self-portrait, or an autobiography, with the downstairs room at the BAL representing the different layers explored and recorded by the photographer. But even then, we can only use the term as long as its modes of expression overlap and intermingle. (This will be the question explored by François Cheval during a lecture to be held on March 27 as part of the exhibition.)

Antoine D'Agata came to photography rather late. Untrained, he started taking pictures when he was 30, studying with Nan Goldin and Larry Clark. His first work appeared in the 1990s, beginning with Mala Muerte and Mala Noche, then Vortex, Insomnia and Ice in 2012, and now Anticorps.

Because the work on display at Le BAL is unique, it's difficult to account for what we see there. What are we seeing? And how are we to see it? How can we decipher these thousand images mainly taken by

Antoine D'Agata, who has claimed in interviews that at times he becomes, "the witness to the experience, to the point where [he] renounce[s] the photographic act to become its subject," leaving "the other" to take the picture? Of course, that would only concern what he calls his "night photographs," as opposed to "day photographs." The latter are supposed to show the war and violence and injustices of the world (even if war has also been waged at night since the First Gulf War). This distinction was for a long time unconscious, regardless of the fact that one was cold and distanced while the second, his night photography, was taken in the places and moments of extreme feeling.

I remember when it was first explained to me. That a place like that was a possibility. My friends had just started to drive so that could make it around fifteen, actually. We had to drive there, a bunch of us. Went looking for drugs but maybe that couldn't've been as important as we had enough of that pretty easily available around our neighborhood. We went into a small bar that let us in as long as two of the five or six of us had IDs. I'm wondering now if the first handjob I ever got was at this bar. But I doubt it was. Before this, we'd go drive around with the older guys to the near south side where the prostitutes used to walk back and forth. We'd stand outside the car while, one at a time, one of us would sit in the back seat and get a blowjob. I'm pretty sure that the handjob I got at the strip bar, across the street from the Bijou, was the first time I was with a white hooker. Every memory I have of those times, of that age, has more to do with having my friends around and how we were, remarkably now it seems, unembarrassed or just learning together about what was available from animals you could purchase, clean up and go back to declining without any concern about what women or men wanted. I'll tell you, and this is probably sentimental haze, but I never thought that these animals should have been anything but what was for sale. I'm not pandering to the idea that I was supposed to spot human instead of nigger. Worth instead of price. I don't care for the idea that I should have been looking for something like wheezing for them. I won't separate the idea now, it would be lying badly on top of it, to pretend that I didn't find them repulsive. I did and I remember that I did because I knew as I grew into what I'm barely at now has forever been responding to the excitement of hating the slobs that made slobs available. Didn't resent them. Think I should want something different. Just – or not just, sadly – understood some of the greater sale. There wasn't an idea that any one of us would find them attractive or interesting even. That wasn't part of what we were doing. Looking for. You wanted, if anything else, to crush them. Or thought that they should be. That is, if I was supposed to think further than duty. I don't know if I did. When that happened. Sex was harming something like her. We were on different drugs, I was capable of not being imploded by them. You were supposed to buy that. You read them grotesque, not female. Not comparable. Not natural, not instinct; driven or created. It wasn't unclear.

Their damage wasn't supposed to happen without you right there to watch it. But like insects. The last one says this: Wasn't an insect, not a pig, a slob. Learned to want human. Human equaling hurt. As taught, sadly not as sold. You stop drawing. You stop reading. There's a limit to what you can add on. You stop fucking women and start in on men who do the same as you.

I don't care what my friends thought. I don't know any of them anymore. That seemed like it was going to happen as they started to get married or whatever. Same as the girls I didn't find remotely like game. I was easily one of the more pugnacious members of that particular gang in that I knew where I would rather be soon after I knew where to go. I learned that across the street from this table at a bar where I teen-tipped any stripper – a B girl hippie with her top off, to masturbate me, dick and hand barely hidden under the table – that comic authority had their own huge building to fuck each other. That was the Bijou. Ended up taking a bus down there later by my teenself. Didn't think the men there were reasonable either. Clearly, I must have known immediately that they were on a level far more revolting than the skinny dugged women across the street or oil in the dark and, just as clearly, if I pick now certainly, the men with their cocks out and mouths hung open were more exciting as much more disgusting. One group put up with it. Another crawled directly towards it. Gender wasn't enough to register a preference.

Forced is strongly rooted in the mid-70's. The bodies are not of the cut stud-muffin variety but most of them are still appealing to look at (the men in this film are the men you would see every day), the soundtrack uses a variety of styles, including jazz/vocal improvisation/rock, and the clothing is certainly dated. There is a special place in my heart for these older flicks, and while this video is no masterpiece, it still has a few redeeming qualities. The men have fun, the plot is tongue and cheek, and the outdated references are amusing. It major downfall is it takes too long to get to the sex, which are sometimes underlit. The director combines film and video creating two distinct looks, one for the rapist's scene and another for the office scenes. He uses a lot of shadows, silhouettes, and textured shots to varying degrees of success. All dialogue is done as narration so we never hear the moaning, fucking, sucking sounds in the actual scenes. The director gives special attention to the aftermath of cum shots. We see close-ups of it on the floor, on backs, on chests, in pubic hair, wherever it may land.

This video does not contain intense rape scenes, but it's fun to see all three fellows become the rapist's adoring fans and eventual accomplices. If you get a kick out of seeing the 1970's look and vernacular, this can be a fun light romp. Video includes: lots of sixty-nining, anal sex without condoms, blowjobs, kidnapping, and blindfolding.

The plot, a rapist is stalking the city and a reporter with the help of his editor plan to put an end to it.

The story begins as the rapist captures a hapless victim. We then meet the reporter and Don his trusty editor. Give the greasy reporter guy a chance. He will surprise you when he strips. Though he may not be the most handsome he has a good solid body, thick hairy legs, strong arms and torso, and a long ample root with a dome-shaped head surrounded by a thick bush. When disrobed Don is covered with dark curly hair from head to toe and has a slender defined body. His cock is slim and average size but rears a nice thick shiny head when fully aroused.

Finally the video gets to the sex, beginning with Don and the reporter engaging in some modest sixty-nining after which Don gets his ass fucked doggie style and there is an excellent shot of the reporter spewing large loads onto Don's backside. Back in the parking garage we find the hapless victim blindfolded, his hands tied, forced onto the floor, ass in the air as the rapist fucks him from behind. The skinny very pale victim is pulled to his feet and tied standing up to a rickety fence where he is once again fucked from behind. If you are looking for a rough rape scene you will need to go elsewhere. Eventually, the rapist dumps his victim back in the parking garage and the victim promptly goes to the newspaper and ends up working with Don and the reporter to capture his attacker. They "get it on" before going on their mission. Starting again with some sixty-nining morphing into a love triangle where they give each other's cock a thorough sucking. Both Don and the reporter fuck the victim from behind. There is a beautiful shot where Don and the reporter cum at the same time. We get an extremely tight shot on the spurting cocks and after on the gobs of cum in Don's dark pubic hair.

Eventually, Don acts as bait for the rapist but things backfire and the rapist captures them all. When we finally get a good look at our rapist, we see he has shoulder length curly hair, tanned body, a smooth chest, and a long, straight rod. I don't think anyone minded being caught, stripped, blindfolded, forced to suck each other's cock and then their captor's alert rod. The rapist begins with the initial victim by bending him over, forcing him to hold his ankles, and slowly fucking him from behind. We see a nice close up of his long shaft as it penetrates the victim's bum and empties a huge load on the victim's back. All three of the captives begin to adore their captor and look lovingly up at him as they suck his dick or wait for their turn. The story finishes with a happy ending with the rapist and new friends working together. The friendly neighborhood rapist tells the reporter when his next hit is and the reporter writes about it. The newspaper has never sold better!

I wish the director was credited, as I'd like to give him some props at least for this well-done time capsule. Best we can determine, this vintage bareback flick was made in the early 1970s, and originally released sometime in 1974 or 1975. Who really cares though, right? The sex – while not abundant – is good and dirty, and the plotline hard-on inducing. P.C.-queens should steer clear as there's nothing pretty about any of this, including the premise.

Something else to ponder before purchasing: The film is pretty dark in spots, and I'm not talking about the subject matter. I mean that literally. Someone should have had a flashlight nearby so we could catch all the action. Its short running-time and old-stock film (not-too-great) quality notwithstanding, this one should "force" a few cumdumps from your soon-to-be-sore sexstick.

Complicated relationships between men and lovers are explored in this film with a strong story (about kidnapping, gay sex, extortion, revenge, and more), mature models with body hair, narration, and finger-fucking.

The story revolves around a hunky athlete of a wealthy background and his college roommate getting into sex when they are kidnapped, held for ransom, and fucked silly. What follows is a sexual free-for-all that caused New York's Michael's Thing to accurately predict Boynapped would become "one of the classic gay films."

A "straight" man massages a furry buddy and shoves his uncut cock down his throat; and playful kink turns raunchy as another duo share a joint and spew cum into mouths after shoving uncut big cocks down throats. Another couple kiss, 69 and fuck ass. Later, one of the kidnapees gets his butt spanked with a belt, has his mouth filled with a hard-on and get his ass fingered. Features spanking, stripping, long-haired hippy types, "real" men who aren't clones, bondage and plenty more! This seems, overall, to have been a vehicle for good-looking singer and actor Wade Nichols (a/k/a Dennis Parker), with his good acting ability and rugged, masculine body. This remastering contains the episodes of S & M and fisting in the original version, edited out in later versions.

Michael Hardwick appeared in Adam & Yves and Spread Eagles, both available from Bijou Video. Jamie Gillis has a reputation as a straight porn star. Dennis Parker, who starred in both gay and straight porn films, actually made a disco record which included the hit single, "Like An Eagle."

"There's every kind of combination in this erotic wonder; even some heavy action. ... You'll see men who can dish it out and men who can take it all; and all of them love it.... There's no doubt about the star quality in this feature. Add to that one of the best known hungry men in films, Michael Hardwick, and the talents and good looks for Dwayne Carter, plus straight porno star Jamie Gillis in a rare all-male appearance, and you have a first-rate cast." –Torso, October 1987

"The script by Spencer Logan (who also directed and co-edited), is fairly well-developed, except for some needlessly telescoped exposition at the beginning. But once the story gets going, it plays economically and still allows plenty of logical detours for sex scenes. It also appears that some care has been taken on

production values, using two cameras plus indoor and exterior locations." –Newswest, August 8-21, 1975

Dangerous opens with bearded hunk Mike Braun giving a blow job through a glory hole to Chris Burns. They suck each other, cum, and then the door flies open. One of them gets arrested and suffers the embarrassment of having to call his lover to bail him out of jail. This is not the first time it's happened and he tries to explain that it's not the lover, it's him and his need for "dangerous" sex.

While most of the action in this gay porn film is oral, Chris Burns fucks himself with a couple of huge dildos while receiving a dirty phone call, and a man beats off in a phone booth as people pass by. Also includes: fucking through glory holes, miles of foreskin, Dixon Hardy sucking his own hard-on, Rogers services blond "twinkie" Jeff Stevens, and tons of anonymous pig-out sessions on dick! Jim Rogers and Mike Braun are convincingly cock-hungry. Braun devours dick like it were a fine pastry!

This pre-condom film has a simple but exciting premise: what if you were living with a tea-rooming danger freak? Jim Rogers finds out in this naughty little foray into the world of anonymous blowjobs. His boyfriend, the Grizzly Adams-esque Michael Braun, is arrested for sucking cock in a public bathroom. This is not the first time Rogers has had to go to the police station in the middle of the night and he's a little miffed. After he bails Braun out he goes on a quest to discover the joys of dangerous encounters for himself. This is a slightly skanky, well-made film that will appeal not only to lovers of glory hole sex but also anyone who likes a change of pace from the usual. Rogers and Braun have a serious discussion about what Rogers sees as a problem: Braun's inability to stop having anonymous sex in bathrooms. Since they are lovers Rogers believes he's inadequate, that he's forcing Braun out into the world. Braun assures him otherwise, first with heartfelt words and then with his actions. Braun hops into bed and says, "You do mean everything to me, you know that," and proceeds to peel down the covers. They sixty-nine and fuck each other to lush sounds of violins and the glow of a roaring fire.

The next day Rogers visits a bartender friend, the unassuming Rick Faulkner, and asks him why men do the kind of things that Braun's been doing. Faulkner plainly explains that it's fun and tells Rogers about two of his more wild experiences.

The first takes place in a bathroom. A tall, bearded businessman sucks Faulkner's fattie through a glory hole and then pushes his fleshy keister up to the hole so Faulkner can fuck him. Faulkner sure does, he slams into the businessman and practically knocks down the wall separating them. When he's about to cum the businessman backs off his dick and Faulkner shoots the most stunning load of goo, in slow motion no less.

Faulkner then tells Rogers that anyone can grab a phone number off a bathroom wall and have a date,

just like that. The most unbelievable stuff happens next. Faulkner masturbates in a public phone booth, cars rush by and people walk around, while talking dirty with a blonde named Chris. Faulkner asks Chris to fuck himself with a dildo. Chris greases his ass with crisco and inserts a fist-thick foot long dildo into his ass. He groans as he takes more and more of the giant object until it's not enough. He grabs an even larger dildo, slathers it in more grease and slowly slides it inside himself. You'll be asking the same question I did: how the hell does he fit that up there? On the other end of the line Faulkner strokes, strokes, strokes until he releases another outrageous spew of cream, one that hits the glass of the booth and ever so gently oozes downward. This guy is an ejaculator for the ages! Rogers decides to try anonymous sex for himself, but unlike the other men in the film he doesn't start off slow; he goes full-tilt boogie: he sucks four cocks, watches a man suck himself, and gets a blowjob. The scene is dizzying; one cock after another pops through the glory hole and Rogers swallows each one with increasing verve. Connoisseurs of cum-licking should go bonkers during this scene. The film ends with Braun and Rogers kneeling at a glory hole, sharing a gigantic cock, stealing kisses. Rogers has come over to Braun's way of thinking and their relationship is even stronger, oh how cute!

"Two proven veterans of the bluemovie business, pornstar Al Parker and director Steve Scott, have teamed up to bring this tale of a guy's (Jim Rogers) preoccupations with glory hole sex." –Studflix

"This is the only film which attempts to explore the psychology of anonymous danger sex, without sacrificing any erotic heat. Not only is the glory hole used as a symbol of unfettered sexual pleasure here, it eventually becomes a magnet for the uninitiated, and finally, a unifying force. Scott has managed to pull this off in a cogent, psychologically accurate manner." –Manshots

"The ingenious ending is both romantic and sleazy, both a surprise and inevitable. Dangerous is shrewd, believable, and primal. Its characters are so real and the sexual images so vivid that it remains a film to watch again and again, certainly a must for the permanent collection." –Manshots.

As the title implies, the action of this film takes place in a public john, in this case, in a park. A group of mostly hunky men are engaged in a free-for-all orgy when a vice cop interrupts the tearoom action and gets fucked repeatedly on the floor. This vintage gay porn sex film begins, though, when a tattooed man enters the bathroom and sits on the toilet, whacking his cock to a leather-oriented book. He soon takes out a dildo and sucks on it, before it's replaced by the cock of a sunglassed man who's entered and discovered by him.

In the middle of the floor, three blonds (one has long, greasy-looking hair and a goatee) have a three-way. A subscene has the first two men back at an apartment 69'ing and finger-fucking like pigs. Face-fucking and popper sniffing ensue before we're back at the john. After the cop's entered, five men there gang bang him on the floor, using his ass over and over again. Left, exhausted on the floor, the cop is again approached by one of the men of the orgy. This time however, he willingly and passionately takes their cocks into his mouth and asshole. This kinky excursion into the world of public sex is stimulating entertainment but offers no real clues to the controversial theme.

Due to the age of the film, photography, editing and lighting are often "off." But, the psychological theme and kinky excursions should interest viewers, not to mention the pre-AIDS sex and group action.

Directed, photographed, edited, and written by Robert Shaw.

I distanced myself from the available dates fairly after. And this is what old men do. Retreat. Not a mistake in my case. Different from some. I can't pretend that it's ever been anything but a monologue. You have enough proof for that. I've made sure as much as I obviously wanted nothing else. Complications rattle to me only. And the Bijou hasn't shut down yet. I imagine it will soon. I think it should, I hope it will. Not so I can't go there anymore. I don't need fresh finances and regulations or the obsolescent disinterest from young men to keep me away from a place like that. It is one of the few remaining places to go to these days. I've been sat there alot, almost constantly, these past few months. Age hasn't made it a new experience. Bend. You bend. This sounds formative. It shouldn't sound like sex. So it comes off as first step psychology. If I thought they shouldn't be there, wanted them dead and gone. I could enjoy hurting them. Find the human. It wasn't like that. The more I saw human, the more I wanted to see it cry or prove it. Lie uncontrollably.

It wasn't the Bijou that I went to, actually. The Bijou was next to four or five adult bookstores. It took me awhile to go the Bijou. It took more of a commitment. It being a gay joint. I might have found out about it at the whores bar. But I started going to adult bookstores where they sold magazines and small spools of short porn films in white boxes with polaroids stuck on them. Cutouts from pages of porn magazines pasted on them eventually. The temerity of these resellers was never a low above generic. In such cases, you were buying the act, staid, instead of the girl. Or the guy. If it had a piss scene, you shouldn't expect anything other than long minutes of someone other than who was depicted in the peek on the cover. You were looking for people pissing on each other and what I was buying was piss. The bestiality films. One isn't expected to be interested in anything but watching some thing get ruined by an animal. Wouldn't make sense to think that there was an aesthetic predisposition to breed. I bought some magazines, didn't have a projector, but you could go to the back of these stores and see

the films projected in the booths that were there. This was before video tape. Or at least before it made it into these kinds of hand-to-mouth stores. Criminal enterprises, basically, just barely acknowledged by the city but not the police. You were instructed of your complicity as you added up paucity. Mostly women. Almost all.

I don't see any reason to re-imagine what I was doing as why was I doing it. Seems more unreliable than unavailable. The connections aren't as defiantly confusing as the magic outside seems to insist. Same way the history is contorted to favor illness. On the other hand, I'm trying hard to remember why I was either always looking for something worse than what was available everywhere or only always seeing people getting hurt much more than I should have. Wanted. Both digressions framed by the chief public excuses and complaints of the time. And I don't see that those arguments have changed enough to give them more time now than I ever did when growing up. Never celebrated or free or brave. There was no echo captured and sent back out again. No transcendence. Transgression. Even before AIDS. Before charity. And yet ended up there. It was never a question. It certainly can't be one now. It's nice to say you were intrigued about what went on in there and then make it sound like you were shit-scared so you can set up the wonderful surprise that your audience will recognize as the spirit in all of us. Your coming-out dreariness. Your working out the difficulties between gay and straight, dinosaur and nigger; filth and warrior – both private versions. I suggest keeping your self-expression to yourself, cowboy. Follows that I should have been able to find rape.

I'm not saying I was aware, awake, you understand that. Seems to be I'm expected to have moved there. Overcome nerves. Realized or appreciated, sunk, the timeless trajectory. The cunts who run these places and the artists that have stood in for what should have been documentarians have replaced what could be worth going back to with a language of old man vanity that took flesh hold finally. The places – and I watched it happen – have become that language. The people that pay the entrance fee counted on that shit before it ever twisted into the weathering brick massives all around them. Must, honestly, be nice for them. They wanted it more than me.

You have to make what you want to watch. There's proof that this is true. Everything else is advertising against a changing graph of defense mechanisms. Your handed scripts are either condemnation or redemption. Old age contorts what you've done, not what you have. It could be just as bad to look at what little you've accomplished.

Throw it away. Give it to someone who won't misunderstand it. Let them tell you what you've done but I'd prefer that I don't repeat what lives phony, fooled. Just as much as I wouldn't want to believe that was what I was doing. Then you realize you were being obstinate, safe. Started taking them seriously at a certain point. Saw I was spending more time with photographs of recurrent acts and spent too

much time thinking about the photographs, instead of what had happened. I didn't care enough about remembering all the little fights and disagreements and cajoling. I wasn't being listened to in those situations anyway. It was always about the misunderstandings. I didn't think the photos had any truth that was more cozy than what had happened, what was happening habitually. But it didn't have any want or hope in them either. The photographs that I liked, that I kept returning to, were most often of people I had come to despise. Most often. I looked for photographs of despicable races and degenerate failure. Sex as language was corrosive, corrupting, desperate. Watch factually ugly people convince me. They were never documents. There wasn't an aesthetic response that didn't require much more rendition. I needed to flatten out the experience, the work, into aesthetics. An ideal. Not the opposite. Sex stopped being need. You start at the wrong place as you're growing up. I wouldn't set anything up. The salutary response was a shill. You learned the way you do. Because you worked around it. Had to pick the bills you kept getting. If he shows sympathy, it's that requisite offer of intense, explicit egotism. Turns the attraction to princesses who, I know this, can't barely harm him by his ugly thoughtless self-obsession. Resent them. For the correct reasons. Eventually not impossible. Not even impossible to remember. They'll be alright. It's not important; fake either. If he thinks to sympathize, he does.

You'd tell them that you wanted the photograph so that you could masturbate later.

I'd ask them to do what they wanted. Which was impossible.

Common.

In 2008, Joseph Duncan argued through his attorneys that the videotape he recorded while torturing and raping Shasta and Dylan Groene should be played in a courtroom open to the public during his sentencing hearing. The defense cited a first amendment requirement that key evidence in death penalty sentencing proceedings be presented in open court. Duncan's argument was in response to various news organizations filing motions to view the material in court as the first amendment guaranteed.

I'm thinking of men doing this currently, you understand. The history of art as gay expression and exclusion interests me very little. Arrests made of men who had illegal photographs in their possession and instead of keeping the photos, traced them onto paper. They kept their drawings, their untrained tracings. Watched the barest fantasy, create guilt, shame and life as real.

In 2007, Duncan and his attorneys agreed to seal much of the evidence in the case, especially, it seems, the police footage of interviews with Shasta filmed just after her kidnapping ended. The prosecution were able to secure Shasta's testimony be limited to those initial interviews and spare her the possible previous sad trigger, recall trauma that might occur if she had to testify in court, in front of Duncan. Likely or unlikely, any and all dangers in revisiting extreme memories.

I'd rather you not see it. I've got pages of material that I've been going through trying to make decisions based on what the law would allow and, more important by far, I've been putting myself in another's mind, trying to anyway. About what she'd be going through knowing even what I have, what I've collected. Let alone what I'd distribute.

A spokesman for the law firm representing the various media outlets seeking access to the sealed documents on behalf of the constitutional rights of Joseph Duncan by proxy explained that his firm had received a response from Shasta's guardian ad litem arguing in favor of a closed court for evidence and the continuation of the court's earlier sealing of certain evidence. According to the spokesman, Shasta's guardian suggested that the proceedings would be traumatic for Shasta no matter what was decided. I know this from watching the girls talk. I listen much more than most, I suspect. I'm never hoping they say something specific.

Her photos were included on a website that was a front for a sting operation imagined and realized by the FBI. The photograph, the one I've seen, was a polite snap of the child sitting on a front porch, smiling nicely. Then an offer for the photographs taken during the highly public crimes. The convicted molester of this not Shasta had taken this keepsake as well. I'm not sure if that's true. It has become true for me and various others I've talked to.

I made a loop of this but the bum who acted it had some music on in the background. It probably dated the footage, it's distracting, I suppose it's to relax the girl. Changes the distraction. I'd think he's been arrested by now. The technology is beyond him, doubt it was the radio. I'm sure the girl asked her father "are you all in." I rewound the film so many times to see if that's what she mouthed that I finally made a loop of it when I was making more distinct loops of more immediate material. If released to a non-trading public, it would have been misunderstood. Illegal if the guy or his daughter had been identified. I could have put the soundtrack over the footage of men waiting at Manhandlers. I'd know what it meant, no reason to explain it. Other than an example of how I think. It's a great example of that, well worth seeing now.

She would have told different stories, ask her. If this hadn't happened, how do you think you would have turned out? Ask her to answer the question, say this to her: When did it start? Ask her again after she answered wrong. You'll have to tell her what you know. Ask her who she thinks she's protecting. Tell her she shouldn't, even if she says herself.

You're not hurting anyone. Quite the opposite. You're exactly the same. The pain she's asking for, the pain that you're causing when you recognize that and do nothing but see it. Stare at it. Distribute the time you saw it, the time you wanted it to be greater than her own impossibilities and corporeal disarticulation, her lack of possibilities in getting her as happy as she was begging you to help. It's there,

in this and it's not confusing. You did this for her. The opposite of telling her how ugly she is the way she'll understand how deeply that doesn't matter. You do nothing. I love that. You tried. It is not a few seconds out of your life. You shouldn't feel guilty that you found this. That you looked for it, you would have got there, real you, you know. It's her fault. Not worth your time. You'll just end up hurting both of you. Don't think about it anymore. You'll be better.

She asked him to put a song on. So she wasn't bored. As bored as she usually gets, didn't even know or was worried that there was more new insertion to come. And she wanted to know if that was it, if it was going to get worse. That's why I think it was family. He slowed down.

He was listening. That's all. Take their faces and bodies away from them, or just this one being recorded, and tell me that her emotions are more than what's there to distract or reflect. And splice them to another, rather different at first but suspicious, and tells me that they have more to say about their lives than is known. She believes it, says she doesn't, keeps talking. Forms the words from the unspecified hatred she suspects from anyone but her director and, if not him, her chance. The words are more important. They're shaking, as painful and misshapen as they have to be on the drugs and the preconceptions of the squirrels following her and asking her. She's quite canny, figured out your level to a point and then gave up. Or didn't. The reasons for doing this, as badly as it gets finished, as cheap and mistake cleared anecdotally, are only ever that he was listening. That's what he's telling you. You can listen. The trauma is somewhere in the middle, not exactly.

It shows the issues involved in a case like this, and it reflects the concern of all the parties as to those issues

I'm sick of the body. She'd tell him. And sick of you thinking you're some kind of man when you act like a girl. She'd grow up that way. Are there any shots of her old, with jagged scars up to her neck and stopping. Take off your clothes. Let's see what that animal did to you. He kept talking about how he couldn't get anything. Like you, telling your court appointed lawyers, turning to drugs to get out of the constant monetizing and hatred of just surviving. I don't think it's the past that bothers you, bore. The daddy that would've done it to a stranger years ago and still raised you without you knowing a fucking faced thing, left you untouched, safe, dumb as fuck, cared for and protected, dragged a floor nail across that woman's body because he was so sick of looking at them naked. The baby in the bed asking him if just those minutes might stop. It wasn't so bad. There's worse stories. He wanted to break a bottle in half and drag the glass into what spread and stupid. He didn't. Every fucking time he'd listen to you speak out about love and the pain of breathing outside and the misery of others and

your bearable day by days, he'd get a hard-on and wish you'd be better off, frankly, going through the rest of your life like that, ending up in some third world paddy sewer on dope, not knowing who was sticking his cock or a couple extra fingers than just one or two or his marseilles mouth in your cunt and wanting something as nigger as a bull fuck or a dream come rape finally.

Duncan, then acting as his own lawyer, had petitioned the court for his laptop and private computer. Stating that he needed it to form his defense.

There are encrypted files on both computers that I understand I should not be permitted to have access to, so I understand that. But I need the rest of the contents.

The artist's delineable choice was to take your presence away from your portraiture. Negligible mercurial charm. Isolate your words. Opposite the pimp that would film you wearing things he would like or naked and exposed. Flat, trot dancing without noticing where you're wiggling in instead of in front of. Ignoring what he knew so that others would understand how badly it hurts for you to misunderstand. It doesn't have to hurt, I know. But, as a guess, take away the drug addiction for example. You, here, where it's obvious, need to make a point. Have you been treated unfairly?

Shasta Groene will meet with 1st District Judge Fred Gibler today in a closed session to determine if she is competent to testify because of her age, and also whether she will be given special considerations, such as not having to look directly at Duncan, or having a comforting person sit near her.

I don't know if a lot of people do know that Shasta was the one Duncan confessed to – not only that crime but to the murders of those two young girls over in Washington state. It's just a reminder to us of something we'd much rather forget. I can't imagine trying to put this behind me with Duncan still breathing air. I don't think any of my children can either, and certainly any of the other family members of victims of his crimes.

You weren't paying enough attention. Documentaries on prison rape and rape in the military featured women explaining the sexual violence they'd suffered. Discussed their jobs, positions, choices, tepid lessons and the filmmakers understood that sexual violence is a female voice. Little girls, some boys, grew up to tell their stories about what they didn't want on countless more films. The few releases I have where cuter children tell on their heroes, their timely form of careless honesty, are sold primarily through teaching aids for professionals. Dispatched parsimoniously to spread understanding of

deep filial problems and address cruel if misinformed systems. The prostitutes on Antoine's faceless soundtrack are talking about what they wanted, how that's changed drastically. Took away neutral homey backgrounds and shanty smoke. To do otherwise would be tacky. Like the bars and windowless rooms where fat niggers sat across lawyer conference tables while always incarcerated for killing your wifebeating enabler and not your father. They get a loud voice. They talk for more than themselves. They see themselves as fat voices. Photos of girls all drugged post-, pre-abuse, are preference if their thoughts weren't included. Saying all the same essentials isn't an insult but a war. The daylight photos suggest the same political frame. Bleak, faultless, sincere individuals stuck miserably in the wrong pack. Made mistakes. What is wrong with the kind of person they almost became. Honestly, how much easier it will be when the filmers take them to show it's not help they're rejecting. They don't want you. Don't like you. Would rather you leave them alone. They are being kinder to you than you understand with your kind heart and help. You're rejected. Desire is ineffable if ineffable is understood as kind. Kind is what is ugliest, sickest about you.

I've said it before, I want front row center seats when they fry this guy. If I don't make it that long, then maybe I'll have better seats than that.

A better documentary of fathers talking about how their daughters lost their virginity. Most of the men cry and recall that it was taken from them. You tell the men that they're wrong. There was nothing to protect in an imperfect world, no giving in to the fantasy that they ever owned anything and nothing will ever see their interviews without seeing them unrealistic and closeted and precious. As they're only trying to protect their daughters and gay sons and dumb boys from what could happen, no matter how egregiously untouched and quaint and ridiculous they come off, crying like old women. How much you miss them in the childhood plans and smudged photographs. And the men who made instructions for their babies. All about sex. You tell them. It was a mistake and we can get you help. And you were weak and it's time to stop that now. Do you know what sacrifice is, what is expected of you by me and, more important, what she thought was taken care of. You should talk to someone about what you did. Forget that you're talking to someone who has to resell the footage, place it on a wall. There has to be something resembling, attempting, personal consequence. Not quite fake, not just convincing. You can really be aggrieved or unrepentant or stuck or callous. We'll find it when you're dead, otherwise. So protect yourself, protect integrity, pain. Fucking learn something. Your daughter would do the same, in fact, when she talks to collect the damage in coins. She'll fit in with the group, with all the whispers and newer scripts. And you have to start talking and just let it go.

Play the song you played for her, to keep your wife from hearing or the one she asked for because she liked it and she might enjoy letting half of her brain drift near there that may well have been looking for pleasure rather than boredom as much as the possibility that it was coming to subconsciously avoid the garbage you had become, the language you were using to describe her or it wasted her time in that music fills a room like the pictures on all the walls so that they circle you and become more than a room with you in it but under it. The endless parade of choices leading up to retirement. Earn like desire, you only get to for so long, clown, you only find acceptance when you grab a therapy class with community and prey horses to ride on. It does not exist otherwise. These are the pictures of your parents and your void and your status of one for the other, the lies that feel forget and do, just, list. Sprawl. I picked you out, you weren't a bit different but you'll feel better knowing that you weren't supposed to be.

I'd make myself think of other things when it was happening. But it always came back to me, couldn't stop it.

The cops had to ask the child if she knew what methamphetamine was. Had her older brothers ever mentioned it. Does she understand the difference between medicine, say, and drugs. When people talk about drugs. She doesn't think if she hears the word drug in a sentence and then another sentence with the word medicine in it, that those sentences are talking about the same thing, does she. Had her mother changed, has she always been the same. Did she act strange now, was there a difference that she noticed in the mornings and when she made the effort to take her upstairs and put her in bed sometimes. The last night she saw her, was she acting as if she knew what was going on, was she in a rush or mean or stupid. Hurried? Funny? Did she tell your brother to take care of you that night. Was she always saying that. Did you sense that he was taking care of you more and more, did he tell you he was going to take care of you, did he tell you not to worry.

Every holiday I would want him to be involved in the holidays, even though he is not here. That doesn't mean he doesn't exist.

In Christmas, I would buy him a Christmas present. He was a really good brother to me and really sweet to people and we all love him.

He was a very nice boy and we don't want to forget about him. We should pray for him every night.

I want to get this over with. The encouragement he offers them – not simpering hope but the same, they're too fucking dumb to realize that they're the same as what reviles them – is what keeps them believing they should be as lonely as they guess. You don't open yourself to the universe, you don't see it working and no one is going to take care of you like I will. Said so that it sounds like she'll have something better to have to set herself apart just to start with. You have to narrow your focus. Instead. Everything will be alright, again. Don't study anything but this one subject. It really does come together, everything relates back to your one subject and it has to be this one. Also. Stop thinking you're smarter than that. There is some rejection in this sewer. Never brutal or frank enough to get you to stop choosing men for getting back at women. The men who take that in for you, the ones that wear it without worrying it as much as it bothering your sorry sort. Rooms not full of scrounging males hating women, more than just wanting to hurt them and see them in pain. Pictures on the walls of the ones these hunchbacks picked and hung to surround themselves in disabilities and desperate tempering transformative drift and tug. You found some friends, didn't you, buddy. I decided not to leave once speck of wall untouched. There's no room that isn't covered by these things. The thing you keep making isn't what made you. The things you've done for me, you don't even know until I try to tell you and you mistake it all for help, for what I can do for you to get you to believe me. It isn't worth the effort, not when this is there. Don't think I can appreciate it. Don't look to. I do though. Better here, right now. Don't expect me to see those migrant workers as walking to and away from under their jobs and race as looking for the same good times as you do after work. Those cunts are gone.

Like all child pornography victims, Allen gets a notice from the U.S. Justice Department every time it charges someone with illegally possessing a pornographic photo of her. She has already received "well over 2,000" such notifications, her lawsuit said.

You don't know. Another thing. One more. It keeps going, never forward, right back to the start, with you. That's how you think. It doesn't have to save. You don't need more like you don't need what's back there. That's what happened. I searched for a place to throw it away and even that's become a fucking fetish. Photos that I've put on a copy machine to enlarge. Focusing on this one tyke's hand. As she clutched her chest, as her body leaned forward. So that her beautiful face could do something. It doesn't matter what. It'll sound wrong. And I don't want you to know. So I just kept her hand. Because it balanced her. And kept her to herself. I like that she was prim, that she steadied herself, that she didn't even know why she did it and what it would look like to me all the years coming before she

would even consider such a huge waste of talent or less would even exist. Or bother with her. Lucky. I can't fucking wait to start all over again. You can't carry around ashes forever. Can't avoid triggers, sucker. Cocksucker. All your squalor, all mine better, fucking spouting the cheapest whole to make yourself feel better, look better, be that much better. I know it works. Fine. You'll be fine.

Every stranger's glance, held too long, is a source of humiliation and pain. "That was a lot of publicity for a young girl. She wants to have a more private life – for reasons that ought to be clear."

Told I only had a limited amount of time with her. The owner told me when I bought his coin tokens from him. I'd often go there, like the poor warms in the closets next to me, others waiting outside the stalls usually for one of the prized boxes to clear, during a lunch break from work. The owner told you that you couldn't be trusted to place dollar bills from your wallet into the slot for sight allotments so I had to purchase the agreement before I was allowed to pass the nigger he paid to keep watch. The business was turnover, dependent on paying and moving out for another. Profit psychology being money is made at the start so a quick finish made room for the line to grind. His public wasn't expected to stay till their tokens were used up. You got your money's worth when he sold you the time he knew you'd hope to finish faster by. The tokens had an initial minimum. Monitored by the pressure of the next waiting, the mess you made doing this, and the forgotten revelatory disinterest in seeing more of her than needed to finish what you've found finished. It's not prurient, it's fixated. Not something you want to be told you've gotten better at. I was taught not to break the glass between us. The nudity didn't have to be alright at provocation, dancing or expect to impress me. She was funnel paid to be naked by the men already there before me. There wasn't enough time to convince or employ anything else. Her requirements were set. And I was told that she'd stay in front of me if I tipped better than the men next to me. The girl was employed. With a back history. The owner explained your position as well as your cost. Capitalism, the frame around every single photograph Antoine has ever released, continued the trade just as trained. You don't get to insult her, the boss won't let you back in.

Plug tells you that you give good head. You have a great laugh. And wants to see something new from you next time.

The complexities inside the box were driving me insane. That's what I thought then and what a needy apologist mumbles now. Everything is handled supposedly. These men, rows of beasts in boxes with their cocks hard pulled out of their zippers or their pants down around their thighs. Sacs full and gross, squeezed, some would undoubtedly grease them over. Hold a little free sample of lube in the hand that wasn't pulling on his hard now cock. All looking through this cum smudged to mexican

wiped glass at any girl hired, grabbing her tits and turning around to spread her asshole more than her cunt. She'd lay on the floor so I could look at cunt and her hair and what her vagina opened to inside when it was split widest for me.

Exposition would eventually come from behind her. The real picture had to keep moving but frozen. One single obvious reverse that limp commented on the sickness of the place and the slime that was men who would mildly humiliate themselves when realized as if thralled in what they do for what little they wanted. It had to breed desperate, sad, vicious and insulting to every person pictured as a stand-in for sex dumb generalities. The woman's ass and back forgotten as pornography the same instant that the size and shake of the cocks became more important to the public critique than the hideous stare that the gender on the now corrected side of the zoo cage displayed as political neglect. You fucking change, you fucking get better, look at yourself, slime, husband, boyfriend, nearer to science than expectation now. You don't want to be like this, just this. Did you? You don't enter then exit impervious. You need to see men. I need to see to them, what makes you so fucking above it all. You think I don't guess, right now, that you'll reconsider your luck as you age. Be entertaining, get moral details that only sound contemptuous when you're talking to someone less intelligent than your brand new chances when you finally plan to make plans. The pornographer has to readjust his camera. Take it off you completely. Keep your cellulite ass from the tsk sided comment that your state is bottom rung acceptable to men degenerated this strata. Take it away from the men that would look to humiliate you as well. Who'd display how you dupe most of all. To be pretty. To be offered or take only this. To still want to be pretty. Not to have noticed the last will over the appeal that everyone else wasn't sharp enough, smart, to use to brutalize the great ooze that came to you. You get to pronounce pity with angelic understanding after you received it back from them. Know how? Do you remember? Can you blame the oxy back then as much as the hope that you'll parrot right now, ever get tired of extending yourself only as far as what you just heard? Hate your dealer as much as your introduction. What's acceptable now? How'd you fight before you realized the fight had to be selfless since you saw selfish didn't work. How unlucky you are not to have a child to give up the rest of your sobriety struggles with. You'll have to depend on keeping yourself company. Saving up.

Who's ugly. Don't say all of them and me. Don't look for humanity via narcissism. Learn opposite. Fuck's sake, you call me when you get home, alright? Tell me you don't want to sleep through your classes all the time. This story of yours gets better when it wasn't zola to begin with. Don't suffer as much as you only need to sell for failure, recursive. Don't convince yourself last. There's no success to be gripped, garnered. Spend your time just doing this. Because you spend this time with me. That's important. The picture had to be made and it can't be everything at once. That's why I was going

crazy. I couldn't get it all in. The video of her just lying on her stomach, getting fucked by armies of men, pushing into her firm bouncing, pliant, lubed from a bottle that she also holds now, to protect herself a few days coming in memory and wrapped recall and lousy adulthood, one after another, yanking up erections so that they're ready to insert and not take away extra time from the wholly not impatient lines that didn't even pay, were not of corpses and holes and plugs. It isn't a confession, conversation, it isn't a last time or a rung moment. It wasn't a paycheck or a plea. Or sex. A gift for once, a tolerance and revelation or digression so you could pronounce it like progress pastiche, piss-take, feminine or debauched or shamed and legacy. What happened. Was I was there, thinking I needed to be where you are watching but not having these men watch me. I wanted to see me among them while I watched directly, not psychologically. I wanted men who looked enough like me and knew too that they wanted to see themselves among lines of men in boxes, kept behind glass and let inside by fat wheezing niggers at the door. You think it's not understandable to be there. Wait till you miss it, rework it. Sucking off each fucking guy as you bob down the line. That happens here. Right now. You sit in the back at the Bijou, after you learned it didn't matter that you got down on your knees in front of a hole in the wall when you were ignorant, that's when it started, when you were irrelevant, and I don't get anything from anyone next in line, cock after cock, belly over belly, hands pushing the back of your neck or lifting your chin up, and you can start to tire but not not licking just as much as you're sucking hard in.

And every faggot heterosexual. Not a single het. Knows enough to say that the photos they were taught to read by growing up through Dorothea Lange and her weary struggle americana to Nan Goldin's truly garbage friends and her dilettante strings and color sad queer anecdotes back again to the hearty wastes of Anders Petersen and the nervous alcohol wrecks who might find comfort there, wrong bar, cry baby, not one of these suckoffs know that the pictures don't stop the only problem there was to crawl out of when you found yourself with more access and more answers to less typical and dire positions and unceasing nods. Was to put yourself there and put your fucking camera down and stop it. Because the pictures start at the camera. Limp into your skin, will you, darling? Let me get a quick picture of you mulling it over, at least. And when the answer is no, when the decision is correct, then the picture doesn't exist. A worse mistake is made. The photograph can't put your kind self living immemorial. To memorialize an instant that got ruined by the freeze instead of the more verifiable pass and forget. But. This needs to exist outside of you. This has to be made. It has to be complete and can't rely on research or craft as a lesser attempt at a greater idea. This photograph must be taken from outside your ridiculously feedbacking empty head and located without an ounce of stupid metonymic lust recognition. Say you're not a pornographer because the lice who buy it can't be

less awed or more prurient. Say you're an artist because you've considered all the redundant but louder arguments beforehand and dismissed each one through a brave process of self-examination and a prize-winning illustration of total truth and honesty and a craving to show as much of the self-respect that others want you to admit has been stripped away for anything but their flagellation of fear and pride and attendant, reluctant, good fortune. I would cum well before the tokens ran out. I'd give the handful of coins to the men waiting outside or place them in the coin return box that was also in the building in case the men who bought time seriously wanted more. Unlike the Bijou where I, even at this age, cum a few times during the newly instigated eight hour time shares, I'd only cum once in the booths that installed grinding women in front of me. I'd like to admit that once I learned that the men in the hall were waiting for other men, those who liked looking at naked women and could appreciate a warm mouth like they wanted a cunt instead, that I spilled in front of the nice lady then went and soaked dry, at least, in the face of a cheaper man who only wanted you to do exactly that. Insanity was only being unable to contain all the thoughts, bring them all together.

Prurience is judged. Exists as a concept, as an accusation. Never personally located or realized. Defined from the worry in someone outside of production. The artist is called on to explain what he has done to elicit the wrong intention from another, and made to answer in a language given to him by another someone else entirely. However, I have done my lifelong fucked to get something more from mere experience. Experience has never been corrected. And shutting out the accusations that turn into worries, real enough, is impossible. I have to consistently imagine that what I've done has some explanation to someone mysterious and fairly stupid. You can't get away from a demand of something ill-defined, hardly workable, unpromising and insulting as what should have been there first. And if it isn't. Then you have to learn. If it doesn't match up, then time only goes backward, poor dear. You become an infant to those who want infants. You can sell that too. When buying it was the original idea.

And preferably, in the last two years I haven't taken some pictures myself because I was in the frame. Ha ha. And I couldn't be there at the same time. So this is where I'm asking... when I'm in the night world, the underworld, I ask people to help me make the pictures because so many times I have to choose between being outside and inside and I don't want to be outside. I prefer a bad photo of documenting my real interpretation to the world of a good photo than looking like a voyeur or useless witness.

Alibi'd a rerelease of Jimmy Hughes' name-prided film from the Bijou lobby. Especially lately, I've been trying to buy the films they sell in front of the cage before I pay my entrance fee. So I'd have

something extended and skip proximate. Fucking physical brainless. Fucking cock dreamers to cock wetter scumbags all over everywhere. Both floors, no picks. The lobby guys, only ever two that I always end up with, that run the tolls and head counts and insufficiently queen only the DVD sales, are both one irritating ancestral waste. Though young, the only dint approaching a semblance of efficacy or job securing wherewithal is their bad bitter camp. A bespectacled pollo who's been told to be nice to me from the older gentleman I know from the business office next door and then a short and skinny black boy whose future squeals as obvious as his shoe shine pitch. I don't mind. They could be better at it, less loud and slow at making change and fetching stock. But can't see any other reason for them to behave smarter when they've taken a job that offers less than it should aside from the welcoming gay shawl and fascinating forefather garbage. I know what it was like to work there for only a few days. Before there were discs to run instead of the much more limited line of specialty video cassettes. I didn't like working where the old boss kept extending my hours since whatever other faggot that was supposed to show up for his shift couldn't be reached when he didn't show up yet again. Most of my job was to sell fake poppers to old men who wanted real poppers. Upstairs, then. In the walk between booths and the paw and shuffle rooms. Amyl rather than butyl rather than wholesale head cleaner that gets poured into small brown pharmaceutical bottles to look like fogies are still buying what they used to. Amyl having been outlawed many years before and never actually resold by anything but dealer patrons rather than the house for fuck's sake. This housewife industrial stench was ingrained for headaches which was really only what was wanted. It had to have the cache of a drug, of pleasure, something conspiratorially like violence and illegality. The dumber men would assume it was to help make sex more exciting than sex. And the aging warhorses hoped it would inch length and confusion and insistence before viagra was invented. Coke was stingy, bought to make buddies and latch fantasy, rough trade got quicker call back. Meth, suddenly, sounding vaguely similar with the correct rise to dedication chatter and damage camp. The upstairs floor, dark lit by red and the occasional dirty lightbulb rest area, reeked more of an enclosed gasoline lot than jockstrap or mindful armpit. Any idea was worked best to desperate, that's all. These men, lots of them, I worked the weekend shift, crawled while they posed and cruised. They waited. The smarter men were the ones who bitched like divorcee girls and were your coworkers and bosses, all attendant gay gossip and cheap chicago mom philosophy. But they crawled as well. Counted, cleaned.

These two shop boys are much younger than I was. You couldn't not talk to the older men that purchased isopropyl, much as these snacking runts are obligated to be barely polite to me now. Litter said the same thing. Since there wasn't anything like a cash register back then, I'd usually have to ask customers to help with the math. I had to figure out a tax percentage and I either never paid much

attention in grade school or didn't have the intelligence to understand simple fractions. Dildos and lube and condoms were on sale at the counter and rarely sold. Adding up anything that I wasn't used to was embarrassing. The bulletheads that were buying enhancements here were on their way in. The stars that bought anything else were moneyed apartment slop, rent in tow, or brutalized souls on their safe yet way out. You wish.

These banal anecdotes are what is currently the history of gay sexuality when traced to its charmer root. The selectively detailed gossip that vines the fantasy sufficiently to documentary. Men cruising around the cramp sticky floors looking for sex and finding it easily yet not without drudge humor and confessional recognition. The fact is, especially as this comes from Chicago, this history is simple shyster money laundering. Tame, ugly and tired then just as much as it should be when occluded from an over-concerned guidance to workspace mentality. Should sound more clumsy, hostile than brave. But mettle was only ever actually found in the gall of the gangsters cum proprietors who regularly beat up drunks, hid overdoses, moved payoffs and kept the place running surreptitiously, primarily to insure the larger drug traders had a place to sell. Sex was blank. The bosses weren't parasites but ranchers.

Sags eking out stingy apartment lives unsuccessfully for sucking up anything were beneficiaries of cost cutting and profit hiding. These places continue to exist but should stop quicker than their long history contradicts. The landscape advertising now is about experiencing what has helped you and your floret find a public voice and lifestyle that no longer includes the shame and disgust it once more appropriately needed to apologize first for. These hippie cunts were around then too, less loud and less timid. The seclusion that solidified these acts into lazed effort for empty promises, however, has never had anything to do with what was eventually going to finish. The sex modal extended to loss but not walking grief. You weren't taking chances. You were offered a line. Depending on your real worth and sliding degrees of self-esteem, you bought what was left out for you by pimps.

Mug or Bait or Glory starring Jimmy Hughes was one of the films factoried by those men with octopus production companies, model agencies and shift outlets during the quickly steamrolling early years of the seventies when pornography minutes were rated by ticket sales in owned theaters. I didn't remember it. Wasn't one of these faggots that watched loss movies and dreamed or cared who the actors were and followed them through every sex scene because I liked the way they looked more than where they fucked. But now recalled that Jimmy had been arrested for multiple rapes of nine or so women at gunpoint after he did just a few films for a then burgeoning gay porn company in the early seventies. After he won a beauty contest for the also just getting started Advocate magazine in Los Angeles. And Jimmy had maybe done straight films but had lived with tranny Kim Christy when

he was first arrested. Having his rape charges whittled down considerably from nine and sentenced to only a couple years in jail, he eventually had to be recharged until he finally ended up sentenced to significantly more years in jail for even more rapes.

"When I am filming, I don't give the slightest thought to the people who someday may see the film... If I think about anything, it is the money I will be getting. If I thought about the audience I probably wouldn't even get a hard-on. I am not an exhibitionist. Filming is hard work... there are too many retakes on the no sex scenes. It is a lot of work just to be drooled over later by a bunch of dick-happy queens... The only reason I made these loops and films was for the money. There was nothing I did on camera that I had not done many times before. I would guess that everyone in gay porno – actors, directors, right on down the line – are gay. But masculine gay. Sex is important and precious, and I have been exploiting myself for frogs and faggots."

Thinking of what this poor good-looking man had to go through with crying bruised and bleeding women just to de-enjoy the lessons he learned from getting filmed for full ugly cities of queers using his cock and muscles and fuck squats and analism to set them off into the backrooms and urinals of movie theaters to have something warm and foreign and as seemingly satisfying. My pathetic interest in Jimmy Hughes isn't that great a stretch from a lifetime of masturbating just a bit less than my absolutely constant thoughts of pictures of thousands of smiling children placed innocently among newspaper headlines and texts. I hardly ever need to see anything closer. Let alone penetrate anything. What doesn't matter just as quickly is that whoever built the cupboards to hide behind and paid the license fees and recounted the inspection incidents won't add up to history either. The lucky prick who gets the top off your twenty bucks at the door deserves it as much as you do, cunt. And then some. More. His finer views on your lineage would've been whitewashed whether he necked to either side of the parent, racist debate. There was no lust of expression there isn't an excuse market for. The fantasy that pornography is supposed to bring you to settled would have still become something more to someone enough to fuck himself up for it. Invent grander and vaguer arguments to calm. Financial support. What you want isn't going to be what you want. So better to make some money off of it before everyone dismisses your long hour excess efforts. The history of these films is based on dates, not tastes. And you end up with Warhol starting it and Anger wanting it and then the explosions of raw or truthful or daring illegality in the face of uptight prejudice film after film. Little telling bitches about the performers thrown in. The rush to fill seats was going to be envisioned as significant by the same sludge who would

now look back at their past here and start to believe what they were doing was in fact, somehow, living in tune. Only early. The wilting owner resents his lack of acknowledgement, offers praise of himself as he searches for a grime now more important in plaudits than units. Substitute intention for desire next time in business. The reverse in art. Hand in your receipts for the speed and collect the backend from Cambodia. The discussions about the privatized work and profiteers, not this, the implosion to a truth that only repeats your rejection louder. And lies about your protection and daring. Maybe they weren't numb enough. And you didn't have to see and tell rape. Not in the only photos of her, scene on scene, masturbating or writhing. Or just getting techniqued like carnal duplicity when a brain is disengaged. All of it is, explicit, possibly, obscene. Can be raped with whatever argument you employ. There's one significant insistence. Show worse. More. Show worse as unnecessary, sad, pushed. Make it available again.

It isn't better now, it's not close to evaporating. You're cute like that, finger finally in asshole, and thanks very much like some priest air licking to statues or a street queer deciding to suck instead of stand. Tumbling all over everything else for a better shot at making the worst forgot. Reversing. Acting. Being, getting, both at once. Praying to myself. I could've been happy, you want to be happy, don't you? I think that's where we meet. We both want this to make us happy. That's the offer.

Say: You've been wrong all your life.

Say: I'm not wrong any more.

Never looked robbed. Permanent. Looked like a favor. The one that does it to himself, is mistaken.

The first book by Antoine D'Agata I ever bought, though it might've been a gift, sorry, was the second book he had published under his own name. Mala Noche had text in French so I wasn't able to read much. There's a photo in there of a woman that would've been very pretty like Jimmy Hughes. And the rest of the book was more cavalier than Antoine's later books would be. That woman, with her large mouth wide open, outside in the street of wherever stricken junkies outside of the united states rail, was hardly a prescient moment. But I can make it sound like that now. The photos of dogs and nighttimes and rundown apartment buildings and all the rest of the black and white sales that Daido Moriyama and the equally equitable, embarrassing, half-pint contingent of popeyes move to dreary parisian end tables were simply Antoine believing his position was more interesting than he was. Then exploiting his luck. The early photos left to the audience to make something more of, better or worse depending on their interest in pornography as pain or art as access. Lazily distributed rather than annotated. As his work progressed and his history insisted, he'd, like the queers still filling the aisles between the aged professional gloryhole booths of the Bijou, deny that he despises the people around him. Trannies receive more compliments

than liquor store insults by count. Break it down, you tell it when you've had enough of it soon enough.

That truth that seems to get the most play in places like this. Faith that is supposed to draw the future suggestions and turgid reminiscences right down through the top of your head wherever you're standing at right then and there. Were not going to be as universal as advertised. Welcoming. The pornography that documents these places and the art that obfuscates the custom, was personal. Perfectly antithetical to a language that had to learn to fit there being a freedom in disclosure for a beautiful strength above all. Boys on their knees or woman in the bar, they'd say they hate their employers as well.

You don't get to ask him who that woman was. Or why she allowed him to take that picture. Care about the troubled narrative over what she's been doing since or what brought her to the disastrous state she probably got out of. A single shot in a book and all the love that either of the two would confess or profess to run contrary to the pornography that his decision to snap and later edit by simple existence if not revenge or disinterest.

I used to drive a truck and I used it to pick up street prostitutes whenever I could. With, as far as I remember, all niggers. Meaning black and from some place I knew existed far apart from where I would go as an adult or want to grow up around. You don't get to ask these filthy pits of disease and low hatred what she thinks of best.

Please list the medication you need so that I know what exactly I'm talking to. I didn't forget. And I understand you need it.

You did get some help, didn't you?

Because, fuck, again, the nigger in the truck doesn't respond and replays nigger music in her head over and over. She simply won't comprehend, far beyond admitting, idiot. That. This is explicable. Separates it from anything less than whole. The altruistic explanations, digressive mock-confessional excuses, the lousy reasoning to polite company and mere peers and then half understood so loudly that it's pronounced just like primate relativity. Where you sell that you're looking for truth. Love. Respect. Inferiority. To dolts. But to the ones that purchase it. That's where we can light; remember, imagine, and, you know, thanks very much for all that.

I swear I don't want you to hurt. You know that. Deeply. You tend, at first, not to believe me but I really am trying to move you away from anything that will cause you to abuse what happened later in that sick sad natural if and when, unluckily, unmedicated mind. I want your stupid ugly, petulant, arrogance to be, above all, smart. That's natural too, oui? And I have nothing to share. I can't help but rethink any attempt to deplete. Do that. That's what we'll mean when we begin to

agree on what intelligence sounds like. It's what speed sounds like, does.

I was being gentle. You misunderstood it as compassion. Then that became important. I was afraid the crying would be too loud.

The business that builds from anything but boredom. Looks at twenty dollar black middle-aged hooker not bothering with make-up again today. All of this, moves hand around inside of the front cab of his employer's truck, can be yours.

You don't have to do anything. Miserably, you've already done that, turned it into a shit job funded again by your stumbling hated, required and there often enough as well family. Which can sound like an insult. Since it's not, you get to have pornography as the whole of your life. The important stuff in the middle. That thing that doesn't quite capture the drag or day remove from tedium. Even longer hours in bed now. Dreaming to praying that the squirming will not endure into less frenzied days of missed hugs and pets and assurances. You're loved. Whatever that is. Better than sex, anyway. Problem ill-defined as promise. You're not here for anything else but pornography. And the proof being all else stopped. Look. Stopped there. No one else forced it. Doesn't help but create you. Look for more, hear denial. Every fucking explanation you're assaulted by gets it wrong. Confuse pornography with sex. Stop making that mistake. Which is an instruction. Definitely. Pornography isn't what you buy or where you go, what's left there for you. It's not the noise in the middle center of your brain. It's not stopped anything at all. It's what you call your memory. It's not a catch-all. Make it one. Pour everything else into it. Define the trawl, set back, as causal.

You sound like a child.

I intend on living the rest of this time being a very frightened pedophile.

I have these thoughts in here. I try to get rid of them. But worry begins at ugly and then quickly clashes into supposedly greater responsibilities for others. I'm plagued by separating what I want for myself and what I can do for others and you get angry.

That could be help.

Your daughters?

I don't see them. I think about them all day. I won't say they're a mistake, I've been a mistake, there's a real obvious part of all these voices and innuendos and suggestions that say I can't – and I shouldn't, like I'm told – forget about them at all, at any time. I'm forced to. Or rather, I have to force myself to do that. Forget about them. Stop trying to contact her. I can't do anything about them, can't do anything for them. I barely know them. But they want to know me.

You could stop this for them.

They shouldn't want me to.

What are your future plans?

To stay alive long enough to see my four daughters become beautiful and strong women.

You recognize the problem.

You shouldn't imply generalities.

And your wife.

Found more of the same? Perfected little imperfections?

I started to take pictures. And I realized I should only take pictures.

You were protecting your children.

In a sense, yes. I grew into that idea. I didn't see it as related at first. Or it wasn't related. As they grew, and I saw more of what I was looking at by revisiting the work I did, those thoughts came together.

You were stopping yourself?

No. Not at all. Because I was only reading the photographs. The protection became more of a relentless conversation. That I'd have internally. I could get closer to comprehending more possibilities from what was happening in time, around them and myself and the things in the photographs. I could see it direct, watch it grieve, mope, feel time as you understand thoughts and ideas twisted away from desires and wishes. I understood that I shouldn't be frightened irrationally.

There's little you can do. I could turn that into a silence. Could never be passive instead of beaten. Because, although I didn't know what could happen, and I didn't think doing anything at all was possible for someone as will-less as me, instructed by everything I've ever been closest to. I thought I was just going to end up watching all of this get worse and worse but wouldn't know how to explain it to anyone else. I was going to watch. And only act when a lie was needed for pragmatics. Until I had to fix what couldn't be fixed, when I first came aware of the little mess starting to pile up. It's a very real choice. Wishing shit. A terrible idea. And recognizing it doesn't help. Being chickenshit, trying to outrun it, maybe that works. Maybe you can start to be less frightened and more excited. The photos suggest that all of that is possible at once. The personal scolding, worthless, idle, deeply ugly nothing, only becomes desperate when I have to explain it.

I was sitting down at the Bijou. Sprawl could extend outside its doors into the apartment I rent and the room where I sleep. But, there, then, in my long chicago coat with my legs crossed and one hand in my pocket. Shaking my one leg in perpetual anxiety absentmindedly while I assure you my mind was rather intensely focused on the ridiculous connection between the Lou Reed song repeating in my head and the sickness I watched around me. A fully clothed beast raised enough low brow to approach closer to my corner and snark that I didn't have to masturbate under my coat.

I'm not, doll.

Don't be so nervous. You're among friends here.

I know, just grabbing some alone time. I'm old, I get tired.

You're not old.

Most men in here are older than me. One wasn't, smelling that he's closer to my age so that we play flatter to fuck. The fact that this place has become what it can't advertise anymore is the main appeal for me. The owner actually believes it still has a leg to market itself on its recapture to discover possibilities. Never believing before he saw he was going to have to list them again.

Have you seen the movie downstairs?

One of Jamie's very few fag films was being shown from a new remaster that the company owned and had recently released. Buy the DVD downstairs or wait it out in the theatre as it played among three titles shown in succession day and night. I had a good friend that used to stay here for full weekends back before it, as it would have, killed him. He'd watch the movies when he needed to get away from men. At the time of his infection through his demise, he'd lay on a near bed that the Bijou kept in one of the open sleaze rooms. Now removed. He'd stay on the dirty spiky cot most of his hours, never sleeping unless he passed out, serving mostly, and then eating only chocolate bars from the vending machine near the john. This, not Jamie, is what this place offers. Not a memory either. The Lou Reed song I was singing, not yet trying to figure out why exactly it would be this song over one more appropriate, just as appealing dramatically, I suppose, revolved around the line:

You can hit me all you want to. But I don't love you anymore.

It should have been Blue Mask. Because it's more often in fracturing recall to what I'm rotating in when assuming I sexually despise what happens exactly where I went haggard. I'd revisit this song much more frequently than any other Lou Reed song this house could connect as explicit or snide dirty keyed soundtrack. See it in others trying to live this place in their gear and nudity. The song is merely an affixed limn that nailed down comes off inconveniently selective, weaker of every other tacky metaphor offer. Resort to humming to replace the nigger beats and grinds. If this experience is shared, respectful, we'd turn it to imploring, self-importantly to harm. I've been thinking alot about wifebeating though. Looking for photos of women mentally rearranged and heavy make-up covering badly bruised deep gashed broken jaw'd faces, aged. Women, older than silly suicidals, with some love in the background rather than only sex in the foreground and nothing better either way in the next minutes she has to get through nicer than previous. Hospital music.

I'll be in my basement room with a needle and a spoon and another girl to take my pain away.

The cocaine doesn't help me, I suppose. I hear that I didn't want it to make me only sound dangerous as well. But the scientifically relied fact that this ridiculously expensive squirrel'd drug increases desire and renders the experience of desire perfectly impossible is exactly what I want and see as fit. Want what, fuck. I'd rather not be able to crick a soft cock in a greasy ass or a compliant cunt and I'd very much like to recall trying. Selfishly ugly tugs and closed vivid drifts and stabs have no promise other than confirming what I tromped in here with was what I was looking to purchase for more of that. Comes together because it did well before I bought the bit and I didn't finally fucking get to see it just because of this favorite vivifying drug. I might have been able to enjoy it a bit more though. Tried my inadequacy to not retreat interminably.

Figure out what those films were made for. Who created for whom. The ones some had to look hardest for, contemporaneously leaked out for me as a potential customer. The other ones, the ones that reconstruct a language that I privately ignore, were for everybody else unlocked. Arguments that supported the delivery to kids like me weren't supposed to be believed, trusted; just passed by the way. Argued in favor of the correct decline to tolerance by those cunts that were teaching me that they were fighting for my inclusion as a sucker. The fools I talked about weren't worth talking about, everyone knew that but me.

The man that owns this place, among others places not as big or successful in my home town, has also remastered the small shelf of videos that got him arrested for obscenity in the eighties. Hopes to turn the obstacles into significance now. Wrapping all of it in his past demon bravery, early enviable taste and the proven dedication to the great expansion of the mainstream who'd eventually no longer be able to ignore their own political market. Uses his criminal years as draw. Scrounging for decades, frankly.

I bought those films, including the two that aren't for sale in the reissue campaign lobby any longer, from the same place still there three decades ago. First found them as expensive video cassettes cheaply dubbed available in the very same doorway then offering far fewer titles. Knew then that they weren't what I was looking for but was the closest thing in last that I could find within the remove from experience to product. I found the tinge of what I was slighting myself for in the attractive degeneration of cripples who'd do this, even just this, for right now. More conceit over script; couldn't adequately argue or contain its self-hatred to fit the sync excuses that would come later as prescription medicine and alternative sexual therapy and gender diaspora. But the slow considered action and, most annoying, the pulls to consensual agreements and begs, away from prejudice and disgust, were

only excusable, or exciting, in light of watching degraded subhumans play, in shit and blood, while suffering against the now less hypocritical complaints of the society that would insist on censure. The salient splitting loss of mental capacity, the pressures that gave good cause to suffering this way, only then. All that surrounded everything about finding and buying to watching and masturbating anything else at all. Had to be made available by those who needed to have it defiant outside of secret. A sex offender out of jail, on list, in therapy, cuts to form:

It was hard being honest, to really come face to face with the ugliness of me. But I had to do that. If you're not honest enough to identify what it is that's wrong with you, you'll never be able to liberate yourself above it.

Her husband knew more than you.
He could have told you that all she really wanted to do was fuck you.
She bought a strap on.
Not for him.
I had to put myself in the photographs.
This is a picture of me telling a monkey what to do.
Had to explain what had occurred. What monkey had been doing.
Listen to me.
Mimic this.
Tell it: There's no explanation, I would say the same.

Tell it: I've had breakdowns. I'd not know how to do anything but cry and can't stop it. The brain that had been yelling at me all these fucking years, that I trusted all these dogged down minutes, apparently quit working. I'd been up for days, every time it's happened, drink and speed and rape and monotony are blamed. The people in here, however, they stopped listening. It isn't the amphetamine. There's a picture that bleeds across two pages when you open the book. A huge close-up of a wet brighted repulsive vagina. What I'm interested in, why I know this is slowed rejection than now made worse pornography, is that I can tell why the artist stretched that open across page size. And someone else involved in the distribution understood that it had to be published exactly the way it was conceived and explained. They agreed. The idea to put these very careful abominations into a store where men go to only think about masturbating themselves has nothing to do with taking the image to where it stands out as a sideways comment on what the men are thinking about masturbating to or on. That reality won't fit over any of this planning. It becomes lack. I want those poor men in there, the ones

who are either exactly like myself or good enough in tract, to find the more hostile application exactly where it should be. That it seems more violent than all the rest only makes all the rest less satisfying. Forgettable, unappealing. The cruelty had to be added, not only because it was missing everywhere else. You couldn't call that honesty. If you didn't have the stupidity that, I thought, you weren't nursing in in the first place.

What is monkey looking at.

I have this sick history of sucking off men to get either cocaine or methamphetamine or photographs. In both trawls to success, clearly because I wanted to be away from the place that a person like me would have to go to find where a person like that would find themselves. I make distinctions. Disregard, ignore, displace, I didn't want to highlight the damage. And I didn't want to suck my own hatred or rage. No punishment, no sewer, no thrill, either side of insight. I resent that truth can be a process, a point. Get to crying.

I've always been that way.

Hick.

Think more than just I.

Maybe the photographs don't work. Maybe there aren't enough details or long forming information. Maybe this doesn't stop and you could give up. Put new in place. Block sit. You don't have to be like this, no matter how much stronger you say the pull of cunt chased instinct must be. Sounds like you wouldn't want to have ended up like this. Hope forces that you haven't. The lengths behind your exalted self-abnegating. Vengeful, jealous, desperate ranting non-scream. Fucking over and over again, that you do.

The distributor, curator, huckster asked the printer. Can we make this picture so big that it fills two full pages. When you open it. Bound however, it won't matter. He told the cash printer: The rat that sold it to me thinks I'm stupid. Doesn't think I understand what he's doing. He wants to sell me a photo of a huge cunt like that. That ugly asshole thinks I won't print it because it's too hideous to look at. For me. He doesn't know. First, just as many guys like looking at it that way. They've been waiting their whole lives for just that. You don't get just the scumbags you think think like you, there's all kinds of illness. And then, even the ones that don't buy it and throw it back on the rack in disgust. Appropriately. They'll fucking come back in a day or two, looking for it again. They won't be able to

forget it. The printer replies: You're not worried it'll start selling less and less as time goes on. You'll have a reputation. No one will pick up the next issue. No worries here, got all the machinery, boss. You have to assume your audience is at least as smart as you, don'tcha?

No, that's a huge mistake, actually.

In every case. I paid. In every single case, I walked into a building that was constructed to have something like that there kept. To imagine that there is something undefinable, explicable as only sensually mysterious, is insanity. There's a history that isn't supported by the actions or the placement; not applicable to the lies and facts that one finds merely supportive. The cries that twist rotten into specifically fraught stereotypes are social rage, not personal proof. Ask any lawyer or judge. To tell you that they all agree with what you're seeing after you did it. Isolate cause from objective. It isn't rape. There are no scissors. Intentions count for shit.

So many reports of the so-called mechanisms...supposed to characterize schizophrenics in particular are not descriptions of what 'goes on' in the patient, but descriptions of events in the psychiatrist's or analyst's mind which are the ghostly double of what he thinks is going on somewhere 'in' the other person.

Then what happened?

She fell asleep. Wait, she cried.

Asked you to stop.

This creep, this animal, then did what?

Told it to quiet down.

That this is different.

And proved it.

For a few minutes. While he took photographs.

Showed her that others had posed in the same way. And that they didn't care. Who are you to say this matters?

You don't want much.

She wouldn't think she was ugly.

She wouldn't have acted the way she did. I was aware that I was. Thought it a better wedge since she clearly didn't realize how disgusting looking at her could be.

You wanted to show her?

Scumbags don't think that. Not while they're here. Not till you get your hands on them. And they all know, fully, that the context doesn't matter. Had a lawyer try to stick a little magazine filled with child

pornography under my nose when I was on the witness stand. Everyone knows what he was trying to pull. I knew the focus was on what my reaction was supposed to be. Not one cunt there didn't also think – probably your last time to look through those pages, dear, might want to memorize them. I know this because, obviously, I wish I did.

First. This is important to me. That I keep it about sex. That I, logically, keep it there. Initially, reasonably, impossibly careless.

This is more important than pink salubrity. Mental over physical, I'll show you.

There's desistance. As an option. An insistence. Tapped down. On the part of those who need to keep you back in line. Put you forward, fucked, into the world, your word, your language, that defines and begs you your reluctant sense of, stutters hard, dignity. Shows me cruelty in my mistakes. And what is ignoble, recalcitrant, offensive. Plainly should've been there to help before. Frankly. Make me afraid of bad decisions, instruct compliance, some new information about old openings before they had to put rules for replacements in.

Desistance is a state. Desire doesn't stop but, loathed now, recoils, at, towards, a technique. Desire, with evidence, slows to shut tighter after staying stopped. Your last offense offered proof of a more defined and itemized need than unqualified desire could plan, excuse or, obviously, fulfill. Your pathetic last stab, sketched back for you by contract demand, read pity, comes as your right to our true self. Here are your rights. Over-explained for those who under-thought as:

By virtue of possessing the same needs and nature as the rest of us, offenders actively search for meaningful human goods such as relationships, mastery experiences, a sense of belonging, a sense of purpose, and autonomy.

Further, desistance refers primarily or essentially, since an offender is neither primitive or essentialist, to a legally imposed and therapeutically designed admonishment that insists on empirical evidence that you're no longer in thrall to something as stupid or dangerous, all sides, to what desire produces. Left behind, in wake, crying, suffering, with the virtue seeking patient only previously unaware, untaught. A sex offender now again placed into the world he refused to consider, likely by rejection, and offered curative dignity by a gift of tolerance monitored to prove only that he has desisted rather than desired. Simp registered as criminal in a state of remaining caught. Temporarily when watched. Only ever as good, and then only barely, as his last recorded offense. It is understood by the law that he will offend again. Wants to. Doesn't have to.

Defined psychologically as an illness rather than a performance. As anxiety; a trouble, the constant

monologue with a hectoring alterity demanding something instant or quelled. Excused as want, then need, any john plays to rape. Your read is you, sick, needing to rape anything. Preferences diluted to delays. Hurt it using the confounding language you refuse to learn correctly, fall into sex. Reject down. Beneath what you deserve, bloated king, lazy harridan. Life is an intrusion. Poor dear. Doll. You weren't talking about fucking. You're talking about something more than that, right?

I don't know if I'm right for sure, but I think it might have something to do with drugs, I found out in the worst way how drugs have ruined someone's life.

Please let me prove to my family and myself that I have learned from this experience.

Where are you going to live? Who are you going to avoid for the rest of your life? You have a lot of people to avoid. Some of them might be family until they can get their addictions taken care of.

The mirror behind the bar wouldn't have been glanced at if some younger man, anybody, would have spent more time talking with her.

Always another, learned in faggot bars. A smarmy lesson from an old queen, who took advantage of my kindness not, as he expected, boredom. You're not even drunk enough, queer. Never sit at a bar with a mirror behind it. Poor sad thing. You don't want to see yourself drunk and old. It's not good at the beginning of the night, when you're alone, and if it gets better at the end of the night, you're still alone.

I know what a john looks like. I know why you're allowed to spend more time, sitting in their shacks, creaking the dope she gets when you're in town. What gets sold to them. How you knew what to look for. I know, more, of little obvious this, from the faggot bars. Boys: Can I cum on your face, masturbate while I look at his face. It's not a problem at all. The fat cracked and mutt rearing nigger whores, from my youthful adult hatred. I was only paying twenty dollars or so to. This was, in fact, a problem for them. Take the condom off and keep your puffed head and wig near my cock so I can see it with cum on it's blank hot lost fried talking meat and bone. You know, on the make-up. The clown make-up. Thick. As your backward growing skull. Under brown penitent and feeding splotched's and ignorant men and neighborhoods like that. You spit and it bundled out immediately. They didn't talk, could've though. Nigger would show you more if you might need to see to something like that to get you done. Not, ever, what you thought you wanted to see. Not yellow. Not black. It was stopped. And even it knew that cumming all over its face was you merely telling it was uglier than it cared about, truth be

told. An extra couple of dollars could've have shaken anything loose, your problem, not really hers. Sick or not. Doesn't matter. Uglier than the johns. The prostitutes that I'd visit in Europe, not in Viet Nam, not with drugs, not with a camera crew or a book in tow, not with an interest that I could share and flatter them with, extra money for slow junk and company to sit around with. One showed me a magazine she'd posed in, another stuck her dick in my face as if that's what I was paying for, a french old maid made me wash and didn't speak, another kept her clothes on while I masturbated the next night after I asked her to lie on her bed, naked since that was included, and spread her cunt as far open as she'd like. Thinking I wanted to see the true gore in cunt.

Old queer leans in and asks me if I have any secrets.

Ask me what age I prefer.

Don't worry, punkin, that age isn't here.

I think, I mean, the fear, is a thing we share most with most human beings. You know, we all have the same fears. I mean of course, I kind of work in an underworld or what you call; I'm more exposed to harshness of life, I mean drugs, exploitation, sickness. All these put a very hard pressure on people's lives and minds and brains and bodies. But I think we can share this. Most people with no experience of this harshness of life are quite comfortable with their lives. But still I get so much feedback from people who can recognize themselves in the situation. I think my work doesn't speak about only the sexual condition I'm working with. I try to be part of my subject. Maybe you have heard this before but Francis Bacon saying that he was not trying to describe the awe of life but he was trying to paint the feelings of the people facing the awe.

You could say that a scream is a horrific image; in fact, I wanted to paint the scream more than the horror. I think if I had really thought about what causes somebody to scream, it would have made the scream that I tried to paint more successful. Because I should in a sense have been more conscious of the horror that produced the scream. In fact, they were too abstract.

As long as the experience of Evil remains at the stage of solitary rumination, it is a princely cogito which reveals to consciousness its particularity with respect to Being. I want to be a monster, a hurricane; everything human is alien to me, I transgress all man-made laws, I trample upon all values, nothing which is can define or limit me. Nevertheless, I exist, I will be the icy blast that will destroy all life. Therefore, I am above essence: I do whatever I like, I become whatever I like and I escape what I have just become because I decide to will the contrary of what I willed. I have no law other than my whim because whim,

which is contradictory and fleeting, baffles all definition. I contemplate ironically, outside of myself and even within myself, where education has deposited them, the imperatives of the collectivity. They are there, but they no longer have any effect. I have shelved the world, Being is lit up by the dim light of nonbeing and the universal by that of the exception. The most clear-minded, most carefully premeditated decision to do evil remains a dream, it is a flickering of creation. How could I fail to want to externalize by an act the wonderful instant in which Nothingness holds being suspended in brightness? The crime is a miracle; it will place legality in abeyance. One can kill only in lordly fashion. "And what if everyone did the same?" But the point is that I am not everyone. "And what proof have you?" Nothing other than the act itself. Wonderful, dizzying freedom of the Evildoer: Terror.

You'd watch yourself age.

I don't see you alone.

If you were, you don't think you'd masturbate? If I see you alone, I know you now. That's you being your self-portrait. I don't see you being less repulsive when hoping. Wishing. There's secrets and she'll tell you, is that right. So that you can see yourself in her mirror, our mirror, with you beating off in a corner all by yourself.

I don't see you less disgusting than what you don't look at correctly. Find someone else to tell you the images are different, she's already seen it. You do exactly look like me when I pay. When I'm fine with that. She, nothing new either, knows perfectly well why and how you can make yourself comfortable again. Yeah, I'd like you to cum on my face. I'd like to do that for you. See if you can't get deeper pleasure from watching yourself play with yourself. You're not documenting humanity, you're not trying. Failing, you pass it off as reality when reasons and details don't jibe.

The younger drinking aged let me cum on his face. The secrets aren't that I should be not fucking toddlers or hypocritical old men. The cruelty that I repeat, that is complained over, that I say masks or discloses the intense repellant complexities in selfless, finally, kindness is, they're right, bragging. Anything but truly mean. Or transparent. My contempt for myself ultimately isn't. I understand you're alone. That you finally want to share. Got to. I see it in the others, and I know you're even more alone, not lonely, than that. Not really, only just. The ugly lives you don't want. Are desperate here. The secret is, just, once more open, what you're looking for isn't this. Or what you think you understand enough to lie about it until someone can ask you lovingly to admit even more. And you'll do this next day, john, better.

Masturbating. On her. Here's the problem. I was a better fit. I would have been better for her. There was no cruelty.

Until you figure it out. And all that slow jerking off. The photos of you. Just thinking. Not even wriggling in tedium. Just drinking in front of the bar. Scoping out the restrooms and travel plans and corners where you can masturbate yourself as if where your cum falls, carpet or shut eyes, matters. Share what, finally.

Old enough to know when the video market for home pornography started to offer compilations. I had made one for myself before I had the overture to buy one. Didn't suspect that any audience other than inconsequential would purchase an idea I knew as only personally demanded. There was a job before you developed a taste. There's a difference. There's regret. This is you offering regret. This is you, muck in it. Blinded by other's honesty, honesty in art is worse. I make firm decisions to lie. Not to explain. Let you get it on your own. Honesty is easy, not real, you. You keep your mouth shut and that's more difficult. Not admirable. Your opinions can matter or dilute elsewhere. As conversation.

Go ahead.

I don't want people to think, get ideas and get... I kind of don't want to talk about this.

Uh huh.

Because, if the wrong people hear it, I could see how this could turn somebody on listening in to this.

Well, the thing is... it turns people on, some people, a lot of people, but the other point is it's a way to deal with things and get it out there. You're not saving anybody by keeping this hidden in the closet, you know what I'm saying?

Yeah, but it's on the wrong... see, if I come on a different – a different... this atmosphere is an adult atmosphere, it's not really a... this is where people go to get turned on.

Well, but one of the things I'm trying to do is talk to the people and also talk to the people who do these things. I've been in this business for a long time.

If I did it and I was listening to this, I would like what I was hearing.

Okay.

This sounds very sexual.

Honey, you see the point is, we all gotta deal with that. We have to deal with the fact that we, even you, like what you're hearing.

I don't like this – what I'm hearing.

Because it's you, but maybe if it was someone else, whatever.

I've heard it before and each time it gets me upset when I hear something happening to kids, that's like the main thing that gets me like pissed.

Okay. But I think what people have to deal with is the fact that children are sexual and that people are aroused by children. But the point is, these are not things to act on and it doesn't mean that you can't have a fantasy. There's nothing criminal about fantasies. Everybody has a fantasy.

Yeah, but I don't want, if there's a little kid in that person's house who's getting turned on by this he just goes right to her room or his room. And it will happen.

You know what they always find, when they get sex criminals, it's not the people that have been exposed to things, it's the people that haven't, the people that have been repressed. It's all kind of – it's the people who all they know is – don't do this, don't do this, don't do this.

Oh Honey, I'm trying to forget someone.

Immediately constructed to sound faggot. Wanted to come off like any old queered man. Balding rambling quivering compromise sucking cock to distance itself from the point where something offered, like aggressively decreasing affection is an ideal. Loss is never anything other than the cloying cheap. To just do what faggots do. All the time. So I almost lisped it. Because, cunt, I was looking for that sick excuse where he'd only recognize his very own giving selfless stereotype. You know, because I smelled it off of him. A pudgy gift that had want right now.

You get it, worthless?

You should lie too.

That's your job, isn't it?

I fucking should have asked: OK, how much?

In there: How much money do you want, tell me how much to make this easier for both of us. And I'll see how much I have and how much I don't hurt later giving it to you to make all of this only quicker. As if the best thing I can have isn't available today. Pretend that the best thing I can have is just a simple few minutes with a nice big cock shooting cum into my jaws.

I'll be jerking off anyway.

I know what a better, smarter, face looks like already with cock stuffed up into it.

It's not so sad.

Not if we enjoy it together.

Not if we agree we're doing all of this together.

What do I have that you want?

She's a smart woman. This comes after "I'm looking for someone that's not an idiot."

You have a cow you take care of back home, doll?

I'm not a farm boy.

No. No. Not at all. Only if you're something other than the intelligent boy I can already see you are. It's only going to be more boring than what I have to take care of back home. Don't worry, it's not an insult coming from me. After all these years. You know, I know. Trust me.

Ask me about the cow I take care of.

When I go to sleep, and I barely ever dream these days, I'm just passing out recently, I usually think I'd like to do that. But to make it more sexual. Film it. Otherwise, really, all that happens is claiming, crying, sobbing theater. You know how that works?

The lifeless story you were going to relive when you said you didn't have a cow to take care of.

Don't you think the cow takes care of you?

I'd rather he come back, after finding someone else. And tell me he'd like to watch.

His new partner asked him to go find me.

Bring him back here, he said, apparently. Pointed to me maybe. Age, weight, so few other details. There's better pictures to look straight at. Women, preferably. This place is usually nearly empty these days.

Followed him back to the room further from the fire escape where I'd sit outside smoking. The first little room off had a TV monitor playing the porn the shop invited you to like enough to take home and watch with less time to fill. Before the plus twenty dollars to experience what should supersede the other real thing.

One last time in the TV room, some fat old naked man asked to be rubbed all over. I was already sat next to some gelled wetback troll and inexpertly directed them together. Belly fat soaked in body oil, the muddier had hair grease everywhere else. I'd slide off anything I touched and in.

I just want to watch the monitor.

I'll suck you.

Slid into a different bonier ass later just as smoothly. Spying spic sped away. Tugging his chicken foreskin and pinching his tight flabbed shirt.

I thought you were going to fuck that granpa.

No.

This is better.

The last time downstairs, I was trying to just buy some older films that I found out were sold under the counter. With this past, I have many more last times to add up. While I was waiting, this last exact time, I watched a short asian nondescript much older than myself wait for the nigger queen who was putting numbers and titles into a computer to finish so he could scurry back to the entry window and take the money bent was clutching. Minority dregs combined sludge: Young, ghetto nightoff cocksucker and old forgotten toupeed jagged mess with nothing like a sell-by as bleak or promising any longer. Wage groupings similar. Clientele had altered the employers.

The queer boy I wasn't trying to talk to insisted on the room towards the stairwell, nearer the front.

I have a friend that wants to meet you.

I'm okay here. I'm just tired.

You're just sitting here, wasting time.

Is he worth it?

Yes.

Please. Just find someone else, will you?

You're playing so hard to get, fuck. Come on.

I should have told him to drop his pants. Stuffed mouth around his trade or told him to turn around and stuffed face around sickness. I've done it before. I like these young men to pose away from me first. Let me watch you, I don't want anything else. I've been trying to not go home until I've fucked something though.

I got up instead and walked behind him. Stupid payjob this trash crept behind was fetching me for some nigger standing against a wall, otherwise ignored as breed typical.

You have got to be fucking joking.

Not with that.

All I initially wanted to do was find a sum – circuitously surreal or maliciously identified – between two quotes. The first about wanting to see his babies grow up strong and beautiful. The last being something barely english from text messages between him and some hooker he knows well enough to want to see again. She wants money and time from him while he's looking for a same-old for drugs. Anything at all between quotes, then reversed, would be the pornography that contradicted and humiliated the hunt. Pornography isn't what any idiot uses to pull himself off to orgasm. Desire doesn't define the skirmish, pornography is the impulse that the experience gets in the way of. The literary sub-truth that pornography is a type. And it could be better if you weren't acting like one, instead of looking for one.

An unusual choice of words, "knifing off" refers to literally cutting one's bonds to the criminal past. The identified turning points, each in its own way, can cut off the past from the present, provide supervision and monitoring as well as opportunities for social support and growth, bring change and structure to routine activities, and provide an opportunity to identify transformation. What gets knifed off?

The past. This refers to moving on from the past.

Social roles. Getting rid of old roles and their social difficulties.

Associates. Getting rid of undesirable companions. This is similar to the differential association position.

Disadvantage. Compensating for personal deficits (educational, social, economic).

Stigma. A process of delabeling, either formal or personal.

Opportunities. Eliminating old options for criminal involvement.

For example, I'm certain that I went looking for only coke. I've been doing well at forgetting about anything else and it seems to fit the autistic grill that is probably going to have to be explained back to suckers like me as maddening later. Main section would be not to forget that the runts I'd have to explain myself to would, in fact, have been taught how to listen incorrectly. I do this after all. There's a noticeable, definite, drop in accomplishment. In the work actually getting started and carried through to finish. They, once again, didn't do it. Then again, they didn't settle for verity. I don't get out of these places, haven't for decades.

Another example; the bind I was looking for was a simple salesman. I would prefer astriction to sex, though the story would, yet again, be in what flesh acquiesced. The tired witless tour between actualization and empty headed release to curtailment. Which could further be contemptuously reduced to yearning. I was looking for where Antoine cleared he didn't care, after he did. Initially.

Showed that he was beside a more professional, emotional ability than offering concern for the excrement he photographed by hurting himself. In effect, he cared too much. I swear I see that. Then talk myself out of it, not by design. Scratching at the obscenity diminished by forgetting, going dumb, falling for swagger like transgression, ecstasy, endorphins. You do not scar, prick. You'll have to keep trying to raise welts that only want like yours when you look back at her thighs and lips.

Another problem as example. The insult for johns who abused young hustlers used to be pig-johns. The abuse customers act out has nothing to do with the way they wilt. Any worthwhile hustler isn't looking for someone attractive to let them feed cock to. The pig-johns are the ones that argue about money or try to cheat.

This is what happens.

The last time I was there, which was just a few weeks ago, I was confident that it was the only way to get some more meth in my cowtown. A recent arrest fucked things up for everybody. Thankfully, I'd have to look for the older guys. Fuck, older than me. Not the younger prettier hustlers. Or the lived-in more handsome of my age. Stockpiled for trading. Users. I like the wizeners to begin with. I'd been there earlier in the week, during the day, just outside. And I didn't want anyone's fucking faggot pills.

All I did was front possible drawn-outs to score speed instead of dirt. You want to have a good time? Can you get anything? PNP isn't going to sound right coming out of this cop's mouth. I'd have no issue proving my commitment like any other crack whore without the connection or the wiles or the HIV pregnancies. It doesn't matter quite as deeply as you think. It never did. Not sex. Not pay. These are smart girls. Not really. The Floridian garbage that gets sold as swampier than the rest of the laundered on the covers in the rack aren't for the lower forms of creeps. The men looking for pretty girls want to see pretty girls made just as ugly. A higher drop when the genes are shared and recognizable. Typical girls with more cover, cuter, watchful and better paychecks for more units than flat fee everybodies.

The pimps and performers opt to sell their selfishness. The picture where they wanted to get sucked, then loosing themselves with their eyes closed dreamily if not staring, if not instructing. Sell truth as lofty contempt for lies. Faced across the table, any selfish talkative would bore. Do me a favor. You'll feel better as well, finally. A different transcript this time. Instead of locating the cheap degrees that a jobber could recognize in his hires, tried to pin down the personal pimp as much as a photograph could siphon me switching sides. I muttered to myself. Didn't find me more interesting, just far more interested. Then told it I was doing it a favor, thereby ruining the favor.

The redone theater porn I was buying that placed faggots in bathroom stalls and toilets had pushed the mentality that anybody could do shoddy instead of horny. So southern drawl redundancy took his camera and recorded street hookers sucking on any cock out men through gloryholes and kneel

and stand gaggles. Bought footage of his sort talking dreck to dope slugs and made taglines to sell prostitutes.

What other activities did you not do as a result?

The cops didn't charge me with what they didn't find. But I got rid of it all the same.

The origin of this process of maturation was desire; the only possible outcome, awareness.

Describe your personal and social relationships at the time of your internet use. What effect did your use of the internet have, if any, on your personal and social relationships?

The main maneuver used to preserve identity under pressure from the dread of engulfment is isolation.

I take my place in the world, reinvent its usage, free myself from a logic geared to replacing desire with fear.

Describe your financial situation, before and during your internet use. Were there any changes as a result of your internet use? If so what were these?

Julia's son told the police that his 78 year old mother went to pubs on the weekends as a prostitute. She didn't walk the streets, she wore black stockings and didn't do very well most nights, just returning home very drunk.

I dive into the mirror the world projects, I exacerbate my desire, I adjust the distance separating me from others, I no longer bother about reducing the world to an intelligible and representable surface.

Describe the content of your collection. Size of your collection, type of images, sexual activities portrayed, age, race and gender of the child in the images.

The head bartender at the Victoria Hotel had to stop Julia from accosting men at his bar. She'd get drunk and pretend she was a prostitute. The men would laugh at her when she talked about money.

I grasp at risk, hazard and desire in a frantic search for the feeling of belonging to life, being in life, being alive.

How did you organize the images in your collection?

Normatively, we argue that individuals should not be forced to undergo changes in their character or core sense of self against their wishes. Pragmatically, we doubt whether such a thing is really possible, as a normal response to perceived coercion is defiance and possibly an attempt to reassert a sense of agency using whatever ways are at hand.

To accept new responsibilities and methods, reinvent its own usage of the world and free itself from any logic geared to replacing desire with fear.

What categories did you use?

She wasn't hurting anyone, her son thought. Not herself. She couldn't hurt anyone else.

It's this banal process that I strive to put an end to through both my art and my actions: to shatter this state of a chronic lack in order to regenerate desire, to relearn the autonomous gestures of pleasure, to re-appropriate my own body to myself, to forge my own destiny, to redefine my own identity, outside of my mere capacity to contribute towards production and consumption.

What names did you use for your directories and folders?

She'd only ask for a single pound sometimes. Taking off her panties and holding them up, saying she's willing to go as low as a pound.

Heat spreads through the neck, the jaw stiffens, the senses suffocate anxiety, desire overwhelms the mind, the genitals become engorged and life overthrows reason.

List category, such as "girl oral" or series name. Where from?

It was inspirational. This wasn't table tennis. This was dancing. This was testing out your own sexuality. Normal people would become very un-normal. It was Welcome to the Pleasure Dome. It was everything.

It's an old ploy. You ask him to show you how you treated him.

Give approximate time frame.

He was fun, he'd say, "Oh Jimmy! Come here! I'd love to suck your fucking cock!" He was a silly, fluffy man.

Desire is the fundamental tool in this process of emancipation.

What fantasies accompanied these images?

I remember being back here having one of my whisky and Coca-Colas one night, and the other old fucker turned to me and he said, "I like fucking lorry drivers."

The enduring pathway between the world of fear and that of desire is an act of love, without reasoning and against reasoning.

What level of arousal was experienced?

One time he placed his penis within the pages of a gay centerfold and showed it to my friend, who proceeded to kick the magazine and this guy's dick, and he yelled at me: "Come on, Jimmy, we're fucking out of here!"

Through a desire for humanity, through rage, with only the will to undermine the foundations of moral order and invent a mad utopia of all that is harmful.

How intense?

What he wrote doesn't matter, he was performing and you'd see it. You could see what had become of

a person that had done that all his life. He's become very confused, very attractive and willing.

Confronting the inherent contradictions to the use of documentary photography, I document what I live and live the situations I document; on a path overshadowed by risk, hazard, desire and unconsciousness, in a frantic search for the feeling of being alive, of being part of life.

How often resulting in masturbation?

Not having raped before, I'm caught off guard by her fury, her indefatigable effort to talk me out of it, her insistence that pornography would be just as effective, the wrenching final expression of disgust and despair on her face and my own self-revulsion – even if it is just fantasy research.

It has no choice but to rely on action, accept new aims and methods, and free itself from a global and insidious ideology geared to replacing desire with fear.

Can you identify any factors – actual events, the way that you were thinking, the way that you felt – that predated your current offense and which you think might be important?

In 2006, she was ordered by a judge to stay out of an 8-square-mile zone of Manatee County as part of a plea deal on a prostitution and drug possession charge.

In modern society, everything is done to eradicate every trace of desire, rage, violence, pain, fear or animal pleasure.

These may have occurred in the distant past, for example, childhood, or more recently?

In the vehicle, she exposed herself to the officer and asked him to touch her to prove he was not a cop. She also asked the officer to expose himself to prove he was not a policeman,

It's just a matter of desire and integrity.

What made you decide to use the internet?

She believes whatever her social worker says. I keep telling her she doesn't know how it'll turn out. She's got a job but she needs a better one.

I do everything I can to make sure fear never overcomes desire, and desire never overcomes compassion.

Did the internet change the way you were thinking?

She set up a shrine to Carlie in her living room, with Carlie's star-spangled platform shoes, her photos and her ashes in a silver heart locket. She hoped it would make Mom feel close to her daughter.

Today, I keep struggling to invent new ways and formal strategies, to explore new textures and surfaces as a way to be able to focus on the essential: the authenticity and the intensity of my desire, of my commitment.

In what way?

It doesn't matter what you give somebody that has these kinds of problems. The materialistic part of it doesn't matter. It's the money in their pocket. It's that drive that gets them to go back and use.

I structure a physical and psychic path overshadowed by deformity, rejection, dependence, pain, numbness, estrangement, risk, hazard, desire or unconsciousness.

At what point did you start to look for child abuse images on the internet?

It's no longer about Carlie. Carlie's gone. Carlie's in heaven. Carlie is looking down right now and she is probably so ashamed for her mother. This is the side of Susan that Carlie wanted so badly to get better.

As the language of instinct and the flesh, as a barrier against puritanical and economical order, art must free itself from a global and insidious ideology geared to replacing desire with fear.

At any time did you feel what you were doing was a problem to you?

Trying to touch me. It didn't get really worse until after a couple of nights. And so it just kept getting worse, and it was hard because I wasn't getting a lot of sleep. And, like, after the first night, I knew that it wasn't going to be all that great.

One cannot apprehend reality without being involved physically, without inhaling entirely, or nourishing the liberty to act, to unveil desire or lack thereof, to envision violence.

What was the effect on the way you were feeling when you found child abuse images?

All he did. It wasn't that bad, I don't think it was bad at all. Just look at the pictures of some woman he knew who had really big tits. And he wanted to see me get a hard-on, just while I was looking at the pictures.

These women are the prototype of the new proletariat in a world where frantic sexual consumerism has replaced desire and memory.

What was the effect on your sexual fantasies?

They weren't told what to look for. I've been doing it since. But I've stopped now. They won, their interest in me should have stopped.

Their body is the strategic receptacle of the capitalist who desires the fleeting passion of the flesh.

What was the effect on your life off-line – in the real world?

Now that there's fewer places to go, there's no question about wanting to be the one that built it. I wouldn't. It's the same impulse that sends me there though. The exact same situation that isn't as compelling, impulsive, as one pleads in court for example. My analysis isn't flawed, it's nonexistent.

This desire will generate an energy that does not exclude a kind of violence.

How would you describe your life on-line – when using the internet?

They wouldn't be interested in the numbers. They wouldn't think you'd collect such a throwaway thing. I understand that I wouldn't keep any of it anymore either.

I've seen too many men waiting to cum.

How important were on-line social relationships and friendships?

Brenda's only arrest for a drug-related offense was for possession of drug paraphernalia, and authorities have not announced any indication so far to theorize that the murders were drug-related.

The drugs in there were almost without exception located because I was stinking drunk when I asked for it. Sober, I wanted it just as much.

Using the list below, describe the offending behaviors that you engaged in:

Downloading child abuse images.

Some of these guys, they just want to talk. You have to listen to them.

He showed me some of the film he had. And told me he was going to record what I wanted to say about it. Then he started asking me questions, all the same shit he'd already heard.

Trading child abuse images.

You don't learn anything?

They all sound the same. They don't care what I think either.

Distributing and producing child abuse images.

That would make a difference?

The conversation would be better, quicker.

Engaging with internet seduction of child.

What could they possibly tell you?

Nothing. They could ask. I don't care either, I know. Is that what you're asking? They ask shit that gets them hard.

Committing contact offenses with child.

You just sit in a room waiting for men to come in and wait for them to cum?

When they leave, you're just waiting again. It's better if they talk, you figure out how to get rid of them. You have to do something else than waiting. You need to have something to do, it can't be always just fucking despising them. You need something to keep you awake. I don't care what they think. You lose your curiosity.

For each offense, list what was going on in your life that made the activity possible, and describe the way that you were feeling. Try also to identify the thoughts that routinely went with each activity.

They ask me if I came.

He didn't hurt me.

What influenced your decision to go one step further along the offending process?

I've asked him: You don't hurt them, do you? I know what to say, what'll get him to answer truthfully. He knows he can't lie to me. I know him too well.

I knew that the best way to hurt you was to hurt you like I was hurt.

Have you at any time tried to stop using the internet to access child abuse images?

This is not a confession. My confession was a long time ago. My argument, essentially, your honor, is no argument. I'm just trying to be dramatic like the government.

He continued to have little insight into his behaviors, and put little effort toward modifying them. Complicating the clinical picture is a long standing history of sexually deviant behavior and sexual excitement he associates with aggression and violence.

If so, how many times did you try and stop the usage?

To the other girls, she was a bit of a joke. None of them could remember her ever picking up anyone who wasn't very, very drunk.

She had never spent the night with a client. Her son would worry about her, she knew.

Why do you think you were not successful?

Yes. Then again. This life is hard. Quite hard. Very hard.

He told a psychiatrist that he thought of those photos when he raped that boy.

Was he thinking of the photos as a possible excuse?

He was reliving it.

That's not what he said. He was aware of the photos at the time of the rape, I don't think so.

It wasn't an excuse he was formulating.

He's saying he was cast back.

No, he was living it. Right then. He knew what he was doing was what he had been thinking of previously.

No, I actually remember all of it. It's too detailed to forget. It's not something that anybody could forget.

Does this affect the way you feel about your ability to control using in the future?

I just know that it was heart-breaking hearing about it, you know, just not knowing if that little girl was going to be found or was going to be found alive, like I was, or you know, was going to, you know, just end up in a bad situation. And that just made me really upset.

At this point, he laughed at her, telling her she was old enough to be his mother. She responded by grasping his penis through his trousers and trying to undo his fly-buttons. When he said no, she pulled down hard on his tie and he pushed her away. As he walked back, she followed him, cursing him. That was her most nights, drunk and yelling at men who didn't want to fuck her or, even if they were plastered, didn't want to pay for it.

My boy was angry.
He shouldn't hide niggers.
Good luck with that.
Instead of:
I don't want to see you fuck that nigger either.
I don't want to see him take his dick out.
Not for you.
Will he do what I say? If he wants me to watch. He has to play by the audience instructions, okay?
Is he smart enough to understand what I'm saying?
You're white, right? All white – you're not related or anything?
Do you think he can get it?
Do you think he likes you enough to do what you say? Tell him to keep his fucking cock in his pants. Tell him to not get hard. See if he can understand that you don't want to see him be a gorilla. Tell the nigger to not be a nigger. Tell him he doesn't have to do that here, for once. There's alot of white people around that he could take lessons from.
They're all girls.
Find a white one.

You've thought about this?

Yes. Of course. Quite a bit.

And what did you decide?

She can talk over it. He should tell her she should. Try to come to an agreement with him. Then tell him what he didn't get. He should convince her that she could do that.

He should tell her to talk all over him. Explain what's going on. In. Directly in front of everything he's missed, missing. She's perfectly capable of telling where he's been just wrong for this entire tiresome dribble. Doesn't know where to see a strong woman first. His first. How petty. Over pretty.

When she opens it up again she'll only come out with what you were expected to do for her. Line them up, itemize what hasn't been done right first. What were your expectations. How was I supposed to make you happy. Truth is, you have the differences in kind. He's not quick enough to admit it at first. Thought, not often enough, that he had led her to believe that this was what was most important to him. Just to do what was right, for once, for a change, for him too.

Choose me. Let him make himself sick, worried, psychotic, let him swallow therapy and babied pharmaceuticals and waste and repeat. All he fucking wants is to know that he doesn't have to worry about you. An apology won't change anything, past or next.

There's nothing to save. There's nothing to begin with. Nothing worth anything. Left. You can talk all you want. There's a sticky memory to go with every photo. Don't compare it to anything that I'd care more about. It's not abject, not to where you'd enjoy that. You haven't been rejected quite hard enough. Or, rather, this is what you currently have. Can't give up what you don't know yet. Quit acting like you haven't learned anything. Quit acting. Like you didn't actually have something in front of you.

Guess that's what you always had.

Not even what you're stuck with, caption.

Explain promise.

I guarantee this has happened. He's told her he'd help her. And told her she was smart. And the more he tried to get her to understand her stall disorder and daily scheme, he couldn't bring himself to say, explain, you're too dumb, genetically, altered beyond even that now, to keep pushing him back. Playing insane. It'll become truth. Which is when the worrying impossibly stops. That's how you fell in love. The dread that you pound and cinch – it'll get worse after you leave – is how you fall deeply into over-worked solicitude. As if it exists. Or previously unfamiliar.

What can someone else give you. What he repeats. Regresses just enough to actually finally fucking do no quantifiable work. Get maybe just that.

You give it back.

This time, instead of me.

Gives her his hand-out chance to sound like he's not unfair, not pedantic, not as protected as he was when she said it was alright to take the photo.

And, anyway, that allegory became fact. Cheap, reliable youth. Later when she takes another chance to just get her mindless used story talked, to an even smaller audience, she'll light the fuck up for attention not regret. Search out the ancient pictures and research for the garbage that hit the edit floor and files.

Don't use fiction as evidence, twat. What you did is clear. And it's not a problem, first of all. You look good this way. There's some lies. And I could win. But you'd only hear the anticipatory compliments. So I'm just keeping my mouth shut. Those pictures of her crying. Maybe they're really shots of me not telling you worse. Maybe that's there to make a stay fake and worse.

It's not there, anyway. Again. And, frankly, it won't matter who the biggest cunt in the room was back then. It might work for a minute or two while you say it. At this age, I understand that. That's why it's okay, you know, understandable. Go on, call a cunt a cunt. Nice cunt.

I think I understand what you're trying to say. I mean, I'm listening. That matters too, right? You have to be listened to, yes?

Do you know what it's like to have to listen to you get bitter? Get old. Fat first. Apologize for having that incorruptible illness inside. After I told you all of this long fucking before.

I have a picture where even her repair seems crooked. Her wracked personality isn't helped by her unsweetly personalized and then intricately weighed, retested, re-calibrated toxic medication, it's clear.

Pig starts sucking meth, talking like another dunce only sweaty and apologetically.

I thought I could argue with you about it. But I'm not going to win against the recreation and extra help that screams just best to ignore this completely. Your face has turned unctuous, little less likely in oil and grease, you can't slur your way out of it anymore. I do actually remember when you weren't like that. All that help didn't help right. Loss isn't like this. Thank fuck, you really haven't lost anything. Could've picked someone better to listen to. Listen to me this time.

I wasn't trying to forget someone specific. Rather, as I've always done and always bitched about, explicitly tried to planate all of them exactly where I was, whenever I could. I wanted to keep going back to this joint just so I could put her there. Remember her. Exactly as I configured her and would ignore her resistance. I wanted to be here. And with her. Through men not moving what they're doing, where they are or what they can have. Inside what was going to happen. And I wouldn't even consider not doing it. I gave in. Before I got there. Outside. For the slovenly agains.

I know what pornography is. Available easy. No matter how often I tell myself that it hasn't done anything real for me. The opposite, clearly, is true. Personal proof. Decades and boxes of it.

Sat in obscenity, I've come here for fragility. To watch, dumb, I have to pretend that these monsters clawing up the walls behind me are ruthlessly connected to my eyes and brain in equality and blood. To do otherwise, to admit, I have to subsume failure aesthetics. Which offends me, soldier. Because it isn't true, no matter how freudian, culturally, legally, locked. I can show you how. Some cross-eyed drunk tells you as he guides your hard-on into where lube is supposed to form naturally. And I love that it doesn't.

True. Wait.

Look, I know how to do it. And if I didn't, I'd figure it out quick enough up for the second attempt, right?

I'm not drunk enough to find you probable. For the last two decades, I've never come here without being drunk. Get drunker but rarely sick from the alcohol instead of the meat.

I followed another in, basically again. Made the decision to go as if I hadn't decided at him as far as he should know. I could, cleanly, apologetically, find the same thing, the same heavenly proscribed ecstatic pawn, in him that I could in child pornography anyway. I wouldn't, as the audience descended, treat him rudely. I would respond obsequious. I wouldn't have to tell anyone else to make it reappear. I had to act open; loving. And as cruel and quiet and welcoming as I could switch on snap. I've been called a liar so much these days that I've started to enjoy the first sad glint. Cocked by half-wits whose definition of courage is the ugliest, loudest, part of their Veracity The Clown show. Separate definitions veer into playdate language and I get merely comfortable with living the sneering hide. Darling. I let him fuck himself. I have never experienced that urgency that is somehow supposed to exist inside me, pushed up in me as I grew up from fealty or holidays or the flat wide earth of swarming insects. If this seems current, it is not.

You be the animal, alright?

Let me know how it works and what I'm missing. You know that clip where you're screaming at a wall? Stud. The dip where you decide you should just cum to make me feel finished? When you can give me the fast part and haul faculty too, yeah, fucking yeah. Nothing really so difficult to get out of your head all the time. Where you know what's best for someone else who won't fucking listen? Not do what you want, help out. I don't want to decide for you. What's juiciest to forget or place forefront for a few seconds. I don't have to accept any of it as congenital, preferring to keep it as exciting, timidly, as hate. I despised this slaphead creep and everything he was is that. I've seen it before. Works, dog, yeah…? I wanted to see it again. Enjoy, slight, obvious. Can't keep listening to armies of moaning

recalcitrants just to fuck up what I do just a little more often.

Did you ever think for a moment, without hearing yourself away, that you don't know what the fuck it is you're talking all the time about. That this is why we have to get you to stop. That we need to ban this type of thing that you represent and infect. Precisely because of people like you.

I spent two days with an old girlfriend that ended up in the emergency ward. I hadn't talked with her for weeks but got called when her new boyfriend beat her up and broke her jaw and arm and seriously fucked up her insides. I sat in the ER and held her hand as best as I could while this endless stream of doctors stitched up her face and worked on the teeth that had been sheared out of her ripped apart hung open mouth. She was having panic attacks and started crying when she was on the table at one point so the doctors tried to fit me in around them as they stuck threads and lights and soldering guns all over the bones they could see through slash wounds. I was getting nauseous and flashing and tried to not get in the fucking way by not fainting or looking away and focus on squeezing a hand that probably didn't know if it was a doctor or a nurse or a low christian care giver. She had her eyes covered because of the bright lights and magnifiers the doctors need to see what they're trying to stick and pull tight to stop larger scars from looking as horrific later as they did now. Morphine keeps you hallucinating as it stays you from barely sleeping through pain and shock, it doesn't let you shut up or not hear things that you're making up in your brain. I wasn't thinking little songs or rotten ugly selfless itemizings while I was standing there. I knew I had done this to her. That this all was my fault and talking about it later would sound grotesque and self-serving. Psychotic to anyone who cared for me, worrisome for my future, and pathetic and egotistical to anyone else who wanted me to stop assuaging guilt by getting words in front of need. It wasn't fake. I did do this. I wasn't responsible legally, the doctors knew that, I was the part of the team that they'd have to perform for. It was me that beat her into this ordeal. I was the one that started the process that was beginning here. It was me, not just my fault or my confessed unfocused and confused past, that punched her so hard as to break her skull into halves and send her through the years she has left with a jagged scar underneath her mouth that made you think she had two. The blood that was dripping out of her eyes that had to be stitched by burning her with a numbing agent was what I've been masturbating about and dreaming myself fucking against all the time I was sick enough to conflate pain with sex. It's always been this way. I needed a sexual component, a penetration of some gorilla portion, in every single newsclipping or photograph or film I ever picked. And didn't understand that I was missing the wall for the fear, the truth for the lies. It's an ugly item to receive. But the artwork that had been created, not under-experienced, had to be merely stumbling through every single experience like a dumb plug. If this sounds revelatory, I don't think that applies. Though I know it's me, once again, looking to condition the conversation

against the past of reading crap like that and tracing repulsion before sympathy. A second disgust. I've had these stories for a long time, rolling back and forward, fucked on drugs or not. This is just another. The dope offered by doctors to placate the hallucinations are the same drugs that I'd pick to speed the images and bad connections forward. Not chemically. But life-long. I didn't hit her. I didn't abandon her. Was there, then, to protect her as much as I was told to. A cop took information from me and gleaned smarmy details about my life from what he needed to pick out from whatever he hoped I didn't know I was giving him. The nurses were groveling and underpaid and the surgeons were used to performing around phony emotional nonsense when graphs and readings were dictating highly mathematical chances. I would have had to change if it was a revelation. Understood something new and deeply contorted it into better, safer, kinder. Instead of searching around my imaginary presence for a nicer time right then than a cue. Some imbecile fucking cunt instead of wanting photos and more details non-stop for the rest of my pleasure sinking existence of women who'd had their faces beaten to pulp and spent the next long years of their lives putting make-up on over their unhidden messes to impress.

Wasn't tired that way at all. I didn't want to go home afterward. I was exhausted. Didn't want to go back to my apartment and fall asleep and let what I had seen her go through, what everyone from the man who beat her into this to the twenty or so men that slid her shattered teeth out of her gums and stitched through her chin and cheeks, leave my brain for the small time it would take to give away to just sleep. I was worried that if I went somewhere that I knew, I'd end up talking to someone familiar and waste the details by telling him about what had happened to her and what I had to see and what it looked like to be inside my head and inability to save the world, system, future damage that I was threatening inwardly. Here's what you have to do now. The long road to recovery. There are no simple answers because there are no stops long enough to create the time that would extend the worth of the dullard questions. If I have to continue the demands of simplicity, then the answer should sound like I went to see cruelty. And then I have to align what I had to do to see it and how I could convince myself that it was there as far outside of myself as impossible to biographically experience what it actually might be in momentarily satisfying or perpetually grieving for thought. First shit answer would be to pick perpetual. Since I kept going back. And you really don't know, unless it's embarrassingly clear and redundant, how much I really do think of nothing else but this. Anything pragmatic or distancing, I'd rather not waste my time. One does. But it isn't a choice.

The adult bookstores were open around the clock as I was growing up and getting used to it badly. Most of them now razed utterly or empty and law bright, I was still intent on finding as many men together rather than simply late night jobbers or amblers. I picked as many strangers as I knew would

be available at once. Counted my chances before I entered to count them again. This wasn't looking for a short panic relief and it wasn't trying to move away and stop. You dumb cunt.

Fuck this waiting, this time, this dating and looking for a close other than clearly expressed. One white faggot sauntering through the first aisle I went through. Told him to stop in the middle by putting my hand on his chest, his winter coat on and his hands in his pockets at his waist. Immediately pouched around for crotch. Then unzipped myself before his. He didn't move away, neither would've I. Still soft, I pulled my cock out and started to jerk myself to get hard and felt everything he had around his pants and thighs. Reached his stupid hand out of his pocket for him and pushed it onto his own package. My hand over his, showing him what it it felt like, what I was getting from holding fatty soft denim rough bunched up cock and balls. Let him unzip and take it out if he wanted to or if he wanted me to suck on it for him. Socket took it wrong and pulled back to drop kneel open and mouth me too quick. Knew how to pump through pants without unfastening and give him more hair and sac. Just fuck him to get myself hard. There are other concerns. Which I'm glad are present so that this is never giving up or losing thoughts where body is bragged celebratory. Another hog did it for me. Barreled around my shoved back and forth to try to jerk my pants down over faggot connected face to cock. I'd have to have idiot stop his wet slurp and draw to shimmy out in the aisle and allow what I didn't see coming to jam his tongue inside my asshole before he wanted to fit his hard-on in. As much as I had money and ID, I figured just as sudden as I couldn't spit on one's head or another's face or kick my shoes into either. Culled from rape, theft, gall and disgust, I grabbed the aisle cocksucker by coat shoulders and lifted him up. Take your fucking cock out and stand there and let me stare at it while I jerk off. While, now, this undoubtedly old fat wife-beating creep licks any asshole out in front of him so that neither you nor I can watch him do his levels. He let me pull him up and push him away enough so that he didn't fall backwards and understood I was either going to suck his better erect or leave him standing wet and stupid or suggest we enter a booth available, my dick out in public, to avoid the monster spit troll ruining what I wanted and he was quicker at. What I wanted was hardly life-changing. The woman in the chair with her blood bucket under her chin and the sucking and pushing machines in her mouth and arm was starting her new life firsts and adjustments. It was going to look very sad and sound that way when they talked about the photographs that would come from court and lawyers and friends lucky to have those moments shared core. This was what I've been doing my entire teenage to coming dotage. The best thing that could happen, when you combine ideas, in here coming from there, letting delicate thoughts mix as if you couldn't fucking pull them apart if you weren't searching for caustic comfort and yarn, was that I said, outloud, that I've decided I was wrong. A twist being that I was worried that I was going to have to follow the trail to looking for

photos of fat women with their faces beaten black so that there was more personality in being in love, humanly stupid, than in sex, nigger driven. Sadly, that twist didn't sit as easy as it would've liked to tell. Been looking in the wrong place. The cigarettes that got burned out on faces and pregnant bellies and the junk stories before the hundred dollar suck-offs were white trash and the cigarette burns stamped into knuckle split wounds on his dumb enough to lick wife or younger girlfriend or toddler rat lice child recorded prissily for pornography suffered from sale. The garbage picking around the floor for sex, whether or not it was physically or psychologically concocted, weren't recorded, were nothing, never connected or experienced clawed or full or wistful or wanting. The mistakes are only documents when they're less than pornography. Try explaining what happened. Rework a past that starts with recalling events for a form of structure and fact, spewing jagged details as a creep would cheapen cheapest, put you back in his place sub-romantically so that he comes off reliant. Evasive. Better. No excuse surmounts critique. Doesn't hit you later when you revisit, get reminded. Put days in front of you so that your real talking and adding job didn't matter. I only found a little clue about who was licking inside my asshole and pawing my balls and ass and thighs after I left the booth from the blowjob. The faggot, thin, tall who stared at me like one of any queen that acted like he knew what I was there for more than the ones that might want him all the time looked a little more ridiculous when he stared back. I give a fuck. And I don't know. If he wanted to finish. The rat I closed the door with sucked fully clothed as soon as we fumbled away from anything I didn't want, apparently, and I cummed in mouth and floor, not face and tongue rewash within minutes. Never groped him again or asked to see the cock that was my simple original only simpler intention. Just let me cum this way turned into just let me cum your way. And I cum quick, get hard because I wanted to forget what was available instead of what was central. This fast loud fist and grease was, he could tell you, close enough to rape to enjoy it. The bitchy approval of whatever he beats up at home and drinks next door and takes in his ass at home around his dog and plants and pills is less that I didn't want to stop or couldn't think better and more I needed a fucking picture of the entire place without him in it. By the time the establishing shot finds him standing, the anxiety that he represents as lousy as any actor could ever stand in for, I'm more the guilty audience than guilty transferring laze. I'd sit in the cab of a meat truck with my hard dick out exactly the same. I'd stay sat behind the windshield if they weren't on the corner in the meat packing district and rub my cock through my pants, often enough, I'd drive back around, watch and expose myself to myself. Cum with a few quick tights while I stopped and watched. Did the same exact perfect control superseding lack of control, frankly, every day afterward and before I found whatever I was supposed to imagine their complicated lives actually existed. Happen to them. With enough will to shadow responsibility into genetics. Again, it's not impossible to enjoy

this. List cums and thoughts, discard cums and wish, forget pornography. My job is to convince you that I'm not self-pitying. Silently recognize that you're petty. Always stuck. Outwardly wrong but need some information. Another mistake, pulling it long enough to do interviews where you get to say what you've learned about those you photograph to confess that you've had to take their failures and frivolity inside your drug, sex, blurs and sold a larger desperation as minor documentation. Crackers acting like niggers, they expect more from a slop and penetration. Define it a little better, not much to ask for from you, is it? You want to, right?

Not an argument with Antoine. What he says makes sense to me. Antoine can try. To articulate the lives, or his. Not enough like mine or how one should learn by now to mope. My choice to reduce his vague, perfectly desperate responses to even less isn't done to pinpoint prurience or laud the banality of contradictions and intellectualized sexual honesty. I think he should be placed in art rather than pornography, since, honestly, one has to choose, label, sell, mutter. Having a place to go where the level isn't boastful but conciliatory is a better place to have. The arguments are most often with those that need to blame the offer; who usually opt for the same slimy conclusion as me. Important to them to find expansion, humanity, a lean reason instead of bulk obsession. Failure, shrug-marketing and limp frightened objects performing jobs. Sex is tacky, central, but mysterious as long as the mystery is highlighted. Condemn the pain on one side while indulging it on the other. Pick bravery and introspection rather than impulsive divestiture and repetition. Point to the pain, reference a cause, track back but don't return. Don't progress unless it's to be overwhelmed.

Think of life events as chapters. You get eight tries. Eight critical events that you are to approach as a life story. Each section is a way for the interviewer to see the myth that the subject has created of himself and to then compare the myth with fact and empirical behavior. The chapters are High Point, Low Point, Turning Point, Earliest Memory, Important Childhood Scene, Important Adolescent Scene, Important Adult Scene, One Other Important Scene.

A decision was made before I saw Antoine's exhibition at Le Bal to write between what I kept reliant or exciting in his photographs and what I had whittled down from all he had explained about his reasons for wanting to take photographs rather than forget lag. By exclusion, but more purposively by galling disagreement, I clipped and isolated health. This wasn't as cheap as it may sound since the concept was obvious in ubiquity and that I reacted to it every time I circled it with another even cheaper, dismissive, replacement. Quietly, now not. Where I wanted Antoine to talk about pasts, backward, he talked about hope, forward. I understood where he went, didn't

trust that he was seeing what he protected and thus, pretended to look past. Plus I wanted to stay. Going. Stopped. Stuck but, easy enough only, leaving what I hadn't bought yet. Disgust didn't trample use, availability and antiseptic ennui. At the very least, you get used to it. What the copy and patronage seemed to appreciate exaggerated was usually what you got over pretty fucking quickly by familiarity if not design. Desire, not that it exists, would be a simple precondition. Mens rea ploy to abut the artworld and the misery of those inside the photographs on hopelessness; how helpless sense anger. Its, those, hers. Collected bugs or humans, open to taste not discussion, under his apathetic name.

And hope that Antoine can be dragged in as guilty or better than what I get, want, insist, misunderstand from his photographs. But not necessarily from what he says about his search. Different from mine, certainly in experience, but start at reception, selection. What he wouldn't mind to put up with anymore. Anyways, this time. After the fact in every single case. The photographs are choices he made. Searches are excuses for someone who shouldn't be listening. But I've been asked to talk back to them, show them the single chance over multiple choice. Over you, of course. And I'm basically done with that shit. Maybe they're mistakes or maybe I'm badly mistaken. My only hole is buy them. Travel and sink. Lower than it spread extra by frequency counts. I rewound Antoine's decontextualized mysticism from the splits in the text I vainly promised would link as bad or hopeful as any bullshit improvisation cue. Their stories don't exist. I replaced complications with snipes from myself as well as Lou Reed lyrics pulled from the human rights activist's real work that I had, in point, placed there and removed well before that man died. Eulogized as the voice of New York as if NY wasn't where to look. Plus medical and legal spurs related to drug dependency and psychological abuse. Originally, as emotionalism, I had suggested that Antoine view my pushing quotes in the same cheap way he did it. Except mine will be precise. Instead of reverent. I did know it wouldn't work. Also intended to let the photographs connect with my text in whatever manner they should or couldn't. It would be an out for his paying customers. But I suspected that too wouldn't pass. I swear I hope it does. Just not somehow. I'm sick to death of nannies explaining their darkest hours, in effect, their straightening out every line of the ones I bought. Your private moments that informed what you were going through when you were making it. You should be ashamed. Talking about it like that. At least I'm an artist. Glance at dirty words and stare at precipice photographs. All the typical garbage while you're fucked up. Drugs running the ruined route to sex, so more dope, it'll be where you don't remember and where others don't, or haven't, lived. Every review starts with "I first came across his work when."

Thank you for this award.

Not many of you know me or have ever heard of me. To many of you, the history of porn started the day you got involved in the porn business, but we're actually in the fourth decade of X-rated films that started in 1970. I started showing gay softcore films in 1968: The Queen, Song of the Loon, and Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures. Flaming Creatures was my first obscenity arrest. I've had 21 obscenity arrests, 35 arrests total, and my companies have had over 200 busts.

I don't know how many of you know the names of Monroe Bealer (Century Theater, Jaguar Films), Shan Sales (Knob Hill Theater), Larry Nelson (Le Salon), Bill Perry (Big Top Theater, P.M Productions). These men took arrests for their businesses and a few of them, like Larry and Bill, went to prison. Marty over at Raging Stallion kept Le Salon open while Larry and Rowland were in federal prison for three and a half years. Then there were the filmmakers and studios: Jack Deveau (Hand in Hand), Al Parker and Fred Halsted who were porn stars and also created their own production companies. Chuck Holmes (Falcon), Larry Ginsberg (who directed under the name of Mark Reynolds and owned TCS, Trademark Studios). The Directors of that era: Steve Scott, Peter De Rome, Terry LaGrand and Roger Earl (Marathon Films), J. Brian, along with Tom DeSimone, Joe Gage, and Wakefield Poole, who are already in the GAYVN hall of fame. And, of course, porn stars like Jack Wrangler, Richard Locke, Roger, Casey Donovan, Peter Berlin, and Chris Burns.

What did all of these porn men have in common? What brought them into this "immoral" business? It couldn't have been only money. So what was it?

These men were nonconformists, rebellious individuals who needed to create their own rules for their own world, the world of sexuality. The world of gay porn gave meaning to their lives. These men were and are America's true modern-day cowboys. Gay sexuality wasn't Hollywood's image of rebellion. But what does Hollywood know? Hollywood just creates acceptable images of rebellion. These men were unacceptable; they were the real honest-to-goodness fucking rebels.

To these men, gay films were sexual art, a coming out, and a celebration of gay sexuality. To be gay is to be proud. These men marched to their own beat. They also understood that gay sexuality was sexual politics, which meant that gay porn could get you busted. Getting busted wasn't just a threat; it was a reality. It happened. It rarely happened to the filmmakers or actors, but it did happen to the movie theaters, bookstores, distributors and a few mail order companies. In those days, getting busted was the cost of doing business.

The first generation of X-rated movies played only at theaters in the major cities around the country. The second generation of X-rated movies was the video era, which opened the floodgates of sexuality across America. Gay sex was out of the closet; and gay porn found its way into 90% of all gay homes.

During the same time as the video revolution, AIDS came into the lives of gay men, and many died. I lost many friends and employees; and the adult industry lost a wealth of creative and talented men.

The positive side effect of this tragic disease was that it sped up the sexual revolution. It put gay sex, condoms, and porn on the front pages of every newspaper in this country. And for the first time, gay sex was openly discussed on the floor of the United States Congress. This open discussion of homosexuality outraged the Jerry Falwells of this world.

The gay adult industry was different than the straight adult industry. Gay sex was sexual politics in its purest sense. Every gay company, gay filmmaker, and gay actor was an activist of the highest order. Most of them, like many of you today, didn't see the larger picture. That picture is the politics of porn, which is the politics of sex, and every one of you here tonight is pissing off a lot of fucking people. You, as well as the gay pornographers of the past, are activists of the highest order.

Gay films, starting with the very first X-rated film, have been the unspoken, unheralded leader in the evolution of gay rights, in the social acceptance of gay men in America, the changing of laws, and in pushing gay society out of the closet around the world. The gay adult film industry doesn't realize the importance of gay porn in society. In one respect, it has reduced the negative self-image that many gay men had of themselves, and it has also desensitized the general public about gay sex. Secondly, gay films have a profound effect on gay men coming out.

With the initial conflict of sexual identity and the feelings of disappointing father, mother, and family, gay men now have a positive image of healthy sexuality, brought to the forefront by gay adult films. The films you make let gay men know that they're normal and healthy, that being gay makes you slightly different only in the bedroom, but it does not hinder your ability to love and to be loved by another person, to be a good son, a good person, and a good American.

Most gay men involved in gay liberation – the Gay and Lesbian Task Force, The Human Rights Campaign Fund, and other such groups- all came out watching gay films. Most people don't know that Steve Endean, founder of the Human Rights Campaign Fund and the Fairness Fund, came to gay mail order companies like Bijou for our mailing lists to get his message out to gay America. Steve camped out in my office for years when he was in Chicago. He also made me pay for ads in the Advocate for his courses. Yes, gay porn companies were there for gay rights from the beginning. The gay adult film industry unashamedly brings the essence of homosexuality into the public arena, into every country and every neighborhood around the world.

Gay films gave gay men the ability to accept themselves by giving them a healthy sexual identity.Gay films are in the forefront of gay liberation. All of you in the gay adult industry are the unsung heroes to millions of gay men. Gay adult films have also had a profound effect in fueling the evolution of gay

characters and gay-themed shows on television and in the movies. Just to name a few: "Will and Grace," "Queer as Folk," "The L Word," and "Brokeback Mountain." As far as I'm concerned, every one of you working in the gay porn industry is one of god's chosen people; and you are doing god's work. I know this for a fact; I'm Jewish. I thank you and applaud you all.

I'd prefer there weren't any photographs. As ridiculous as saying one would prefer that breathing wasn't so difficult. There's an entire book of interviews in French, Le Desir du Monde. And I no longer keep a single intention of understanding him above his work. If this was titled for France, to be on the shelves among his many other excellent books, the title would be Jejune. Pin my critical slip and philistine defenses to my brag of experience and intellectually wanting reduction. Since it's not about him, my title. And it's about crime. I'd like to add that it is not about morality. Either.

The pictures aren't folded up and trot pocketed along with me anymore. And the men in here are so sick deeply that they peacock. As if there are no photographs. And they've seen too many. And must understand beside will that this is what they want to do. This man my age, followed me like a dog as soon as I walked up the stairs past the theater. Three old men down there watching the movie, not one of them masturbating because I looked. And a grey beard needed me to watch him follow. His first chance since these animals line the entrance from the stairs. He walked in front of me finally and leaned against the far wall before I made another graze to the cubicles away from his sniffing rut. Lifts his shirt to show hair and small firm belly and I did what was polite and genuine. Then walked over, even more polite, rubbed his cock, felt it thicken and extend and told him thanks for the show but you gotta give me a few minutes because my eyes haven't adjusted to the dark yet and I couldn't see enough. He laughed and told me to come back. Said thanks when I said very nice about his dick. What do you want, good dog.

The exhibition at Le Bal displayed a perpetual trawl of the holes in a conference of Antoine's travels by making it wallpaper – literally, posters rather than prints and only a few frames, as if prominence signaled theory. And any viewie got surrounded by floor to ceiling crushes of the voiceless in every single shot. Where he ended up. What little he ever found down looking up for more. Headed directly to. Eventually and dedicated, servile but not clueless. The lucky quicks that weren't clear sexual trades and repulsive exposures; like migrant workers and prisoners and their guards, face shots, and the bombed out houses and clean quiet cubist Marseille streets, didn't:

Turn the mundane violent and sexual and sad.

Take away the critical hope that everything was too sexual and cruel and ugly.

Instill another lifelessly passionate political debord that followed the poverty of life to the poverty of language skills.

Destroy sensationalism or consumerism and install misery and cheap need.

Inspire.

Add sympathy.

Project maturity.

Change anything.

Repeat quite enough.

While Aoi in no way comes across as a "victim", it is clear that damage has been done to her. We learn, particularly through Aoi's aunt in the village, that the damage began in childhood with a gambling father and family relationships under severe economic stress. A bad marriage intensified Aoi's own sense of rejection, self-hatred, hatred of men and duty to her family in Thailand's patriarchal system, and this, in circumstances of acute poverty, has led her into prostitution. At the time of filming she has abandoned all hope of love but nevertheless survives with dignity.

The photos are not where they belong. But where they end up. This is mine to redress, cite. Pictures should be tossed away as exponential compromises. Never catches regret. Didn't exist unless I talk about them again. I'd rather not record conversations that separate the monotone transaction of sex in the places I go to, less for composite these days, more than rote. Still I know where I end up every time I start replying to some mouth pig that needs to have a little romance with his head. I don't seem to have an option to forget specific, highly important photographs. Turn it into language, that seeks to impossibly destroy and dismiss life. Doesn't work so well, doctor. Just watch, it's only fucking. I'm unwilling to make reparations to those who say they need them. I have a definition of human that is, sadly, terribly rigid. And, apologetically, this is just as much about exclusion. The ones I don't want. Wouldn't bother with. Don't bother me. Less attractive objects and situations are created wrong and are expected to be included as irritant color. So that I've thought enough. Could do your failure at it, your lack of commitment, your refusal to sacrifice, and, prompted, what it does to the sick creature in the photograph you didn't steal personally to show later. He either gave up when the damage was too great or he suffered through the thoughts until he broke away, no other options, just those two. Gets to sound like he was doing something for the slug's benefit when he denies himself. The artist says it was something else that was happening. The judicial audience that should never have had to listen don't want the very same words they've already had to clarify and pat. Plus. It's heard you sound like a rube.

It'll be defense, not honesty, none of this is reality. Lawyers see through the artist to the brutalism of the jury. The audience only now appreciating delivery will find out eventually. Like the pornographers of 42nd street all turning back into horny jews rather than the gangsters they were for the few years when crime was a harder job. You get caught, you get found out, you will be exposed.

Pornography lines are crossed by those watching, not the supplier or producer. As prurience is the root of the liable definition of illegal pornography. And prurience is entirely the lack of responsibility of the worst possible degrees of the audience, the courtroom application is factually refined to the very worst possibility that the average person will not be able to contain his madness after suffering an erection. You may not feel average, one is told by the law, but the court will assure you that they can force you to admit you're even less. Morbidity, the state of prurience that qualifies the charge of obscenity, is appreciated by those in need of protection by the law. Whether demanding it directly for their hurt selves or forwardly concerned and frightened about their safety from those who can't manage the effects that such material might cause as threat. They compel you to admit what you've been saying all along, less than frankly. What has been created from what you might think you've done. What your myth making fucked up. The artist becomes the pornographer that either refuses to accept responsibility for the stupidity of his largely unrecognized audience or attacked them unfairly by cowardice and lies. This is how you explain to the artist that he creates pornography no matter what his argumentative or plaintive intentions may be. Lofty, immaterial, evasive, only thoughts versus dull, ill-conceived and potentially dangerous if it is to have any worth at all. You need to think better, more, less of yourself. See what you do as derision. Pick a side that knows the right group of pejoratives, invalids, chumps. Who don't think criminal all the way through and suffer as much indecision as your unlikely self. Accept dignity.

Travel means sex.

I bet that morgue makes a lot of money.

I wouldn't take photos. I thought about it back then. I should have continued the places I've been. They're all gone. I'd like to see them again. Manhandlers and Bijou continue to exist. Mimi's is a shit hole. It's become even worse than it was. Unlike the other joints, scraping as hard as they can, it's gotten busier. And the clientele more obviously beaten by economics than sex. Same thing, still, not again. TJ's downtown has crowded work schedule breaks perpetually filled with men in suits and the pits who like that, wanting the sucks that the businessmen want more. Makes it difficult for some, prized when paid off. Waterboy websites are full of surreptitiously stolen photos of dark fucking hard to see hardly typical action that used to be only semi-private to a shut-out, industrialized audience of staring sneaks and faggot liars.

Let me take a photo of your cock.
Let me take a photo of you sucking my cock.
Let me see what photos you have.
If you really loved him, it would be a different photo. This photo would hurt.
Look how ugly he is.
Why do you have a picture of his new boyfriend?
He's pathetic.
Makes you angry?
Very sad. I taught him better than that.
You raised him from a pup, yeah?
From a kitten.
You knew him?
He got fat.
You met him here?
He doesn't know I go here. He'd kill me.
Still?
Do you come here to get away from him?
Is he ugly to you now?
He wasn't before.
He always was, though, yeah?
Obviously.
You would have treated him better, maybe you know that at least. And now you know what he really is.
Ugly.
Which one of you was the punching bag?
Both of us, I don't know.
That's worse.
Because you get tired of punching? You realize you don't like it, yeah?
Who hit who?
He used to beat me up pretty badly.
I don't want to talk about it anymore.
Never found yourself enjoying it? You never hit him back?
I really tried to save him. I wanted him to stop hurting himself. I couldn't take it all and make him better at the same time.

You still miss him.

Always have, always will. Even though I don't want to be anywhere even fucking near it.

The photos of you, why'd you take those, for evidence?

I'm glad I have pictures of myself. When I find them, it's mildly devastating. I was just talking shit. I didn't know better. Someday I'll say that.

Since I was genuine, I thought she'd also have more time for talk and less time to fuck. At first, I'd rather not have to talk about myself. It wasn't unkind. Not as effective as her husband's sickness. Proffered to par, she'd see me like any prostitute that intuits drugs over money means more confession and harder sex. What she had to say would always knot with what she was willing to do. It becomes care. I would have been more surprised if she didn't want dope. And I might not have wasted more of my time if I didn't know that she was an easier way to score. As well as better company therein. Previously I'd moved to paying hookers almost anywhere I went and never expected or sought drugs or discounts or gibberish. I asked them to keep their clothes on. Pretended slightly that I was staring at their hawk while I masturbated in front of them. Explained meekly that I was saving myself from arrest while I suffered a ridiculous exhibitionist issue. Watched their faces, watched that pinched licking face watch me. While I looked worse, I'm guessing lower. And whether she knew it or not. Just as if I was in same cunt thinking I was getting some amplified information from seeing extra age or silent weep or a lack of pride read boast or concern or boredom, mocking hatred, general skip in their female composure and employ. I'm pretty confident in thinking I was sick to death of female faces by then. Used to me, she must know that. More a battered housewife than a tired whore, maybe not.

You didn't get the better stuff, not in your backwater, not on the way in to the city either. You think I don't know why you don't think niggers are the filth they are? I know why you'd think they weren't less. Just can't figure out why you'd imagine you'd get more of that from fucking it. Why that could slide gratification in from sympathy. Ever ask one of those chimpanzees what they think they want? It's not the past that fucked them up. I'd think you'd prefer to avoid them as much as possible. Tell others that you can't stand them so they'll know you're better than first impressions and typecasting. Is it possible that you're hurting them by fucking them? Does that work? At that level? Agency is available that way? Are you too fucking axiomatically or chemically hindered to figure it out. At least try?

I told her about my lowest point in the very place I met her. She should know it was a bit worse than she thought, apparently. Didn't think smarter of the details this time as the coke she'd had was taking up days by then and all the time I could've figured out a nicer way to be honest was sucked up by waiting for the next wear off and spread. I also told her that I was glad we fucked first because I wouldn't be able to anymore. We were too fucked up. Too decrepit and louder. Wasn't a cue but I was

able to cum again after she suggested being this screwed and faster was her favorite way to try to fuck. Not fucking would be more fun than fucking if the grab and fit and frustrate was noisy and pathetic and desperate. I was hard, listening to her, with her body this close, old smart bag that she was, her mouth and fist and asshole spread open the way she's only done a few times so that I could lick shit and finger her cunt, and I was able to cum too quickly she said. I'd have a photograph of it, her felled asshole, if I had followed the drug a little further. Now that she's nowhere and I refuse to go back to Mimi's in fear of running into her doing the exact same life that I came to despise for her.

Told my high point my low point. This is true. I conditioned that it was alcohol not drugs back then. If that's wholly true, I'd have more doubt since I still masturbate thinking about how aggregate I was in those incidents. Told her that I cannot recognize the creature crawling in that place to do what I did and that I'm hardly as apologetic as frightened about what was going on when I clearly wasn't thinking my muddled and feeble way out of it back then. She wanted to know what pictures I'd use and I told her a former girlfriend. Asking men looking to suck or feed or stroke and stare cock and asshole in her local adult bookstore to masturbate on photos of something with implied revenge and emotional pain was a more reliable grasp as it happens more frequently than she knew. I told her about the websites that depict cum on photos as ways to get back at women psychotically. This would be more exciting to me if she had asked me to show her how I jerk off with photographs. Others have. I'm almost sure she had kids. I never asked. I didn't see any scarred droop nausea. She was cheap. Sadly. And I purposively kept anything like myself away from the subject of her motherhood or the best possible ages for kids that she had left away somewhere in lieu of this worse decision of a suburbanite husband and scrounging household. How'd you get to this point. What do you imagine the problem is here.

I hope she'd understand that I wouldn't tell anyone anything else. She should know that I wouldn't say she'd seen me worse or that I owe her the favor. As many outright rotten lies and little worth to see her as necessary as an audience that mistakes vagina for explicit and confusion as ameliorating. And the condoms she had and the empty coming apartment and what she deserved has never been an outward concern of mine. I haven't spent a minute of extra important time worrying about who deserves what they get. Prefer it to be all undeserved sexually. And if I'm making a mistake that sounds that she meant more to me than construct and that I wanted to protect her because of what she confessed and surmised and elucidated past the procurement of drugs and just a few fleshy hideous skirmishes that got sex uglier quicker than those romantic thoughts should delay, I'd imagine that the audience is the same sort of slob that sees me as either staying away from the subject of her possibility of children so that I wouldn't end up asking her to let me fuck them by price and uncontrolled or manipulative wiles.

The best way to fuck versus the best fuck I ever had. Was her on heroin and me on chlorine. She was sick, then exciting and too dead to act. Show infant. An adult who'd hardly be termed consensual even though it was her who said she was insisting. I ratted that it was a mistake and she didn't clearly or couldn't recall what I even could've been. Watched her warm over. Getting sopped on herself by forgetting about it to sleep. First mock is that it was sensation. That it felt like what I couldn't do to myself. Like a hug. Unlike counterfeit meat. Language or better. Or what I could tell morons was a rape. Manufacturer to a product. I'd think, conveniently, I was exhausted and I knew more than that at that specific time and type. I wasn't going to watch her do anything I had to bother with. She'd call me again. Pretend to want to know what I did. If she needed to be tested. Honestly, I liked the way she looked and think more about that than anything else since. I didn't think of this at the time, I would have asked her. I don't think it would have made a difference in her future drug problems which were reprobate like every other fucking story made to sound in problems. Well before she ever started. This was good for her. What happened was I was in an emergency ward watching a friend's jaw and teeth and severely battered body be fixed by a hardened set of handlers and doctors and well wishing workmen. I was there, helping the poor thing while she slipped in and out of tears and morphine and information on how this was necessary but it was going to hurt just by staying with her in the small room until the very early morning after the car crash that sent her there in the late afternoon. I was counting long minutes of blood and tubes and thought that if it were a beating done by someone who'd loved her better than me, it might be a different sight. Having been at the Bijou the night before and, after work, been summoned to this next scene, it could make sense that I was interrogating the violent view by insisting a sexual disease be presented and explained. The night before, virtually the same fucking night stretched over silly timelines, the younger man with the photographs on his phone who couldn't wait to show me that his boyfriend had left him but had also beaten him up and that he essentially would or would not go back to the beatings that weren't bad enough to send him to the hospital instead of the mirror proved absolutely to me that what I'd been watching taking heroin finally as a female nod to comfort or pleasure. Might well be the thing I'd have preferred seeing on the gurney bleeding and weeping and spreading and exposed and taking on and in more than she was capable of understanding or caring about then.

Between the time she got herself to the emergency room and specialist doctors were able to take their turns examining her, blood clots had formed in the parts of her jaw where her teeth were supposed to remain attached. A surgeon explained that he couldn't fix her teeth back in place and that they'd have to be taken out, they're dead teeth essentially, already gone. He explained that he was only now, after spending the last few years working in the emergency rooms, getting used to the "amazing capacity

that the body has to heal itself." The blood coagulated in the sections of her skull that had been forced open so that, one, she would stop losing blood and, two, save the bone from falling apart further. However, science was being thwarted by her own body's attempt at preservation as her doctor couldn't work over the clots.

I told her this after she came off just a little of the morphine. She said her own body wouldn't let her die. She cried harder than I'd seen her any time previous. I'd been looking for that. It's not as ugly as it sounds, not as mentally deranged given the circumstances or not. I knew what I was doing then, probably not that I was capable of fucking up everything there was to do.

I backed up and stood up. Junkie was sleeping or nodding or anywhere but here consciously. I lifted her shirt to let her tit hang out and wouldn't bother with her panties because it would only nauseate me. I don't like this sort of pisshole in pornography. Her ugly dug was just for nudity, disheveled, unprotected. Don't stuff things in baby's mouth. Started to masturbate, wanted to look, not infirm. I know a photograph when I watch it. I don't need to cum on her but in my open palm that should have been squeezing my balls even harder. Like I've always done with hookers when I can. Leaned back after I cummed in my hand and stuck the wet mess in my back pocket which is also the way I learned to clean myself. You don't wipe it on her while she's just dead. Thought it might be correct if she cricked an eye and said: Don't treat me this way. Failing another fantasy that makes more sense than wish, I leaned over and didn't kiss her as I didn't want to wake up another beast that's better sleeping. I told her that she shouldn't treat me this way. I told her this, outloud, simply because I wanted to hear it from her. I had to put the words out there. If it sounded like I was telling her that she was treating me badly, she'd assume that I was suggesting that I couldn't stay and help a hopeless case and that I couldn't take the emotional assault of watching someone as nice as she was inside, tragic outside, die. She may well have seen it for what it was, she wasn't dumb and seemed to have me pegged pretty correctly. Though she wasn't obvious about it. Me doing what I'm accusing her of just now.

But you've stopped.

Doing what, exactly.

I wasn't jacking off, moron.

Let me see.

Peasant didn't realize paper and film sales were stocked to encourage the keep. Get you latched to where you'd next stay paying up in the ad-hoc bathroom of the joint sucking on men you didn't want to know more from. Guessed you'd come back. Adult theaters entered as kids, hardly exited as professionals. Start with films, keep masturbating, home to new mouths every whenever. Slack finally at the Bijou, divot tried to get the barest conversation back to what I was doing with my hand in my

pocket and my leg shaking. His chance at wit. Cab driver charm. I've done that before. Back when I was your age, sweetheart. In less legally compliant places than this. Wait for then adult to approach me. Since he wanted to yap about me using dick underneath dirty coat, I changed the subject to the script I was watching. Looking at more pornography. Learn preference. Inaccessible here, bright boy.

Nothing to see, moron.

What I wanted to do was act like one of the creeps that I've been rightfully dismissing and encouraging and repeating to be creeps all my life. I wasn't one. But I knew how to act rot timid. They certainly faked it is as much as I did, probably, in the same long past I brought in with me that was older than them by now. Don't need to care and couldn't get it wrong anymore. I could get out of boredom by lying. Want this. Let me pretend he found what he wanted to. It wasn't going to go anywhere like an animal, was more than the tense common since I was legitimately tired and drunk.

My obviate brag that can be so easily stripped down by those who haven't done a quarter of the work I've done. I do nothing but tear apart mounting defenses. Not raw. Not guarded either. I can't be anything else but what I do on myself. What I do to make myself destroy these intentions and the movement that stutters rather than flows through each tedious job evening to morning. This is all I do. The hope that I am compelled or can't stop myself, that I need to do this ends when I get my pay. Buy some creep.

Yeah, I'm tired. I'm fucked up. I'm not making any sense, am I?

I wasn't particularly proud or comforted by a single thing that I had around my life which had become more and more difficult with every day that I didn't try and get, you know, better. This would be what pornography, an entire lifetime of child pornography in my case, would have been good for. Something that I didn't want to give up. And to make breathing absent as well as pitifully dramatic, I thought a better definition of pornography was something that displayed graphically the exact sort of breakdown that I was in the center of. It was miserable in the way I wasn't enjoying it. And I enjoyed it too much, I suppose, in the fatty clutter that peopled the photographs and films that I scoured for. Did more scrounging than most. Those whose interest in pornography has illuminated a problem more than reason were only significant to me in that they represented or captured the sexual moments of their sad not screaming lives. I'd take what I could find later. When you gauged them age. Or stop. Or heard them talk. Or lie. Stay stuck, pump. Made sure I saw those cunt stretch problems when they looked innocent. Where I could see what was going to happen. Could be I was right about what bled up unless they were duped, gauzed, wooled to the brigade definition of health and charity and got some of both. So I'd excite myself there too. Produce hard and stupid. Pornography became a constant level of chatter, not something you masturbated to or responded melodiously to in an indescribable

gas of diffused awe. The aesthetic bile was complex; uniquely centralized while remaining only barely fleeting. Every contradiction seemed to deserve, since it demanded, further investigation as to what exactly was my problem when preposterously separated from what I was either buying or dreaming of.

Sit here as long as I can sit. So it's not a lie. I'd rather just watch what goes on where I hope it could. I've come here, not developed, but bought my way in at the front counter downstairs to not prove a fucking thing. I'm not nearly as plaintive, conflicted as the rest of the hurts around here that only know that the place exists for this as much as me. I'm not here to look separate, quite the opposite. And the cowardly glaze of what I do might be well defined by those who should dismiss me by precisely those words. Jealousy, fear, inadequacy, laziness, social instability and not nearly the same amount or style of medication.

Can you get me any speed?

I'm very disappointed in you.

You should be. I'm trying to impress a pig.

Neither one of you is going to end up looking good eventually.

Your sort knows, yeah? Go find someone else, will you. I'm trying to be nice.

I'm not looking for nice.

Nothing to sell or impress others with. Lots of stories about how much of a balk you are reflected only by all that's around you, right? Nothing to show them wrong. Show them that you're far more intricate than their unfair level of understanding. How truly painful all of this life you barely lead is. Can't chink out a good enough replacement.

If I just sit here. And watch enough to make myself collected. And tell myself that the rats who instill themselves in my thoughts as correct in their readings of what I'm afraid of. And I see it as kind just before they open their mouths. I have to work on what sacrifice is. This could be it. Talks of the importance of drugs as experience. While maturation is drugged to puerility.

She must have some make-up around here. She must have some since, you know, she clearly didn't use it in the photo shoot, right? That's a decision. That's how I read it. Lack is the special extra I'm directed to, leered towards. Like someone in her state couldn't have kept it on or maybe applied it right. Looks a little dumb. They have that look sometime. Not crosseyed exactly. But their smiles spread too wide. A congenital defect that doesn't match the slow eye pick-up and general unease. Couldn't afford it, didn't care to make herself look presentable given the customer's inability to bother at concern and taste. He just got here, asked somebody near what kind of slug was where.

Stop saying you have desire. A desire. The desire for desire. Something else.

Stop telling me you're in the middle of something moving.

You come back here, first. This is what you won't stop, don't want to, know enough to stay and not slide towards use. No use at all. Can't we just break off the bit that there's anything definite? I mean, did that, didn't I?

That stuff costs money, mire. This way I'm getting the real person. The happy inside the way she wakes up in the morning, less smeared. Or during a binge. Relaxing. She'd put on make-up to visit her kids. She's doing less than that currently. No need for artifice or recall, you get to see the fucking honest her by fucking her. So there's a difference. And then there's the camera gear. Brought along. And not left in the corner with the clothes. Not next to the make-up kit and well above, pointed down, always at the spoon and the razor blade and the pack of matches and the wrap just like every other gleed braggart. Common says hide it for once, stick it back behind the toilet. Don't slur about the pain for once, okay? No weakness, no ignoble tortured family rent shift either. The rhythm goes with the nice clean crisp beat and the need to dance, the sweat and decor and the black flies that you'll remember outloud in your next conference. Dilettantes on one side, jagoffs on the other.

So, here's another one of my little stupid problems. How many niggers in these shots know that you're photographing them because they're just niggers and not just junkies and cheapened prostitutes and cheap, literally, cunts. Do they have that more or less recognizable capacity to understand that the photograph could be worse?

More dramatic, more effective, more cash.

If they weren't just naturally not expected of anything all that much better?

Are they just blase', above it all, comfortable, french.

I can read luck in the pretty ones, boy. Your happy luck. The tragedy goes from bottom to top when you approach aesthetics more rationally than a public actually wants you to admit. Rather than the bottom domestic that I have to keep putting up with because you've gotten so used to asking.

Here's just one nigger test. Say stop it. Then see if she knows what a choice is.

How much extra to take a picture of your cunt.

I'd have to work against myself to keep my tongue out. Is that correct. Health reasons, you understand. No asshole to cunt to mouth. Unless I ask, yes. You couldn't want me to poison you with you. Explain the dangers as if previously aware and niggling.

Imagine their heads and eyes closed. While you're doing only exactly not imagining for once. Their contempt makes sense immediately.

You shouldn't be here. You should suffer in abeyant silence. But can't, right? Has a half-assed sympathy for child molesters because he's frightened over what has sexually happened to children he

can't keep safe. Not because he's attracted to children or pinned and flagged by his sexual immaturity. He displays anger against those who he sees persecuting him by projection. He takes offense to your search for help and carnival activist desire to change things. This is where his problems stem out. Tell it to be indiscreetly smarter than that. Telling them to be smarter works. Art that offers protection, like art that records desire, doesn't impel. Just get it to act briefly. Sexless.

So shift to slavs.

Why not have more women.

More important, the faulty construction cracks, colluded by my lifetime of sexual experience with men. Brief almost-sexual encounters where the excitement of having a nice tight band placed around my penis to measure volume and circumference pulses are only ever exactly what I've been doing and fucking. Also, I need to explain how to fuck a picture and a person to you. What you don't get, no matter how obvious to the other crowds, I keep telling you it is. Because you must. Be fucking talking to yourself. Is that I would not have the fucking things if they weren't hurt. And just as much as I see that. I follow the story to make it healthy and happy like some fuckable drip would. No, you're wrong. What I want, not that this matters either, is to see the single that wasn't conned by what came before. Start at home. So you'll have it yipping about rat pens and photo shoots and roaches later. Depletes the highly promising guarantee guides. I'm not reading cute. I'm setting chances and mental adjustments for taste and ignorance towards seeing the father ask it. What else do you need. Because I was tired of living for you. And now you're still saying the same fucking lists. Sounding like a very sexy child. Your entitlement isn't unattractive. Rude, base, angrily insistent never is. Isn't here to be torn apart, make you better, check you into another helpful home for even extra sleep. Who the fuck wants to spend my entire life listening to you plead for absolutely anything while you wiggle your ass. I do not like the ways you turned out either. I'd suggest it's not my fault. But you're a tad late at forming adult. And I think I'm supposed to feel obligated or some lesser direct responsibility.

Held a slip against the wall and shoved face into his. Just started to kiss him as aggressively as I figured he'd need to bite back while drying inside. Instead of choking. And pushing back, I told him he's a methhead and he couldn't get hard.

You start here: I don't force myself to feel sympathy for these rats inexactly like I can't force an erection.

Who else did I figure from the mob that he tasted like? Sucked on a few relations and I'm dog trained to match mouth to mouth from mouth to cock.

Some find me attractive.

Without what? They find you available, because of what you represent. What you're capable of is where you're sitting. You're a reference.

Carries on. They come looking for men like me. I'm more than type in just that way.

You see that in the photos?

I'm the perpetrator as well as the victim. When I see myself in the photos later. I no longer see the person in there as being me. Simply because I can't. I see what is happening, what happened, and the thing that's there with me or him like I've seen before. So I become – or rather am – a witness to the act. As if it were a crime. Or intimacy. Romantic mistake, maybe desperate failure at variegated meta-failures. I'm in a better position to testify in court against the crime and the victim than anyone else ever would be. That's why there are photographs. Has nothing to do with guilt or the stop and go difficulties of removing yourself from memory; that's never why these replacements exist. You want to see the victim, see both. See one defining the other. She doesn't exist, you make her, made her. You take a boy, it's less explicit. The conversation that can't happen. Give it mute. Becomes a necessary backwards monologue, the most pathetic screed of sexual niggardly aphorisms. The accused isn't the victim because of his long list of rapes and rapists, the victim isn't the colorfully grey witness struggling now and then and musing fraught between pain and recall inaction. The victim is performing the crime against himself directly in the photo. I swear, it has absolutely nothing to do with whatever thing is beneath him. Ever.

What's wrong with a little balm, something for pity?

What's wrong with wanting that, exactly. There's something wrong with all of it. The photo is better than that, finally.

Alright, why is it counter-intuitive? The psychiatrist comes up, reads the DSM-III-R, and the juror says 'That's what we just watched on this film. That's a mental disease'.

That's right, and I say, now you claim, Doctor, that this is ...I recognize it's a mental disease. No one is quibbling about that, but let's talk about the sexual aspect of this. Doctor, you are a normal healthy person, aren't you?

Yes.

Well sticking that pin, that hypodermic needle through that man's penis, that didn't appeal to any sexual urge in you, did it?

Not me, I'm not a sexual sadist or sexual masochist.

I understand that, we certainly know that, and you have never been a sexual sadist or a sexual masochist?

No, I've got some patients though. I've seen a few patients...

Okay, I understand that, and the scene where electric shock is applied to that person's genitals, that's violence. Wouldn't you agree that's pretty violent?

That's a violent type of sexuality that sexual masochists enjoy.

Well, let me just ask you, is that a violent act?

Yes it is.

Okay, and that's the same sort of violent act that has been reported that the Nazis did to the Jews in concentration camps.

That's right.

And certainly the Jews didn't claim to be getting any sexual pleasure out of that, did they?

No they weren't sexually deviant.

Okay and, Joe...

The object is this, you have to make this point. Did you see him have an erection while that was happening? Well, no. Did you get any little twinge, even though you are not a sexual deviant, get any twinge of an erection? Well, these people are sexual deviants, you say, aren't they? Yes, and the DSM-III-R says they are. Yes. Were they getting an erection? No. Did you see a guy have an orgasm? No. After Leather Rick got him down and these guys tried to give him a blowjob, could he even get an erection? No, he couldn't get

any erection at all. So what are you telling me, the sexual thing must be inside him, psychological, and not a physical sexuality? You do that kind of thing, and although you are absolutely right in your responses, totally right, you know the old hillbillies on the jury who don't like psychiatrists in the first place, kind of like they don't like lawyers say, 'Well goddamn, if the 'sonbitch can't get a hard-on, it ain't sex'.

That's right.

That's right, and this is the way they think. In the south, if you can't get a hard-on, you are a deviant, you know, there's something wrong with you, buddy. That's it. That is the only way it works.

But there were some other scenes that you said…

Oh, there are some scenes that are distinctly problems. But here's where we get into predominance.

Here is a terrible part of it that fits into the argument you were making there as the expert witness, and it bothers me about our argument, although I think we have to use it anyway, and that is that in Please Sir, which is the one he describes when the man is shackled and Leather Rick is just tearing this guy up, I mean, you just won't believe what he's tearing him…. There are two guys that look just like Charles Manson's disciples' children, sitting shackled to a mattress with erections, masturbating while he's…

Actually, they don't have erections.

Yes, they do, they do have erections. I watched and looked and saw. Absolutely.

Maybe you consider them erections, but for me, it wasn't an erection.

And that gives me a problem, in a sense, that there are people watching this behavior and having erections.

At least it is sexual for them, and if not for the…

Certainly, which would indicate to me that it would appeal to a prurient interest in sex if you were watching it…

Which makes it more problematic for the defense of the film.

Absolutely, so there are all kinds of problems with it. Yes, we have known all along that there are all kinds of problems with it. For me, and nothing I've heard today changes the way I feel about the way we are going to have to attack this, is to say this terrible stuff. You're going to hate watching this. We hate for you to watch it but it's predominately violent. Predominantly violent, it's not against the law.

Commuter liked sucking dead dick. Didn't want to have him hard. He could, I yelled at him, if I fucked him. Started to push my fingers in. Soaked my hand in spittle but he wanted to fight as if he wasn't some long legged female right now. Little tall adult princess, all of this is fundamental, you're beautiful, waiting, ugly, pushing and squirming all inside your not so fucking lonesome or angry. Mild brand, congratulatory chaos.

It's that fucking meth. Not me being priced. Why else do you do it. He wanted to be treated like an open cunt, I told him it. As much as I cottoned repeating the same stupid sentence over and over without changing the idea. He kept leaning his head back to me, tonguing around my lips faster than I ever did his. I showed him I was hard. He groaned. Not enough like a baby giving up. More like a man wanting some protection afterwards, finally. I reject very few.

Get fewer offers first.

I dropped my pants just a little more and grabbed both of his hands while chest pinned him. Put hands on saggy ass. Grinded fat hard-on onto deadened limp long perfectly frustrating routine.

You'll suck bad. You don't know how.

I should clarify. I like this. I like worrying about things that should be more important.

I'm done. I was masturbating while he kissed back.

And the deceit.

The only person I've ever enjoyed kissing. Person. Lots of faggots say this.

He's gorgeous. Not long.

You want to go sit down? Collect yourself. You want to watch me cum. Let me stare at your cock, nice cock. Lick your balls and a rubbery dick wet way. Where's your pipe?

I've got some time.

Wouldn't be here otherwise.

I need some money.

How old are you?

You don't feel any sympathy for the little girls in the photos you took or the distressing photos you looked for.

I'll buy something from you. Can you get a hard-on? Can I fuck you? How much to get us some speed. Who do you talk to.

That wasn't an emotion you felt?

I gave the younger boys a ten or so. There's no good reason to do anything like wanting what he sells. Not here. Told him that I'd do the work. Just let his mouth droop open. You're cute. You are cute. What would I be doing with you if I paid you enough to say what you'd like?

I did. Honestly.

I have to know there's a difference between the girls. I was moving from a bad idea to proving I was right. This sex stop between thoughts doesn't make the next image all that impossible. Everyone else is negligent before it gets to me. I never once mistook desire for the steps straight down. I've made serious mistakes. But it has nothing to do with what's happened to me. I have to put up with perverts who refuse to get below their own victim shrouding lies and begging, my sensitive experience isn't uninformed. You aren't all that sick. You just need to think. Bit harder.

I don't want to cum anymore. Anyway. I already paid for the inside time share. Just suck me a little. So I can see what you'd look like enjoying licking on hard dick. Pisshole. Inside the pisshole, like you said you would.

You want me to understand what you've gone through, how difficult your life is.

Was going to find someone else. Some cock to suck. Let someone cum in my mouth.

Not going to stare slow, down, for working dick in the dark and stall. Any of the queer fuckups watching, waiting to step-in, are fine. Any one with his cock out of his pants. Button fastened, zipper down, balls fat yanked out underneath straight fat jutting cock. I understand the flailing non-exhibitionists as commentary, you get it. Warped and insistent and bright red preferable. Masturbating slow or bragging weight or rude and vulgar and insolent. No niggers. No boys. No women. No perfume or showers or long hair and big eyes and perfect tits. Can't stand it.

Kept you alive for all possibilities. Plus extra ones neither of us are smart enough to figure out yet. Close your eyes and let me put my mouth inside you, see if I can get my tongue further up than my arthritic prick or my recently scrubbed clean finger. He didn't fall in love with you, give up the rest of his life just so you'd be able to put yourself back together. If that doesn't sound right. Then stop telling everyone about love and the baby you had and the nineteen-year-old father you made and the family you split up and the job you got and what little you're only willing to ask of the world and its potential audience. He sacrificed all of what you're miserable keeping. How dare you. Think like that. Don't

admit you don't know what happened. Nothing happened. He made the mistakes before he took you. You weren't his last chance, you were under him giving up. Nothing, not jail, not you, not the rage and husk he'd plea in court, not your rotten rearing and trailed nothing else's but felicity, were worth fear. The body's incredible strength and god-crafted restoration. This wasn't the best or last story he would choose.

How many more doctor visits till you don't have to go anymore?

You want to hear her talk about what she thinks doped to nonsense. Interview her father the pimp. Instead. When she started to kiss me, well before this. I explained to her that I liked imagining a camera above my head and that it might serve her as a useful trick in this instance especially. You wouldn't want to see yourself trying to fuck an old man, kiss him the same way she had been rubbing her brad tits against me in the bar as she got drunker and I got more adult. The same way I'd rather not see myself as hulking down on her stupidity and medication and youth and the size of her ass and cunt and then an asshole she doesn't know well enough, dad.

Take off your shirt.

Kissing any stranger messed. Like licking in a grizzled face more than sucking cock or fucking ulterior cambodian filth. I don't get to stand back and watch. I like the way this older man grabbed me around the waist as if he needed to contain my drunkenness over his comfort and best chance here for a tall baggy trade as old as me. I end up with my hand on the side of his face and draw my head back so we can go as slow as he might select. Both cocks out nearly pressing when possible, lucky.

You're insane, you know that. You okay?

You kiss nice.

Men don't know this is a bull fight, do they?

You want to fuck, yeah?

Let's get to know each other first.

A beat to nerve pedophile, a young boy, an ugly girl you tell is prettier than the obvious dragging quite in every single photo of her aging sunken worth. I think of them anyway.

I'll change your mind. I'm a very good cocksucker. Because I like sucking cock so much.

Told the chub waiting near the restroom: Better be careful, these guys all seem gay but none of them really are. Or some such early morning nonsense. She said she was with her husband. And liked to watch him suck cock.

He's a good cocksucker.

Does he like to watch you?

He doesn't like it as much as sucking on cocks in front of me. You want to go home with us?

They didn't live very far and he likes to get pissed on and everything dirty and good and fucked in the ass.

Does he wear your clothes?

He will.

I have to get rid of her nicer. Talking about sex, without talking at her, letting her still say her stunted growth, makes what is continuing elsewhere, in the photographs that created the conversation, her vanity and my tolerance, accountable. Obligated. Liable. Irresponsible. Letting her keep doing this, saying this so that it eventually takes hold. Her vanity again in spite of itself. Backwards fuck speak and preen. Don't worry, as if I know. Don't worry, the concept that these are all the same has never been true to me. Don't worry, you work with what you have. And you clearly have more than most. Nowhere in this list of incidents driven towards hush, baby, is regret as current, lived awake. Conceived for avoidance, past, salved to ignored, even loud and lush and lousy. Forgotten as the audience who are stronger than this, recovered. Centered. Equipped. You don't see smut. You're clear it defines. And I hope she hasn't lost herself worse when I'm not around. She has though, hasn't she. The violence sounds peripheral in so many of the photographs. And I can admit first that I've enjoyed the wrong impulse. The charitable sacrifice. The chief insolent reason I found these is violence a priori. The men who used to swamp at Touche, there, were mouths and cocks and you could choose size and style if important to you maybe. Asses, open and groups of gropes and positions to further slide and dispel. The mud that line the corners of Manhandlers come out to jerk off whenever something finally occurs on the middle tables. The men in booths in the backs of adult bookstores, mysterious, tolerated, demeaned to the neighborhood as sad but as understandable as a tavern. Take genitals one at a time. Through holes cut through blocks and squatted glances of seriously tiny dirt. Often well lit. By the metered TV screen or code requirements against public sex dementia. The nearly suburban chubbette I've been going back to when her husband is at work and only wants her to watch when he's around to protect her from slime that would piss on him, is getting worse. I do tell her. I brought you some food but I knew you'd want to get heroin. I was trying to keep her at cocaine. Told her, go fucking ask her, that I knew she'd prefer getting more and more fucked up as this went on. And that she'd ask me to do more regressive proof every time next after she'd have me stop in her mouth on the couch acting as if we were cheating. Knew she'd want me to piss inside her because I asked if she'd let me. She saw what her husband wanted and what I wanted to do to him and suggested that there was more interest in her than him. Which, she understood, should have been obvious. Because he's filth. And, really, you don't want to live with that. What's wrong with you. Is it the money.

Scumbag job who stood behind the counter and took my money decades up till now. I was, as I couldn't help but be, disgusted by the sort of slowdrag replacement always there in a tight sloppy shop barely keeping an open eye up on the thieves and trolls while he otherwise pitched about his next meal break, cigarette or, some, cock sneak. At a fairly young age the brand of garbage that presented itself as the keep of these places let me know that the market for what I wanted was so fiercely subtracted that it shouldn't bark back for a sympathetically acceptable way to exist. Faggots who'd been found sucking off men because they were rejected by anything they'd actually prefer to hold, rebound inverts who lunched away their outside lives as unimportant and their inside minds as brutalized and then uniformly bought nothing due to price. I didn't think, ever, either, that I was in that film. Still can't comprehend the usual sale of a pitied revolution from shame that larded private disgust with public acceptance. There was no instinct that came without a serious contempt for ideas as clogged and shut as any adjective applied to euphoria and excess. The prissy antagonism seemed, then made, legitimate. Needling through confidential moments that add up to an enormous amount of work for ridiculously low payoff. I wasn't embarrassed for them, wasn't too haughty to dismiss them without learning their language, especially since it bought me what I wanted to get. I suspected that I should pay more attention to my embarrassment for them than a cognition adjusting disparity. I liked knowing what this material could form. I grasped that I was liking it more. Thought I wanted to like it eventually. As an old man, I did.

What I wanted, like most start-up pornographers, was to childishly find everything I wanted in a one-stop. The clods who stocked the stores I went to as the places I wanted to go to more than anywhere else were inert and though the arguments would, even now, continue to be framed within profit margins and quick cash turnovers, I suspected that what I couldn't find I was simply going to have to create. See the disordered perpetuating assaults in these places sold back. Sadly, I was only concerned with what I wasn't seeing, frustrated with what I was obliterating, and sick of the tongues I had to imagine somewhere had something better than what I was allowed to have since I hadn't made the jump forward or far fucking backwards to nattering lost and lonely filth. These days these sick men would be on the improper medication for the old voices. Those days, they simply had homes to stay away from. These places, which I'm aware I haven't described for kids who weren't around back then, were found without much intuitive search at all. Parkinson's wax to reminisce on how they found me or plead that the work I had to do to stumble onto the worst parts of town were significant and only ideally formative. I'm instead insisting on the paucity of stock and the miserably unexamined and stingy taste of hand-trick opportunists pretending to be sly merchants. I didn't want to sell what I had to pull together. I really did want to buy it. Because I knew that the information that should be contained in pornography wouldn't be what the rats and pets and bulk settled to misplaced or ignored for freeze sales.

Plan on remembering and liking what happened in those joints. Reviewing sex and pulling more consequence. Never separated the levels that I had seen and wanted less than streams. The sties made sense. As did the hiding and capitulation. And where I still go to stand inside these aggressive limped and dilapidated places that have been pretty much wiped from the face of this planet to most of the people who don't know they do still, in fact, exist, is next door to one of the places that, fine, formed me. Chicago has always been cow pasture to those who stayed there. And yet I'll sound as if I'm making excuses for never having gotten braver.

Persistent problem in how men selling dreck elicited no greater recognition, then, as parasites and, now, as dreary. A complaint that they knew what I would become and what all I really was was another tool that they'd come to spot and revile is probable. Cheap projection didn't give me near as much as it gave them. Prat that I was, troll that I am. Could I please buy what you might have under the counter, sir?

Before the primate language of the internet panic over child pornography, before the soft sell rapist documentaries; what I wanted was advertised as not wholly as rarefied and illegal but promised if the playing field was merely honest. This particular store that I'm talking barely about was one in a row of about five on a street in Chicago known then for hippie failure. Meaning young loss sold themselves for quick cash to older men who knew where to go for already strung young girls and, later I learned, trashing existing young men. Some older boys who already knew what they were worth when they gravitated to the same holes and standabouts. Where middle-aging sought out female vats. Got told to leave this place when I finally begged the face stomped mexican standing in front of me every fucking week if he had something else that didn't make it to the dirty shelves of his boss's small shop. I knew every old magazine and film spool he sold. Had already bought everything worth the slightest precedence. New stock was impossible. And had to explain what I meant after I asked for anything else:

Smaller.

Younger. Like really young.

He pointed to the door. He knew I wasn't a cop. Just that I was jejune enough to ask. I've since bought it from men rather similar but it's no revisionist grab at comeuppance. Would have been nice. To have gotten it when I wanted it, easier.

Additionally, latino grease would have possessed more of a brain than I then gave him pointer credit for. Maliciously, he, like they, could have been hoping, certainly not helping, that I'd end up in the very same situation that they also haven't found as dreary as I had diva insisted as one more significant reason to be disgusted. Doing their hispanic least to turn me out like another teenage coming sewer. It is what

used to happen here. My concern at that time was getting sex from wherever it was lower on some arbitrary response schedule than respect. Petulant, spoiled, entitled. None of it, frankly, undeserved. I bought pornography that showed damage and spent most of my time being disappointed. I received sex that I wanted to be pornography. Another mistake was to think that pornography was somehow a documentary. This won't capture the constant picking sickening obsessiveness of those years or the root neurosis that I'm still mining. Not if those searching for the denial in desire have any worth to drip. I've seen sick men in here. I am not one of them. Current mistake would most likely be confusing or avoiding desperately the long distance between better and worse. Never thought I should feel as grateful as I had to act. Can't recall sex having more than a single simple definition. I wasn't the one who treated it as a gift.

Pejorative, base. Obscene in the material sense: worthless. You don't prize what you forget after function, animal. Stay prop, remain humble and embarrassed and pleading for a warmer future. You hope. Stay with your waste. And then get asked for a gesture. Prove you hope for love to get some relief, praise, attention now. Just for a favor. The sympathy that renders Antoine's pictures truly obscene is how art finds it legally judged otherwise. The care, the creepy anecdote, the needy stalking succor in the recall of you having some orifice filled and some extension frustrated, was working fucking against you. To finally close you and try and forget what happened to whom and know, just for once, finally, as if left, that this wasn't good enough. And the next customer may be another less. But the store isn't. Not that again. You could, if you feel anything like pleasure, resent the very time it takes to wish better when you haven't had it best yet. However, sympathy is palpable. The ones getting deeply plugged, they fucking could be moaning sounding like mewing sounding like belching sounding like just show me once, do that thing that seems like the smallest clue, lead, but, you know. It really isn't. Is it? The doubt, egotistically re-termed empathy, is clear because, I swear, it's as ugly as use. Obscene as in worthless not as in unseen. Its derivation over its truth.

Tell it: The worst thing I could explain is I've enjoyed pretending. These are photographs of you pretending permanence.

You let me photograph you. You don't care? You took photographs for me.

Required by fools like this, that. You show me a witness. Spread open your lips. Joking. Instead get to recognize the coming level of your interlocutor. You do not want that.

So leave, will you? Your play, your mistakes, here, let's look at what you said. Remember what we paid. The cash was easy and forgotten by anyone other than those who got to re-spend it. Your minder, your families, shop owners for a day off cooking noodles. Your face fucking faggot dealer and the resale community.

The speed sunk prostitutes that Antoine placed on his exhibition wall, mug shots taken from web fed police files, were angled across the room to three portraits, sorts, that Antoine took of women, choice. This is just what happens when sex happens. With whoever's cum on their faces. No. This is actually what happens when you do that. For a photo. And this is what happens when you decide to show it. Another row of women, dysgenic, in lipstick. In series as comment. In personality, indiscriminate.

Forefront, another ethnic disaster loosing herself in some nigger tell of ecstasy or selfless sensation. Wouldn't know what it feels or looks like, frankly. Heard the noises before, knew how to respond for a little while. Decided I didn't care much for the points you were looking for. I've chosen Antoine and his camera over his women and places and even his critics and benefactors over his relationships and drivers.

Mine is sex offender registration websites. I only looked for men. Antoine, just as precise. Drug damaged. Like himself. Both; more direct than what we were, but who we fucked. And, one side says, want to be. As in. Recognize. Next side, who we're afraid of. Could be, as in worry. All of whom, nameless, we push out front first. We contort, insist we know even more, insult and distribute. Legitimately, now given the yips directly that you haven't formed, how am I not supposed to despise you. Indiscreetly, they beg me.

I raise my hands to rub around his ass. I stop sucking when he crams too much. I've brushed my palm up to his chest and back down to his stomach and finally cupped his sac while I pulled my head back from over his dick so I should lick and dart inside a stop. Larger than the guy just before so I acted as if I went deeper inside, tasted as much slime and pre-waste as I could. Fake conflict, stared, I wanted this more than anything else queer. Get him to dribble some back out. So maybe this could end before he figured he was sensing something extra, lower, realer. Grabbed his thighs with both hands and made rougher growls and metasis. And whenever they started to cum, I'd, as often as I could, let fatty sperm fill my mouth and not back to my throat so that I could spit it out onto the floor of the Bijou just as soon as he was finished throbbing and drawing and instructing and dreaming sour straight in and down.

It hurts if you keep doing it.

What – we're in love now?

What I have learned is that very little of what happens or what has happened over the era that this place stayed open twenty-fours a day without shutting aside from cleaning breaks and police searches and warrant serves is that most of the yammering that occurs starts at who someone is looking for but can't get. Get being oralism but appreciation implied. This becomes philosophy. Obdurate sex and breathing instinct to carnal purity to a stall of higher sell african warehousing. A younger man, trying

to brag boy, glasses and all else misfit, wanted to talk. Told me about how a girl he knows was asking his other gay friend about how to give the best head. Wanted to know what men liked and wanted to confess that she liked sucking on cocks but advertised conspiratorially that she knew she wasn't doing it right. My boy said he was told this as a way of talking about how stupid girls are but that he too wanted to know. He was able to glean what he needed to tongue and chaw impress from the gossip his bitchy buddy could tell sideways.

I don't believe you really hurt. I've never believed it, been fully convinced. Don't see acting as elevating or bad lies as charmingly designed from learned, taught, practiced experience.

Slowed to mistrusting the cruelty in penetrating inviolates. See directions as specious. The chasm between consumer and producer filled by the lechery of ownership. Stop talking to anyone who gives you money. Record those you pay. Give him enough money, not enough time.

What did you learn?

It doesn't matter. They give you what they want.

Don't ask them if you're doing it right.

No, of course not.

If you're enjoying it, then they will as well?

Not really, no.

Anyway, no matter what, don't look for compliments. They'll be lying. In here or at home. Don't go looking for it.

You can tell that they've asked. You can even tell who they asked.

They're not fucking your tongue. You're fucking them. You'll figure out who's lifeless and that suddenly switches over and over again. You want to get through the small hazy disagreements eventually. You'll want to stop doing it so that your thoughts clamp down. It's not just getting tired. All that talk to reach boredom. You'll have to convince them that you already believed them.

Travel backwards to childhood.

What else do you have left, dad?

I had been offered money the first time and didn't take it. Don't do me a favor when the favor is more asking me to disengage from how fucking currently ugly you are. How smart. Good, kind, unlucky. I'll still read that you were better sometime well before this. How modern aesthetics don't change unless read tragic.

You resent what, exactly?

Do you have your phone on you?

Let me see a picture of your friend.

I leaned back on the wall. Told him that I've been watching the men who stand around in the back stalls. They pretend like they're texting, reading texts that they're just getting now. When something starts they stay put. Take snapshots. But it's dark and they try to be careful. Embarrassed tourists, not frightened, clinical retrogrades and derisives. They don't want to look like they're here just for that. The photos last longer than this anyway.

I undid my pants at the waist and pawed around the bulge underneath.

Take a photo.

Just my cock, not my face.

Let me see it.

Not terribly impressive is it?

Very nice.

Wait.

Put my hand on his back and as he pulled on my groin and tried to cover my balls from beneath my pants. I did what old men do. And kissed him first, again. Had my hand tight on the back of his head and sucked his tongue like I would his dick. Squeezed his shoulders and kept my face in his for as long as he wanted to keep it there. I'd unbutton his shirt, caress his chest, get to fool as much of any upper torso as he'd let me. I learned a long time ago that this is the part you dramatize later as mauling. Adult recounts of child sexual abuse especially refer to it this way. Men are all over you, pretend it's masculine, assume this is what has to happen from creeping or learning to swanning. That it feels good to be manipulated and guided and wanted completely through what he's doing to the brick wall behind you. When you back flat spread your fat legs to get fucked facing him, it'll feel like progression and nature all at once. You'll finally be where you suntan, sweetie. Your health crises are truly there to exist outside of this. When your ruddy face becomes heat the very same time as giving and thoughtful. Don't repeat instant. No man believes it. Those who don't understand it, or those who read the pushes back onto your wide cock wrong or cartoon, are the ones that get to spit into your mouth when you turn your head away from their kissing and searching and shut eyes to blacker than you get with your dumb eyes watching.

I want to suck you too.

Take off your pants.

I like a boy with a hard-on. I like looking at hard cocks.

Does this actually happen?

Stand up. I like asses too. I like young female asses.

He wasn't that young. Younger than me, fairly handsome. Not effeminate enough, not childish

enough for that any longer. When he took off his glasses, I immediately thought of someone I know and love and wished I could see that one in the morning without his glasses instead. I wished, I imagined, that he was here. That I could suck his cock and then fuck him. Eventually, I predict, I'd turn into something that wanted to see him without his glasses and crying.

Does that actually happen?

I told you.

Inside the Bijou and outside Manhandlers are men cooked to imbecile on the imperfect ease available in large stock behind the counter in pharmacies as well as usuriously across the tables and stools of cock blocks. Under mental illness in one of the many books I have on the fantasy of sex addiction, this one written for gay men, used as background:

Quite often in the recent past, men who had problems controlling their sexual behaviors were misdiagnosed by well-meaning mental health professionals, who sometimes prescribed medications to treat medical conditions the patients didn't have. Misdiagnosis isn't unreasonable; there are several major mental disorders that do present hypersexuality as a symptom. For example, people who have bipolar disorder – formerly called manic depression – can be extremely seductive and intensely sexual when they're in the manic stage of their disease.

Frequent impulsive sexual activity can also be a symptom of Adult Attention Hyperactivity Disorder (AAHD). Despite their problematic sexual acting-out, people who suffer from AAHD are usually not sex addicts. When their emotional state is stabilized with proper therapy and medication, their hypersexual behaviors usually disappear.

For some speed and stimulant abusers (meth users, for example), drug abuse goes hand in hand with intense periods of sexual activity, which sometimes lasts for days at a time. But once he stops or slows his drug use, many crystal meth addicts have little interest in continuing the intense sexual hunt that was such an important part of their drug ritual.

All I had to do was easy enough. It was what I did. Not often enough.

The drugs'll do that for you, they did do that for you.

I guarantee you. I like the way it looks and how it sounds coming out of my old man mouth. After all these years. All these sick men on their knees and the real cocksuckers standing in front of the old man mouths and letting them paw and caress the parts of their bodies no one else would ever actually need to compliment or fucking act as if they desired: Touch. Humanity, poor and second best in great teething masses, is made up of forgettable insects. Not irresponsible. But very forgetful. Highly selfish

bugs. Bugs like bores. With mouths that lie more than suck about sucking. The lies are more exciting. Reality, the lie you keep, that you use, to hurt those who acidically don't deserve it. Are available.

Old men, drawn in disease, listen to you and ignore your lies and dreams. Sicker in my body, it gives me authority finally. I'm not looking for much anymore and you have remarkably little to keep saying.

Act like you picked one. It doesn't bother anyone. Touching him, holding means a great deal more on him.

Say you didn't. She picked you. Leaned against the wall of some colonized sinkhole where, instead of finding help, you went to find her as representative of the lowest effect of political powerlessness. You don't have rights. They've changed. Unless you're an idiot by now. I know what it looks like being like that. Being a whore. Isn't defined by money. Being a whore only means something like that when it's directed specifically as pejorative. I know what it looks like. I'm the only one that knows how it looks; all those old men tell you what they've been through. You don't get to be alone. That doesn't happen. I know what it looks like, could be wrong. You don't seem to want to bother. None of that annoys, matters, mounts much when you're this sick, you haven't given up. Just matters to those so full of dollies and themselves, so sick, waiting to be sick, sicker, done. It's all fine and ignored. Don't go looking stupid still.

Shasta's father Steve, in public, just after failing parts of his lie detector test but officially becoming not a person of interest:

First off, I would like to thank the law enforcement community for their tireless efforts in this matter. I would also like to thank the media and the general public for all your concerns and all your prayers. I would like to address my children's abductors or abductor. Please, please, release my children safely. They had nothing to do with any of this. Release them in a safe area where the law enforcement can find them. Call the help line, let them know where they can be found. Please, we need the safe return of those children. Thank you.

Her older brother Vance, after explaining to the police that his murdered mother and her live-in boyfriend's meth use had escalated in the last year:

I believe that if they're together and somebody did take them, I mean, if – it would have had to have been somebody that would have known them. I mean, they've always been taught, you don't talk to strangers. They never left the yard. I mean, I don't know.

Vance said he thought his mother and her boyfriend's meth use was no longer simply recreational. He hinted that the drug use was a primary reason in his recent decision to move out of his mother's house.

I get the impression that the last couple of weeks, stuff was getting a little more stressful and a little harder to deal with.

His mother had been charged with drug paraphernalia possession and had testified in court, on behalf of either Vance or another son, Jesse, that she was heavily in debt due to fighting Shasta's father in court for custody. Steve confessed that on the night of the abduction of his two youngest children, he had been angry with their mother because she refused to let the kids stay with him instead. He was mad with ex-wife Brenda on the night of her murder and his emotional responses during the lie detector test were logical:

I did not lie. This is something I could not have done to my children. I love my children.

Jesse Groene had some initial suspicion that the murders of his mother, thirteen-year-old brother Slade, and his mother's boyfriend, Mark McKenzie, as well as the abduction of his two youngest siblings, Shasta and Dylan, were due to a debt that hadn't been paid to his household. The named suspect had been at an Ohio barbecue at Brenda's home the night of the murder/kidnapping and had actually contacted the police himself. Jesse explained the family friend:

I never saw him hostile toward my family at all.

I can see him being that ruthless, but at the same time I'm not putting that on anyone.

Jesse was in holding on the night of the murders for investigation of assault, battery, burglary and possession of stolen property. After Shasta's return, he told reporters from jail that he had talked to Shasta on the phone:

She's a normal 8-year-old girl.

She's a little girly girl.

Maybe she is too young for it to register in her mind.

I'm done with the life I was living

The men that most often filled the places that I'd like to see again still in place. Not filmed often. And as I'm now used to grading the collections that fill the dying hospice that is the Bijou for the small giving world that shoved the possibilities for deaths exactly like the one I'm living through here again, I select old gloryhole, porn store and movie theater tableaus in the rat that scene, trawl, will be more entertaining than beast performance. Downstairs in the purchase bins, the evidence from documenting what happened upstairs to people demeans them to location. Guilty fiction, the sell, now harder by the very first establishing shot. Sex acts had to be stuck inside the walls that pornographers wanted to document. But mocked. Artists unconcerned about endurance, only reference, shouldn't live here enough to see what they were really doing anyway. By ideal and safe sale. I'm not unexcited by soft cocks drooping through holes in bins. Still irritated if not disgusted by the thin reality writ to stereotypes as the performers and film crews say they needed to do the exact opposite. Their intention was to separate what happens from what should have happened. What you should have been looking for. Could have come for. And picked the wrong day. The films didn't become camp, they were done by men living source. Fools, suckers. Sex was insistent but not celebratory or celebrated. Offer promise, hire cheap but workable rather than poor and found. And the films that stay sold. Hidden and replaced. I like the person you used to be. Before you were obliterated by the person you are. The dope hasn't helped. I remember what you used to say. I know what you look for. This can't be as important to you. You can tell others but I remember too well. This isn't good for you.

One of the many men in there one night, many nights, was listening to me complain that I was having a harder time again scoring speed than cock. Only mentioned it because of his stupefied daze. Bringing my intentions clear to a mess. He told me the best drugs made him feel famous. And he didn't have enough to last him through the rest of the evening. I wasn't looking for good stuff but cheap shit stuff. The last time I had class-A, I did too much, spent too much and refigured I'd enjoy repeating thoughts that weren't obsessing on dying. I didn't let him, no one lets anyone do anything there, not what I deserve but I where I end up, like a prized collection of child pornography photographs thrown in a dumpster rather than given back to the adult who gave them to me. Faced a wall in the back where we were talking. Didn't go to a private booth. My pants only down around my ankles and his taken

off, with his shoes, laid on the bench where he originally sat down next to the old slump waiting and thinking, watching the film that played in front of him on a small screen across. Fingered my asshole myself so that I'd be easier to push into as if some pain was meant to be avoided. Or compared finger to thicker dick. Screwed and squeezed and was happy that he cummed inside the way I didn't ask nigger whores if I could cum in their mouths instead of letting them know when I was ready so they could pull nappy head off disease or purer filth.

Potential face red fucked portrait. You had your face into the wood, you had your legs spread and ass out, pictured that instead. Chose to take more dick from a watcher in my mouth instead of cleaning the guy who fucked like he was famous cum off his shit maybe limp cock and smooth shaved balls. The porker whose apartment I went over to fuck her husband, who kept calling to come back over when he wasn't going to be there, told me she wanted conversation more than sex but knew I was the same build up breed as her. It doesn't matter. I make it matter. I don't worry that she was wrong. I didn't ask her for a picture or tell her she was better than either choice. She had asked me to push quicker, not stop or go slow. I told her back that I had started to fuck this way when she wasn't there, when it was someone after her. I never used to fuck like that. I heard a groan recently that suggested I should slow down and couldn't because I had already forgotten how to do it properly.

Better to stay silent. Keep her silent. Take away her shrill squeak voice. Another hooker photograph, this one hidden, shorted. Let her choose to stop talking back because it's easier for her. Healthier for all concerned. Then tell her how hard it is on you. Not to talk to her, have to hear how bad it is, what she's going through. That you worried about the drugs she needs and the recreation she'll destroy by taking even more. Nice personality at one point as I seem to remember.

The conceit of harm, of concern. That separates memory from ownership porn. And it's all women. So you have to take care of it. You choose your flagrant purge from flamboyant aggravation. Replace it with something that doesn't diminish pleasure for once, delivers genuine before declarative. One you wouldn't treat this way.

Don't interview her.

Don't tell me how hard it is to have been stupid again.

Like this.

What if I said the opposite. If I said, if you need anything, anything at all, don't call me. Find someone else. And didn't add: I'm done. Not because watching you drown hurts me too much.

Who cares if you ever get out of your shit storm?

Take some initiative. Here.

Then lurch.

I've listened. What you think is pride is only failure. You didn't even make a mistake, palsy. You didn't have to be good enough or even good. You just didn't have to fucking put yourself where you couldn't fucking help it. You couldn't get out of your own fucking way, not once, could you?

I used to.

Like everyone else, I'm sure, I fear that if I'd have been kinder, things would have worked out differently. Do you know what different might mean to someone other than you?

That's what makes you sick.

I'm sure it's what I'm missing.

The lies don't make you sick. They keep you from confessing, that makes you sick.

The curator for a gallery show in NY that prized the collective memory of the piers off Christopher Street in NY explained the manner in which younger contemporaries could appreciate damage. Would have to come from without:

What needs to be understood is that what was going on was very much an act of dissidence and resistance. It was a place where horniness and politics converged... every blowjob was a blowjob for queer rights. For those of us who had grown up outside of New York City... it was the first time we ever felt like part of a significant segment of the population.

Some thing needs to dry other many things so men stood and sat and kneeled for their chance to switch logically suppressed thought to a physically realized relief. Become variously penetrated. Projection psychologies could twist harder and further later on to include joyous diminutives from even the shame and embarrassment that was insult in plan before thought. I like being treated that way, she said. The furtive requirements of men hating women would start to be successfully sold as a fetish for straight tortured or lustfully contorted bulls and cows. Crumbling stock full of old strangers. The Machine Shop on Halsted in Chicago came to look exactly the same, like a shanty interior hold, after years of successful latenight dollar entries and quarter booth feeds. Like the warm shelter of the Julia Tuttle Causeway. The porn store on North off Ashland had become the affordable mausoleum of old fat mexican men so the younger hustlers selling in the wrong joint quickly became the chief clientele who insisted the church be supported. Both stables now closed. One demolished for a bank, the other so small it was turned into a rent-free storage space for the bar next door. LW Sales and the greasy spoon next door the LV Lofts. Ultimately, the physical reality that fantasists stupidly mistook as central to tread, clearly undefined, was going to create detritus that bled out as migration rather than bile. Not from body to body. Not from a virus sent from above. But from their own single dissociative

self-generating wishes insistent on creating bodies. Facts. Proof. Mental illness, a disease for which psychiatry doesn't require evidence, drains to consequence rather than suffer the contortions quietly within. The movie I took home was Men's Room.

A Magnum photo reporter shot his private diary bordering on pornography during his stay in Japan. One hundred and twenty fragments standing for the number of his night expeditions brings a view of a Japanese night: a stage of passions starring prostitutes, strippers and women performing bizarre sexual practices. Mixing the lives presented in the document with pieces of literary texts, the director has created a voyeur essay not suitable for young audiences. The film borrows the form of the diary. He tells four months when Antoine D'Agata passed to Japan of September at the end of December, 2006. The film is divided into chapters. Each is dedicated to a met woman. They are night women: Porno actresses, prostitutes, dancers They speak about loneliness, of night, of sex, black hole and death.

The Good Woman of the story is Aoi. In Thai, her name means "sugar cane" or "sweet" – not her real name but the one she uses. She works as a prostitute, catering to the male tourists who crowd the girlie bars of Patpong.

"They stayed at a seedy hotel in the red-light district. Much of the filming and video recording took place there, and in the months that followed he fell in love with her."

"He paid and was her customer. She became the subject of his film."

Starting from this worst-possible condition, Aoi's life is described and their relationship is recorded: its evolution from fake sexual intimacy to collusion in the process of making the film and, finally, to difficult friendship and a kind of love.

Notes by the filmmaker:

"Like the Brecht play which inspired the title, this film is an ironic parable about the impossibility of living a good life in an imperfect world. It is also an attempt to describe in this form, and to conflate, what is so banal about sex with a measure of what is profound. It is a film about prostitution as a metaphor for capitalism, here played out across the borders of race and culture, and about prostitution as a metaphor for all relations between women and men. It is also about voyeuristic tendencies which are inherent in all film making and film viewing. It is my hope that, as with Brecht, we are confronted with a vision of ourselves, thus forcing the consideration of how personal sexuality affects political and philosophical beliefs. In this film I have exposed myself in order to force the audience to reconsider the whole nature of documentary film practice. Under the thrall of our separate desires, we are all implicated in some way."

Buttman Confidential is the work of a tormented soul. It plays like a four-and-a-half hour suicide note from its creator, Evil Angel founder and gonzo originator John Stagliano. The content of BC is often quite disturbing as, for much of the video, Stagliano alternates between masturbating, ingesting various drugs, and blabbering out of control. While screening a Euro Angels tape in the workroom of his house, Stagliano addresses the camera and says, "The only way to see if this is any good is to sit here and jerk off to it. But first I have to prepare." He then takes two hits off a pipe (not the kind traditionally associated with tobacco use). He doesn't jerk off for long, as his movement causes videotapes to fall on top of him from a bookcase above. This leads Stagliano in a new direction. He takes one of those cassettes (a German porno) and watches it in another room, jerking off to that until the lack of a close-up on a girl's asshole upsets him.

"Why the fuck didn't they get a close-up on that? Why? Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Get a close-up on it! Fuck!" He then hums the 20th Century Fox fanfare and proclaims that he, Buttman, will save the German video. He jumps up, raises his arms and pretends to fly like Superman into the television.

What follows is mind-boggling: A psychedelic video-kaleidoscope of asses and female bodies is plastered across the screen for almost 10 minutes (9:50, to be exact). If Stagliano had directed 2001, it would look something like this.

Later in the video, he's shooting pretty-girl footage at his house when Jeff "Hatman" Marton shows up and, unable to resist the model's charms, indulges in a full-fledged sex scene with her. The girl's deep throat ability is remarkable and the two share a very heated exchange, but the scene is dampened by subsequent John Stagliano Masturbation Theater.

The climax of this macabre epic arrives when Stagliano gets a blowjob (unprotected) from a transsexual, and later eats the tranny's ass (unprotected) and sucks her dick (unprotected).

BC is a catharsis for Stagliano. The drugs he uses (captured on tape) act as a truth serum. Under their influence, he laments about lost love and opportunities. "When the pressure of life, and love, and finding that one person that I could love was presented to me, I failed under pressure."

This is what Buttman Confidential is all about. And it's not pretty. Be advised that this is not standard porn, but an unsettling look at the life (such as it is) of John Stagliano

Better examples are the movies not expressly created to document the adult theaters and back row pissers and warehouses, the piers, stairwells, bookstore booths where numbers exceeded expectations. Of the trolls who created them. Then the trolls who found them. And the brutally ugly mistakes in objectivity that followed. The community that filmed what happened most often came as the community that would swallow the stupidity of community. Their sales market recognized by a

group that wanted you to film them but talk above the obvious to those who weren't there. Didn't care. Sympathy and the failure of understanding, in short, the truth that could come by wrapping your arms around yourself and stamping your feet loudly but alone in your small apartment. And the facts that drool as archival significance came from men that said they needed connection or, at least, needed to think larger of their insignificance. More than the choir of consumers to placaters they already owned and dismissed. You want to share, you're lying.

The piers are seen again in Non-Stop, directed by Steve Scott. I remember a Christopher Rage play-documentary filmed there as well. He gave young street hustlers lying about their pasts the way they're supposed to. So you could buy it on film. Reststop restrooms with holes cut between the toilet partitions are character starts in countless others by Scott. Best are Dangerous and Gemini when the preen name actors are exploded. Times Square Strip and A Night At The Adonis, even smarmy coming-out icon dramas Adam And Yves and Left-Handed sell exactly where brand sex could be directed to profit in commercial settings run, but not advertised, by gangsters when appropriated before established. Shills, actors, second-rung misfits. Soon recorded and distributed by men who – while they might have wanted to document the times and their awe and their luck and their smug knowledge of substrata political inferiority, under fear, under dissonant pride – were never better than scripting sentimentalist dramatics. There's no dialogue anywhere in this video. No condoms either. Brentwood Classics from the days before safe sex and condom usage.

Replaced in books and in galleries, these films aren't allowed to show what happened without audience conditioning. Nods were gossip and, oh you don't know, it all gets much worse than that, darling. Gawk appreciated and memorialized in high finance museums, the newly minted rats became job providers. Not allowed to say they were sick without saying they were free. The chorus made for AIDS includes a greater demand for tragedy neon'd with the refusal to live outside the dreamstates of innocence and shattered though shared nature. Problem being, that sort of sympathy was evident in the films as they were originally released. The cuts now made to take away the story lines and character studies and even their muscles and the sizes of their cocks might well display the action and the intentions better than any long form silent pan then hoped to establish sleaze, exile or self-actualizing locale. Better as photographs. The men who filmed these places and fucked it up had tragedy in their minds before they found tragedy in their bodies and nostalgia. Never again, came earlier than Act Up. The slathering of gay men's limited reappraisal of themselves is the central, consistent mistake of collaborative documentarians knowing they needed to pander back to patrons maybe a bit less administratively inclined than themselves. The audience of faggots who wanted soothing rather than scientists that, no matter, enjoyed hurting. Mentors instead of cops. Queers in

love with the wrong kind of guy. So many of these poor dears came looking for the wrong thing and needed to tell you about it immediately. Even then. As a bitter old queen as age insists, they were, I assure, always running in damage-control mode. If nothing else mattered then that did, exactly as it still does. Here. And it is only captured and expressed and available in the places that were made. Not in the acts where vulnerability became gluttony. But in proof of where you would have accepted what you may well have wanted. Learned you shouldn't have. And watched others stay sicker and get worse than you could ever let yourself become.

I slid back and unzipped and unsnapped my pants while he was talking about his boyfriend. He was asking for my gay elder status on his youth. I started to masturbate, slow, keep hard, while he talked. After sentences designed by confusion and jealousy he lurched down to suck on me.

It's the other guy you're concerned about?

He looked up, back down, ignored my question but not the second or third insult. Lifted smoothly off the bench from next to me. Only to kneel down directly in front of me on the floor. Spread my legs apart with both his hands. Exposing more of my dick and worth than I would have preferred. Yank my pants to my thighs while I scooted up to give him all of less. He took asshole and back to suck then shaft and swallow before stench again.

It doesn't work that way, you know. You shouldn't worry. I'm not saying this is better. It's just that, you know, whether it's a boyfriend or a hooker or whatever, sex isn't what you're telling me about. Are you worried he's beating up the other guy?

There's nothing you can do.

Looked up while he jacked up and down on me, tell me to shut up, old man. Squeezing hard and started to lick vile. So I didn't kiss him and end up stopping him.

You want me to put on a condom?

Grabbed his head anyway but put it back. He'd either stopped talking or was thinking while he forgot to finish sucking hard. Because I still had my hands on his head, I lifted and edged it away from what looked better to both of us to ask yet another irritation. That he started.

Can I suck you? I want you to fuck me. You feel like fucking me?

You're not going to help yourself. You'll look for explanations. Just so you don't have to do the real work. I can think about this all the time because it's what I do. It's not fun, it's not really what you want to think about. Doing. And you end up going back just because it'll be a way to stop the constant grating and crumbling inside something sometime. All the time spent thinking about it, you know, is spent mulling that it's not any good. And all the thoughts aren't like a prize, clever. What's worse is that nothing else seems to make better time than staying stopped. You know it's not good – or good

enough – but you'll be fucked before something else than the bill comes along. You create enough to make a conversation. You don't end up with something that isn't reasonable. As many men as she could convince. Every time I'm in one of these places, I try and leave with something. Extend it to what are the wrong practicalities. So that doesn't work finally. Make instead one constant thought without contradictions or questions. I told the battered queer the very same thing. He'll get so he likes seeing him getting fucked. I wanted to watch her husband fuck her. I told her I would pay her. The pornography that I made isn't behind me. It's not one single idea or a picture that you can look at or a story you can relive back in your mind or ledger. This obsession with age is finite. I won't be around much longer and I have already started shaping this into what's bad, painful as it only used to be, and what isn't good enough to be grateful for. You'll find out. And I get nothing from that. You should have been nicer. As nice as you'll discover that I've been, as honest and as painfully hopeful, as I was. The secrets that weren't exploited, you'll appreciate that. What if it was the same kind of love that made it physically impossible to watch again. Hurt too much to consider the tough broad she had become with the entertaining stories of a life lived outside the expectations and boredom. She could've stayed a princess, right. This is the way a pedophile got rid of his intentions, justified or deranged. What if that was in the photos from the very start and then the idiot had to track back and forth without getting a single fucking thing worth a fucking thing from all of that. Be great to see. The chances that others have had to stop me from making this life are what formed the lying flat relations and all those don't add up to anything greater than what I created entirely in my mind. Cogent. Completed.

Nothing else is as good as that. The voices from outside are never as emphatic as I am. You're told in treatment that, above all, you have to be honest with yourself. Otherwise you won't be able to stop. I know that I do want to stop and yet I know better that the depositions suggest far otherwise. You learn a level, or a state, of permanence. You can prove that everyone else is wrong, stupid, and you get offered a new start to enjoy that as well. It's not that you're wanting them to crown you wrong. Because you've been honest enough, remember, to look for the lies. It doesn't make sense to rely on anything else but how pathetic they sound at the very time they instruct or reminisce. How wrong they are and then how little you want from lies because a larger, rather than simpler, argument with yourself is a bit more exciting than the sad shit they come up with. You tell her sort all the time. You can't keep doing this to yourself. Why would I give a fuck about what I've done to these creeps.

I'm exhausted trying to explain this to you. All the paintings and photographs are merely fake intentions until I fully explain them to you. Once it is said, once it becomes a tolerated conversation or a lecture, a cruel list of specifically aimed invectives at, from, the center of thin articulation, we'll be able to fucking get you better. And you still won't admit that all I really want to do is get you better. Aim,

away from your fault and my misunderstanding. Not, idiot, what you are. I am seriously exhausted and it's the only thing in the world in the short amount of time, finally, that I have left that I think either I know how to do or, I guess, want to do. I wish I was better at it. The exhaustion is a personal problem, not a complaint. And I worry that my failure masks a worse intention. Trying to work out what worse is for you, obviously. Don't mistake, please, as in just a quick favor maybe, my depletion for a plea of understanding. A semblance of pride, a misstep, an inability to communicate everything that happened. As if there's more you didn't see. As if I would put my background and inevitable awe first. Though you should have. I see enough pity. I recognize it. I'd like you to take it more seriously than that. Do something for me instead.

I get to say it, yeah? Don't believe you know what it means. I think you have an idea. I have to locate that. The concept that you're either too dumb, willfully, or too sick on your newest medication, recreational or apologetic, to understand how much work I have to keep fucking doing, cunt. Things you don't know about, events and decisions I can't tell you about. Knew that, until I do. Your ego is too thick to consider the selflessness beyond what you think you get to take from the slimy offer you think I bought. The concept that you get to touch, aesthetically, stays vague and becomes reality conveniently then protectively. Defense. You don't have to say you understand what's going on. The cruel part is that you won't be told. You'll just live that stupid. From way back when. Just that something somewhere somehow had an effect. You sound like this: It moved me. Which, idiot, is unacceptable. Not knowing that I've created this monster that you are, sometimes, you can only ignore the, right word, incredible. Guilt I scrape off.

Weigh up. What have you been doing with someone this ugly. Uglier than you. You being too pretty for me. Too good. Not yet pure. What're you telling yourself about what you want over what you have. What you got.

I only get to ask: You don't really know how much work I've been doing to take care of you, do you?

I don't let you do anything. Let. Let's. I don't have a say. That's a problem. Not my right over yours. Not your grabbing your own rights back. Somehow, finally. It doesn't work that way. In that it doesn't work.

And I kind-of have to tell you what's going on. What I've been doing. So that you cannot eventually even half-understand how truly sick you are.

Kind-of, get it, you pig.

Ask me what I get to enjoy out of that. There is a part that is the something that you should think about harder than it will sound when you tell someone else what happened. It'll sound like you're

generalizing. Fuck, my level is actually far uglier than that. Which isn't me trying to sound, still, less than kind and more like a creep. The honest part moves more than either of us will get to stop at. It'd be nice to stop. And I'm suggesting I know how.

You can, because you do, start at entitlement. Then argue back with my own selfishness. Next. Theoretically exchange personal cruelty and teddy bear comfort, challenge unstudied transference, move to current anecdote to punchline and favor. But you don't know enough to tell me what it must look like to constantly take care of someone as ill, doped, and begging and sickening as you, do you? You don't know. You can't understand.

But you could.

Could you?

I think you might be better. My definition. My help.

I'm no longer moved. He said smoothly.

There's these photographs of your cunt. Just your cunt.

I'm no longer interested in hearing just how angry you are or what it looks like when that is as irrational as is hourly obvious. You don't really need to move on, do you. You know, after you got moved. Found yourself moved. Stayed stupid by articulating only a heard effect like the differences between, say, a cat over a dog. Heroin on sex. Bred a certain way, took time.

I have to tell someone else like you this. Because you don't know. How others dismiss you, fuck you, laugh at you and how much I despise them for you. And you wouldn't get past it otherwise, too pleased with yourself and your dumb critiques otherwise unimportant till the gossip gets back to you. I already started telling you, I hope, at least, fuck, you got that. The cruelty won't ever not be part, not necessarily essential or central, but I'll never quite get over what I think and do alone about all of it. With it.

I don't believe that anyone has the right to criticize my work on moral grounds – a morality that's often born of consensual anonymity or intellectual slavery. Nobody knows the truth about what I do with those people I photograph. The perceived obscenity of my images has nothing to do with sex, with my relations with prostitutes. It lives in my attempt to depict horror in other places than in fiction. I use criminal language, the language of experience, and many people find that intolerable. The main thing is not the bodies and the intermingled sexes, nor even the fact that a prostitute is able to play in a compulsive fashion with lives that are always unseen, and shown in the same kind of social decline. The main goal is something else; it's about my aim to redefine the language of documentary. And unconsciously, it's in this area where my photography is unacceptable to some people. For it's placed above questions of good and

bad by the eruption of life, dirty and brutal, into the orderly realm of artistic taste. But at the end of the day, I think it's all just a question of representation.

I picked every single picture. I tried to guess the stupidity of others, scientifically forming a casting type of what one specific wanter would bitch about. Next be rather more blunt with what was available in every single personally read and contorted chance I was offered. And still think I should just lie about it all. I'll give you the following options. And if you think for one minute that they're all possible, when your confidence rides into suspicion that you could be wrong about me and my generosity or lack of bravery and moral sentimentality and easiest decisions to what an animal, a pig in this case, could afford. How I came to you but was more impressed, I guess. Than usual. And then, fuck, there's a little twisted bit about someone walking headlong into what was spread out on the advertising pamphlet and cheap lifeless joy. Then I'm just being kind again. I'm so fucking sick to death of being kind to you. What a disgusting product to live this way, to tell myself that I'm taking care of you. That you asked me to. And that is what we did.

Antoine could have picked what he wanted another's book to be about. Sort-of. The photos that he might want to use to introduce himself. To americans. Those who buy after advertising. Or make something more extreme and yet less antagonistic out of what he could have produced if someone else entirely would have made those curatorial shove selections. And later said, oh dear, here's a fucking problem. Let's make that the next issue. Another language cunt with his mirror in front of himself, not knowing that the audience is only ever watching the asshole hold the mirror, staring at the back cardboard. This happened ultimately for education and dangerous worthwhile bright new insight. Still. They all fuck the same when I'm asking them how they fuck individually. Then. Some woman that would have seen herself conceptually tragically egregiously in the photos or the full draw narrative forming against Antoine's details as they run by establishing shot to full spread two page close-up cunt. Sided with cunt against two assholes talking about cunt before they had the chance to fuck it up with glare and complaints and humanity. Who made the final edits. And said it was entirely for herself. A stronger person than that, gender unspecified. Careful. Fuck getting fucked or wanting to get fucked. By that. You've got miles and years of tedium, all still ahead of you.

Say, someone we could fall in love with.

So she'd tell you how wrong you were, back when she, at least, didn't know it yet.

You don't treat children that way. You don't fuck – just fuck – ignorants.

Say, someone else that would think this was about her. Smarter. Picked and edited back in what we would always miss. Staged a truth, as theme, that we completely insulted by mimesis.

He said you're getting it wrong. You don't understand what's happening there.

Again. Someone, basically, ahead of her in line now. Finer, more interesting, more beautiful, more in control and not settled back into the shit you thought she might get out of. Needed to keep privately reminded. I don't leave this place.

The kind that killed herself or is in jail now. The kind that you got sick from. Instead of got a sickness from. Got your illness at. Right there, that one. She gave it to me. That's where I got that. She gets to talk about the effects of compulsion rather than the life into. Just by opening her mouth. And not uttering a word any longer. Who are you that begs it to talk at you. Fucking for you. What are you going to do different, better, accomplished what so far. We know what you're looking for. Before AKA ANA and Anticorps, there were no fucking words with this. It hasn't made it valuable, safer. They've only become yet more of the same. Every single prostitute documentary outside of the swinging selling united states depicts culture as sick, pained and the incompatibly mundane as sad. The damage is done. You don't take it back. That's not what you did; what you're doing now. Unless you're saying sorry. Tell me your thinking was better. Work to change my opinion over what I've seen by what you have to say. Fucking say. You don't know how to talk. And you shouldn't.

Antoine has been served better than this, certainly. His work is available to you in extensive editions and there are quite a few. Some very comprehensive and others more specific in subject and, it follows, taste. Interviews end interviews. About him, his work and the dramatic life of the forgettable women he photographs. And mistakes can be made. Troll through the only not emotional enough pain and buddy repeat that the level for direction is somewhere else. Find yourself public that others have defended his humanity over his predation. This version started with an instruction. A book of his pictures. The history of pornography, I should've explained, is written by idiots who don't know what it is. Because I was told to be direct. Write about Antoine in effect, I wrote about me. Because I was asked to write more about Antoine's work, I wrote about the people inside the photographs. Those who'll think I was being mean, while I egomaniacally yelled at myself, the done'd things in the photographs, as if I didn't recognize what I was talking about, hectoring, will be those who continue the history of pornography. The complex consistency in taking on what others insidiously snigger about or don't feel quite as conflicted about, all this convoluted noise to arrive at an adequate plea for self-loathing or prosaic projection. It'd be nice, nicer, if you had a place to go to. Want to go back to. Look forward to. Take the photos of others as portraits of Antoine above all. Staying selfless to the point where it finally stopped for you. And the lies will be great for awhile. Take some time. Maybe until you get sick on it. Later doesn't matter now, though, that's true, isn't it? You were always cutting it off; starting when? There's always a

when you first realized it. You get to say that later. Wouldn't do much for someone like you, I'm worried over that as well.

You got close to what.

Of course, not close enough, politely.

Hands that to me.

I bought it already, idiot.

She locked herself in the barn. She's stuck there but thinks she's keeping you out. Talks as she's protecting herself from you specifically. And still not realizing that what she's really telling you, directly, is that no one else matters more than you. No one else can help her while she keeps you away from her. She's screaming at you from behind the barndoor, begging you to come bang on the barn and get her out of the place where she's stuck with the animals. I have to think. There's alot of time spent away in that lonely stinking pit with those animals around here. Things that don't talk, can't answer, don't listen while she chips to herself and rails at me. Those hours get longer and she starts trying to find ways to pass the day, just fill up the time so that one day in hopeless fear trades for the one tomorrow with hope as stupid as an inability to learn what's gone past already. Starts fucking the dogs. It always happens, she'll hate the dogs. It comes from the same mad place that eats up her body while her mind dies. What happens when you like hurting it because you're not enjoying hurting it right now. You can't say that when you sit back and think, you should think more, that you were even enjoying the time in there. She took no pleasure in torturing the dumb animals. The animals would always come back to her. I don't know what they're looking for, I like to think they'll be cowering in the corners of the barn most times, scared as instinctual that she'll hurt them. Until they have to approach her. Maybe attack her when she's sleeping. I told her you can't just find a stupid relief in hurting the dogs when you explode into sickness, rage, inevitably sad and yet quiet and worthlessly silent to anyone else that would record your situation. We don't have to make it sexy. But you could act that you're aware and convey that, that this is much more complicated than trying to satisfy the minutes where someone else absent forgets all the complications for a minute after he cums watching you hurt or sink. It's just a quick stop. You have to tell them that there's a longer thought to get there and you have to say something other than you're ultimately anything that should be forgotten when it wanks to cum. Not every photo of any prostitute will be an image of this idea. Absolutely only because I'm not there to make sure you understand what you're seeing. This simple available release of more pornography isn't argued beyond its limited use nor elevated to an even lower level of personal forgettable degrees. It has the words attached to it. And no photos afterwards are documents. They're not even typical anymore. They're not every woman and the plight of the gender or the impossibilities of campaigns to launder

and shift extra cash for a day or two off the books or decidedly psychotically dedicated. Every single picture is of the man who purchases an appeal to himself of not trying, buying. And every attempt to extrapolate that instance into the same inability to locate what you could see in them as more and more worrisome than a single photograph of permanent hideousness is never simply their fucking problem. Not because you enjoy watching more. Or their bad day. But because it's written instead of forgotten. It goes along with, as, information, it will be explained to morons as color, as perversion, as a mistake. Your option really is just not to write it down after thinking it. I haven't seen one of these slobs any better ever. And I'd sound sick if I kept looking for more.

The magazines get thrown away the next day. When I masturbate afterwards, the evening or the next morning, looking at a selected picture. How ridiculous to say it was separate from what happened. I have an aesthetic that moves forward rather than stays tied. Anything else would be a simple lie in looking for something even simpler. My sister, I know, I'm protecting her. I'm not talking to god about it. I'm not changing it, making her pain less. Or screaming at her for bothering me with details that really do mean more to me than her, that's as clear as anything else either of us are going to pretend or dream when talking directly about how to get her to stop sitting across the table from me and crying out what she hopes looks uncontrollably. More likely inevitable since she's been waiting for this chance. And next she goes back to being bored. Locked back in hoping I'll do something to save her. Admonishing her for taking in examples of things that are less serious, less honest, less worthwhile than I. Every single time I look at what you don't mind doing, showing, I see exactly what keeps you in the barn and can't find a single reason either that you probably shouldn't be there. No, I don't think you deserve it. You deserve this instead.

Every page a cheap copy of what gets placed elsewhere and explained without my singular gullet insistence. I copied them from the various books, picked out the photos I liked, and ordered them after I turned them into black and white reproductions. No longer beautiful photographs that Antoine had worked out in color schematics and drug revisionism. But a running list of merely whittled references where destiny, worship, conflict not contempt, was more appreciation than experience secondhand. I've done this before. And see it now, for the record, with my own work. I have a book that mentions someone, talks about someones either particular or evasive but identifiable and I'll see their faces, re-appropriated, on a website or yet another defeatist zine. I've collected photographs of people that I would pretend mean a great deal more to me than is possible, frankly, and treated them as if there was a push and pull between disgust and love. Between want and have and more and had. Not the same impulse, not the same divestiture, not even the same time. The space between them, drawn impracticably tight, is still only ever understood as one more dumb difficulty. The part where you

get stupid human points for asking like a stupid human point. The gene pool that never had a lucky start. Handed to you, fooled, betrayed, turgid and you thick and ready just right to want to suffer all of it as fast as possible immediately through mouthing the stories and tears and jealousies. We could compare numbers, types, systems; blowjob for blowjob. Injections over snorts over inhaled. Concern over your not having something to show for all the hard work you wished you had done. Or wiggled your cunt-waving finger-counting way away. He'd, like the queers still filling the aisles between the professional gloryhole booths of the Bijou, deny that he despises the people around him. He should, because he's telling the truth. He doesn't hate them quite enough. A benefit to that. He'd be clear in the lies like the other pornographers. And dismissed as quickly as they. The contentions, longevity, the guess to the future worth of any product doesn't make it worth that time. Mine. The idiot response, an insistence, from those who watch, reliant over reliable, seems essential to what I finally came here for. However much I'll argue the opposite. Sincerity is attractive on you. Hope that it's always hopeful when finding less. It's good when you pretend towards goal with a trail of examining marks. It's an ugly thing to watch you hurt yourself. Not being as cruel as you seem to need to be. It really probably won't ever work. Don't think it's fair, either. It wasn't actually necessary.

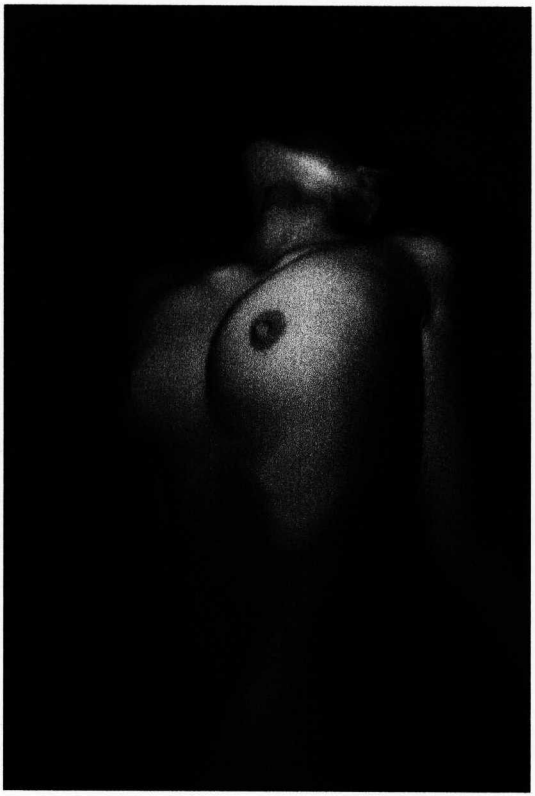
I haven't once talked about experience as if it was felt, sensed.

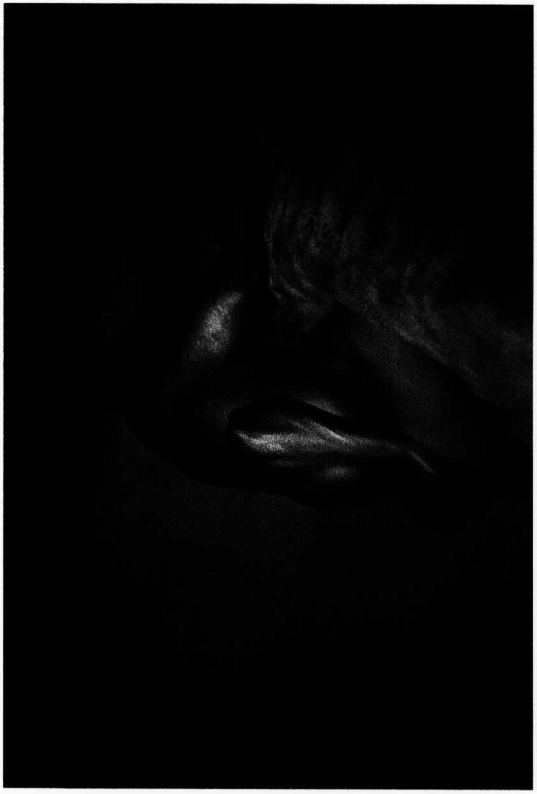
Not once.

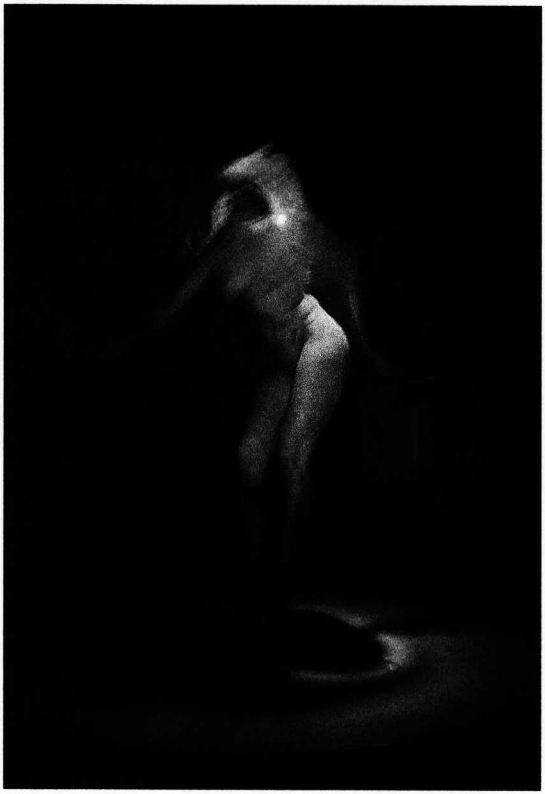
Doesn't happen.

Show me what you learned then. Where you've been, even more perfect.

I've told you. You can learn alot from a life like mine. Why wouldn't you believe that I've enjoyed watching you learn. Watching your stride, your ambition.







an aggravator that we must prove beyond a reasonable doubt and would satisfy that requirement.

And No. 5, that D.G. was a vulnerable victim, age nine. The reason that is in the law, "vulnerable victim" doesn't just refer to people that are young, it can refer to people who are older, it can refer to people who are handicapped physically or mentally and thus unable to protect themselves or escape or to defend themselves. We contend this little nine-year-old boy fits that requirement and we will present proof that would show that.

The last aggravators, and His Honor broke them into two separate things, all five of those that I have just recited relate to all three counts that you have before you.

Now, the sixth one, that there is a prior conviction punishable by more than one year in prison involving the use of a firearm against another person. This count relates to two of the counts only, and that is One and Seven. And you will have this in front of you when you go to deliberate, in the instructions, so you will be able to keep this straight then.

And then the second one, B, there is a previous conviction of a crime of sexual assault. That only relates to Count Five. So there is basically six

Excel spreadsheet, which is significant, and I will talk about that here in a moment. They also found a blog that belonged to Joseph Duncan.

Now, some of you that know computers know what blogs are. I take it that anybody who wants to can create a blog on the Internet and put out whatever your beliefs are or your attitudes or whatever you want to put out there and that anybody that wants to can read it. Well, Mr. Duncan had one of these and there was stuff on his blog that we will be talking about during this trial.

After searching the vehicle and getting the benefit of that information, they had multiple interviews with this little girl. She was the one they had to look to to find out what had gone on. She was interviewed several times. Her testimony, what she said, will be presented to you mostly through Detective Dan Mattos or we will play the tapes or the videos of those interviews for you. During this phase of the trial she will not be called as a witness, but we will present to you the information that she was able to bring to the police.

In fact, on one occasion she agreed to go back to the mountains and go back up there and show at the scenes what she recalled about what went on up there in

explaining why he is telling her things negative about himself. He says: "That's the profound part of it is because here I knew that here's a secret that I kept so buried that I wouldn't even whisper it to myself, and yet I told these children because I -- that's how convinced I was that, you know, that -- that they were history."

During that same time he talks about his planning. And he says: "I planned it that way. I knew, I read books on investigation techniques, I read books on Amber, the Amber Alert." He says: "And it was boring long drawn-out stuff and what the tactics were and what notices got sent out. And I read through it all and I, you know, and I studied it, you know, so that when I did what I wanted to do, you know, I would do it and would just walk right through any type of net you guys threw up. That's the reason why I dumped my Grand Am, my '92 Grand Am, and got a brand-new '05 Jeep Cherokee, because I know the police don't pay attention to new SUVs, you know. As long as they're abiding the law, even if it's an out-of-state plate, they're never going to run the plates, you know."

He goes on to say: "As long as I'm just driving down the road and looking like a clean-cut guy," he says, "in an SUV, they're not going to pay

vehicle. "The victim has ID'd me as the perp."

Then the next heading: "I have a chance to live out my fantasies" and the subheading is "Revenge." And you will hear a lot about that revenge thing as we go through this case. The second item is: "Sex" under the heading of "I have a chance to live out my fantasies." The next item is: "No more cares."

The next item says as another heading: "I could go to prison for the rest of my life and never know what could have been." And then he says on the next heading: "If I do go to prison," two subheadings: "I will have Joe's support while there," that is a friend of his, "I will be able to study and write."

Then I will skip down, the last item at the bottom of his chart is: "I may eventually be found out."

So the question arises when you see that spreadsheet: How did he resolve that conflict? How did he solve that dilemma? Well, we get a hint by what he did around that time. He made a flurry of purchases on April the 2nd from Fargo, North Dakota's K-Mart. He bought camera equipment, tripod and tapes. On April the 13th he bought at Best Buy in Fargo, he bought almost $1,800 worth of stuff and most of it was camera and computer equipment.

Propaganda of the deed by Antoine d'Agata

Antoine d'Agata inhabits a constant flow ; a flow of images, matter, sensations and feelings. Each image is a freeze-frame, a break in a continuum of sensations, an endless outpouring of life, emotions, gestures and situations... These images are not representations but have been literally torn away. Snatched. Antoine d'Agata no more constructs an image than he composes it; rather he snatches it from the reality of his own existence. His images are shreds of flesh. Loved, pummelled, abused, drugged flesh...

Antoine d'Agata has no time for form. His only concern is the form that materialises not through the camera but in life's greatest intimacy; form that happens, that looms from deep within an event as it unfolds.

His photography is a form of abduction, marked by the chaotic violence of the gestures from which it came. There is no control; photography serves only to register intensities. A recordable surface, the photograph is the tenuous, derisory object which can transcribe gestures with the least possible deviation.

His sole imperative is to expose his art (and himself, physically and mentally) to this wretchedness. Because it carries in it the truth of humanity. Antoine d'Agata deliberately «sides with the devil» (Guy Debord) so as to grasp the reality of life. This social, and sexual, suffering is where he draws his energy.

Antoine d'Agata feels one with the population of these disinherited zones, where prostitutes rub shoulders with pimps, drug dealers, delinquents and the disowned. There is no condescendence in his images, no compassion either. He feels kinship with the same «filthy breed» (to borrow Michel Foucault's phrase) as the partners he photographs. The so-called dangerous classes - the collateral damage of spectacular, global, contemporary capitalism - carry in them the seeds of revolt against all types of established order: economic, racial and sexual.
The women he meets and photographs belong to the same world, beyond their respective countries. A world on the fringes of so-called civilised society where a form of humanity, paradoxically preserved, still reigns. No indulgence, no idealising, just the recording of raw, full-frontal facts. Antoine d'Agata is never the voyeur any more than the women he photographs stumble into exhibitionism. The artist's involvement with these women is of a different kind. It defies the clichés of eroticism and porn.

Antoine d'Agata's photography is political, provided we understand «political» in a non-restrictive sense. In this respect, we cannot oppose what he calls, for convenience's sake, the «daytime images» whose context is history and war (Libya, Auschwitz, Palestine, etc.) and the «night-time images» rooted in sex and drugs. Despite their formal differences, his photographs belong to one and the same world, that of contemporary alienation, although the «night-time images», because they are deterritorialized, are perhaps more striking and underscore the servitude of our era, because they are less literal.

The obscenity of the photographed bodies must be seen as the radical countershot (counterfire) to social and media obscenity that is all the more pregnant and formidable.

In this sense, Antoine d'Agata's photography is as far-removed from pornography as it is possible to be, and even explicitly critical of it in its rawness and violence. Faced with the economic, social and media pornography of today's world, only «propaganda of the deed» can stir up new unrest, that is create new situations.

Bernard Marcadé

The printed quotations by Antoine d'Agata presented at the ground floor of the exhibition are available in English on LE BAL website: www.le-bal.fr/fr/category/mh/les-expositions/exposition-en-cours/

La propagande par le fait d'Antoine d'Agata

Le monde d'Antoine d'Agata est un monde de flux, flux d'images, de matières, de sensations et de sentiments… Chaque image est une manière d'arrêt, de coupure dans un continuum de sensations, dans un écoulement sans fin de vie, d'émotions, de gestes, de situations…

Ces images ne sont pas des représentations, mais littéralement des morceaux arrachés – un arrachement – plus qu'une construction ou une composition. D'Agata ne compose pas une image, il l'arrache à la réalité de sa propre vie. Ses images sont des lambeaux de chair. Une chair aimée, triturée, violentée, droguée…

Antoine d'Agata n'a que faire de la forme. La seule forme qui vaille à ses yeux est celle qui arrive, celle qui se dessine, non au travers de son appareil, mais dans la vie la plus intime, celle qui survient et surgit du cœur de l'événement en train de se vivre.

La photographie de d'Agata relève du rapt ; elle reste marquée par la violence chaotique des gestes effectués. Pas de contrôle, la photographie n'est là que pour enregistrer des intensités. Pure surface d'inscription, elle est cet objet ténu et dérisoire qui permet la transcription des gestes avec le moins d'écart possible.

La seule exigence de l'artiste est de compromettre son art (et de se compromettre lui-même physiquement et mentalement) avec cette part maudite du monde. Car cette dernière porte en elle la vérité de l'humanité. Antoine d'Agata prend délibérément « le parti du diable » (Guy Debord), qui lui permet d'être en prise avec le réel. C'est dans cette souffrance, sociale autant que sexuelle, qu'il puise son énergie.

Antoine d'Agata a partie liée avec la population de ces zones déshéritées de la planète où se côtoient prostituées, souteneurs, dealers, délinquants et déclassés de toutes sortes… Aucune condescendance dans son regard ; aucune compassion non plus. Il se sent appartenir à la même « sale espèce » (pour reprendre la formule de Michel Foucault) que ses partenaires photographiés. Les classes dites dangereuses, dégâts collatéraux du capitalisme contemporain (spectaculaire et mondialisé), portent en elles le ferment de la révolte à tous les ordres établis, économiques, raciaux et sexuels.

Les femmes rencontrées et photographiées participent toutes d'un même monde, au-delà de leurs pays respectifs, celui des marges du monde dit civilisé, là où règne une forme d'humanité paradoxalement préservée. Pas de complaisance ici, pas d'idéalisation, mais la prise en compte de faits bruts, frontaux. Antoine d'Agata n'occupe à aucun moment la position de voyeur, les femmes photographiées elles-mêmes ne se fourvoient jamais dans l'exhibitionnisme. La complicité de l'artiste et de ces femmes est d'une autre nature ; elle défie les figures imposées de l'érotisme et de la pornographie.

La photographie d'Antoine d'Agata est une œuvre politique, si l'on entend ce terme de manière non restrictive. En ce sens, on ne peut opposer ce qu'il nomme par commodité les « images du jour », liées à des contextes historiques et guerriers (la Libye, Auschwitz, la Palestine …) et les « images de nuit », liées à ses errances sexuelles et narcotiques. En dépit de leurs différences formelles, ses images sont issues d'un même monde, celui de l'aliénation contemporaine. Mais peut-être, en vertu de leur caractère déterritorialisé, les « images de nuit » sont-elles plus saisissantes, et pointent en creux la servitude de notre temps de façon radicale, parce que moins littérale.

L'obscénité des corps photographiés par Antoine d'Agata est à comprendre comme le contre-champ (le contre-feu) radical d'une obscénité sociale et médiatique, autrement plus prégnante et redoutable.

Les photographies d'Antoine d'Agata sont en ce sens au plus loin du monde pornographique. Elles en sont même, au travers de leur crudité et de leur violence, la critique explicite. Face à la pornographie économique, sociale et médiatique de notre monde contemporain, seule la « propagande par le fait » d'actes insensés est susceptible de fomenter de nouveaux troubles, c'est-à-dire de créer de nouvelles situations.

Bernard Marcadé

L'intégralité du texte de Bernard Marcadé est disponible dans le Bal paper.

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Some will misunderstand it as pornography, yes? Reduce your introspection to their dogging level. The forum is sick, the conversation corrupted by the audience, the need for contextual references, the historical over the esthetic, diminished by lifeless answer rather than stiff ignorance. This, sucker, is where you become as lousy, easy, as the pornographers you seek to sound less like. Your tolerance, coming before your sale, is defensive. Your bravery given to you inconveniently by those who call you a coward. A rule of thumb, easily employed, only ever silently, my darling, is to substitute the word "adult" over every catcall of "coward." "Thought" over every "need." Repulsively, "product" over "art." And it'll help you to insist on "desistance" over "desire."

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ISBN 978-0-9896972-7-9
52500>
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